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How the Other Half Dies — The Menendez Trial

NATIONAL REVIEW

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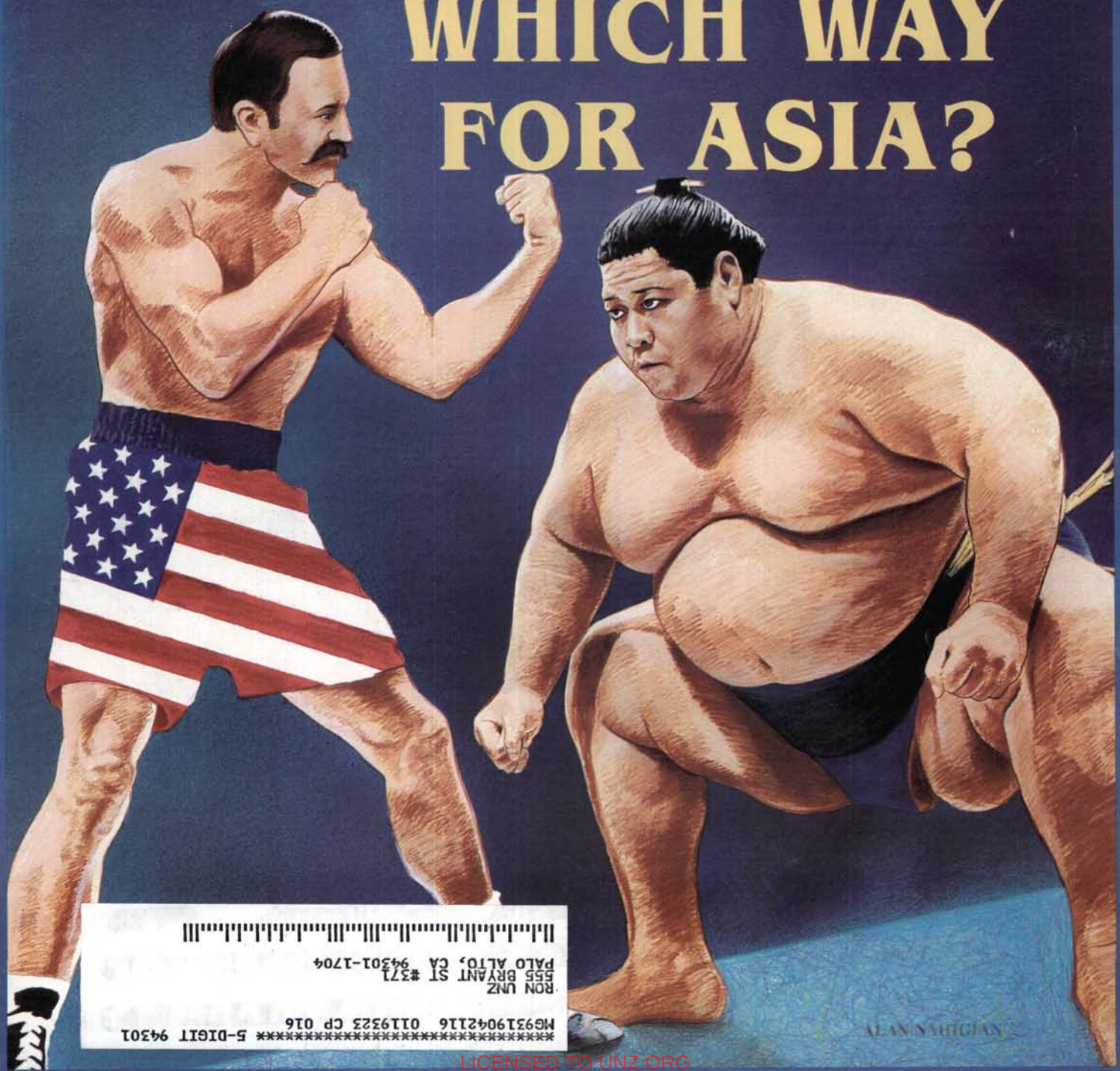

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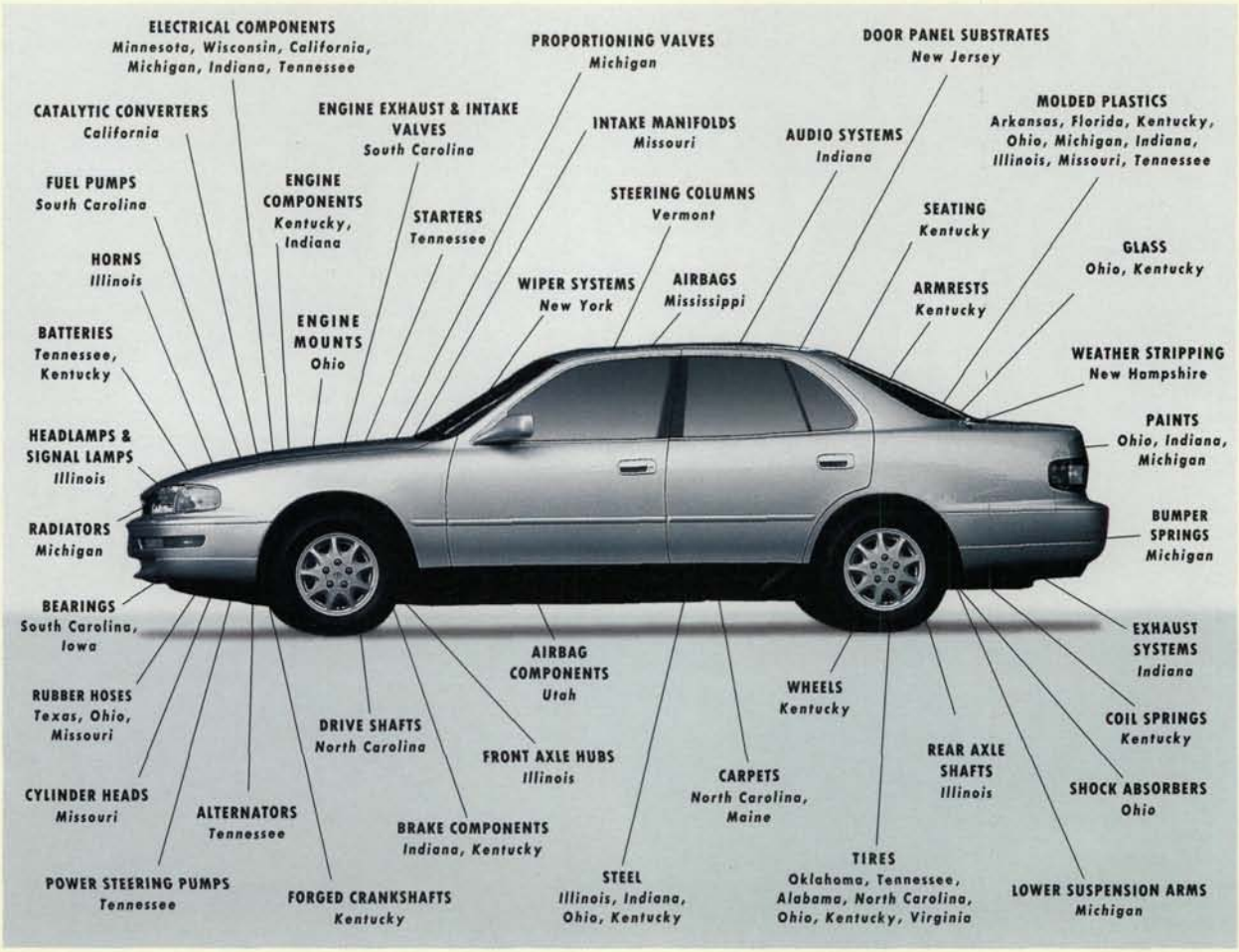

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NOVEMBER 29, 1993 VOL. XLV, NO. 23

Cover Story

32 ***Asian Dilemmas***
Asian leaders increasingly ask: democracy or development? The answer can be both, says **William McGurn**, but only if politicians embrace the free market.

48 ***Big Thunder, Little Rain***
Asia is on the march, observes **Franklin L. Lavin**—better for the Administration to lead than follow.

Articles

21 ***On the Scene***
Brit Hume watches Clinton make like a Kennedy. . . . Pregnant cheerleaders have rights, **Jack Chambers** learns, but school districts don't. . . . **Ambrose Evans-Pritchard** talks with Haitian strongman Raoul Cédras, and bids the New World Order a fair adieu. . . . Republicans, worries **Ira Mehlman**, are missing the boat on immigration.

44 ***Murder as Therapy***
Lyle and Erik Menendez murdered their parents—just what the brothers needed, say some therapists, to ease their pain. **Stuart Goldman** assails psychology's new nihilism. . . . In Chicago, **ArLynn Presser** observes, gangs are kept off the streets—and in the schools.

52 ***Trading Blows***
A defeat of NAFTA, warns **Carlos Ball**, could mean Mexico and Latin America pick up the free-market economics the U.S. is abandoning. Get ready for a sucking sound.

54 ***Poor Accounting***
Bruce Bartlett pokes some holes in the Census Bureau's inflated poverty rate.

57 ***Gnomish Gnostics Meet Skull & Bones***
John Podhoretz explains how Richard Darman and John Sununu played inside baseball at the Bush White House—and lost the game.

Books, Arts & Manners

62 **George MacDonald Fraser** cheers John Keegan's triumphal march through *A History of Warfare*. . . . In her biography *Beria*, Amy Knight looks the Stalin henchman in the eye—and flinches; **David Pryce-Jones** calls for stronger nerves. . . . Feminist Naomi Wolf does Big Think in her *Fire with Fire*, says **Maggie Gallagher**, and *almost* stumbles on common sense. . . . **John Wauck** admires vintage Russell Kirk in *The Politics of Prudence* and *America's British Culture*. . . . **Matthew Berke**, perusing Leonard Levy's *Blasphemy*, wonders how so thick a book could be so thin. . . . **John Simon** is spooked by the shameless improbability of *Fearless*, and chews up *Flesh and Bone*. . . . Tom Stoppard's *Arcadia*, comments **Herb Greer**, is a play of writers, for writers, by a writer.

64 ***The Gimlet Eye***
Public television's purple dinosaur Barney exudes a wholesome cheerfulness. No wonder, remarks **Andrew Ferguson**, the chattering classes want him extinct.

Sections

2 ***Letters***
5 ***From the Editor***
8 ***For the Record***
10 ***The Week***
30 ***Random Walk***
42 help
61 ***Letter from Al***
72 ***Books in Brief***
77 ***Trans-O-Gram***
78 ***On the Right***

Cover illustration by Alan Nahigian

The Audit Bureau

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. ©National Review, Inc., 1993. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P.O. Box 96639, Washington, D.C. 20090-6639; phone, 301-350-7258, Monday–Friday, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Eastern time. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct classified advertising inquiries to: Classifieds Dept., National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016 or call 212-679-7330. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P. O. Box 96639, Washington, D.C. 20090-6639.

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LETTERS

Buchanan on Trial

Your editorial on the Israeli Supreme Court's decision overturning the conviction of John Demjanjuk ["Trial and Error," Aug. 23] argues that Patrick Buchanan stands vindicated. Let us see.

The editorial says Buchanan "was excoriated as 'a defender of Nazi war criminals,' when he was in fact a defender of someone charged—falsely—with particular war crimes." This misrepresents the argument in three major respects. First, Buchanan's controversial pronouncements about former Nazis were not limited to "someone," i.e., Demjanjuk, but covered several different cases. Second, it is far from clear that Demjanjuk was "charged—falsely." Third, Buchanan was taken to task not for airing doubts about Demjanjuk's guilt but for various indefensible things he said in the process.

In addition to the many columns he spent championing Demjanjuk, Buchanan took up the defense of Arthur Rudolph, whose American citizenship was revoked when he confessed to his role in the use of slave-labor in the production of Hitler's V-2 rockets. Buchanan's method in the Rudolph case was the same as in the Demjanjuk case: he took what he was told by the accused or their advocates and repeated it in his own voice as if he knew it to be true. Thus he wrote that Rudolph's confession was a "lie" forced out of him by the U.S. Justice Department under the threat of prosecuting his wife and daughter, and he further claimed that West German authorities had found the case against Rudolph "to be a cruel joke." But a member of my staff interviewed the German prosecutor, who flatly denied Buchanan's version (although the statute of limitations shielded Rudolph from prosecution there), and not a scintilla of evidence has ever been produced to buttress Buchanan's grave and far-fetched accusation against the Justice Department. Rudolph's case was revisited last year by Canada's courts when he appealed his exclusion from that country—thus providing a venue untainted by the U.S. Justice Department. Canada's Federal Court of Appeal upheld Rudolph's exclusion, finding "the applicant's admitted activities give reasonable grounds to believe that he was an active participant and accomplice in both war crimes . . . and crimes against humanity."

Buchanan also appealed to Attorney General Meese to block the deportation of Karl Linnas to the Soviet Union, where he faced execution. Although the Soviet penal system was not to be trusted, it was the one with jurisdiction over Linnas's crimes, and before ordering his deportation, the American courts had satisfied themselves of his guilt. In the words of the U.S. Court of Appeals, "the evidence . . . was overwhelming and largely uncontroverted. . . . [Linnas] ordered the extermination of innocent men, women, and children."

Then there was Kurt Waldheim; he had been a target of Buchanan's as UN Secretary-General, yet when it was revealed that Waldheim had been complicit in Nazi war crimes, Buchanan's outrage turned against Waldheim's accusers. "The ostracism of President Waldheim [has] an aspect of moral bullying and the singular stench of selective indignation," he wrote. And Buchanan also waxed indignant when the U.S. Government apologized to France for having sheltered Klaus Barbie, "the Butcher of Lyons." "To what end, all this wallowing in the atrocities of a dead regime when there is scarcely a peep of protest over . . . the concentration camps operating now in China and Siberia, in Cuba, and in South Vietnam," wrote Buchanan. In sum, Buchanan's record of defending accused Nazis includes both those who claim innocence and those who confess guilt.

Was Demjanjuk accused falsely? *NR*'s editorial says so, presumably on the strength of the reversal of his conviction, but this misrepresents the Supreme Court's findings. It weighed evidence newly discovered in Soviet files consisting of the signed statements, under interrogation, of former Soviet POWs who were executed after the war for having served the Germans as death-camp guards. Some of these identified the operator of the gas chamber at Treblinka (Ivan the Terrible's job) as a guard named Ivan Marchenko. This evidence was inconclusive in two key respects. First, neither these guards nor their interrogators remain alive, and so it is impossible to determine the conditions under which the statements were written and signed, or even their authenticity. Second, while documentary records show that another guard named Ivan Marchenko existed, they also show that Demjanjuk swore that his mother's maiden name was Marchenko (which he now says was a lie), raising the possibility that he used Marchenko as an alias. The court affirmed that the evidence identifying Demjanjuk as Ivan the Terrible was strong, but it concluded that the new evidence, however inconclusive, sufficed to generate "reasonable doubt."

The court also found that "clear and unequivocal evidence . . . singles out [Demjanjuk] from hundreds of thousands of Russian prisoners of war held by the Germans and places him among the thousands who volunteered to serve in the SS within the . . . unit that served the Germans in . . . the extermination camps in Sobibor, Lodz [Belzec], and Treblinka."

In short, the evidence proving that Demjanjuk was a guard at Sobibor—not a concentration camp, but an extermination camp at which a quarter of a million Jews were liquidated within about a year and a half—is compelling, resting on documents rather than witnesses. As the court explained, this evidence—which was part of the original charge against him—was not at all contradicted by the new documents from Soviet files; indeed it has been reinforced. It shows, moreover, that Demjanjuk's account of his whereabouts during the Holocaust was a tissue of lies. And, since it is known that guards were indeed transferred at times between Treblinka and Sobibor, Demjanjuk's service at one does not rule out his service at the other.

Even if Demjanjuk was not Ivan the Terrible, this scarcely would vindicate Buchanan's writings on the case. Buchanan's critics have never claimed to know whether Demjanjuk was guilty; but Buchanan wrote as if he knew that Demjanjuk was innocent. He did not merely raise doubts about the evidence, but he made himself a flack for Demjanjuk, forsaking intellectual honesty. Over the years, one theory after another floated by the Demjanjuk defense would find its way into Buchanan's columns—as a flat assertion of fact. When it would be discredited, Buchanan would never return to acknowledge as much; instead his next column on the case would assert with equal bravado the defense's latest claim.

Thus Buchanan wrote several times

(Continues on page 76)

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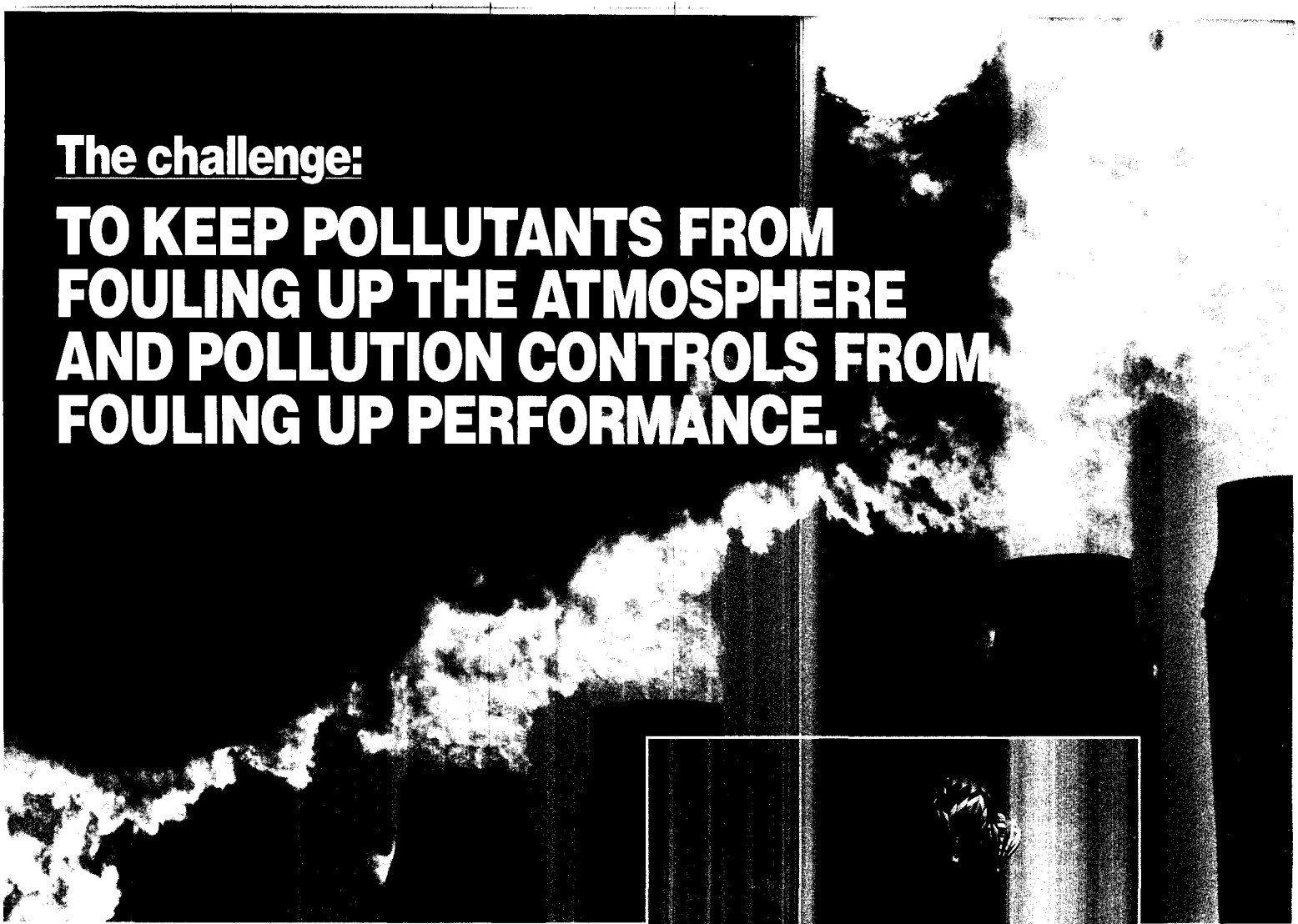

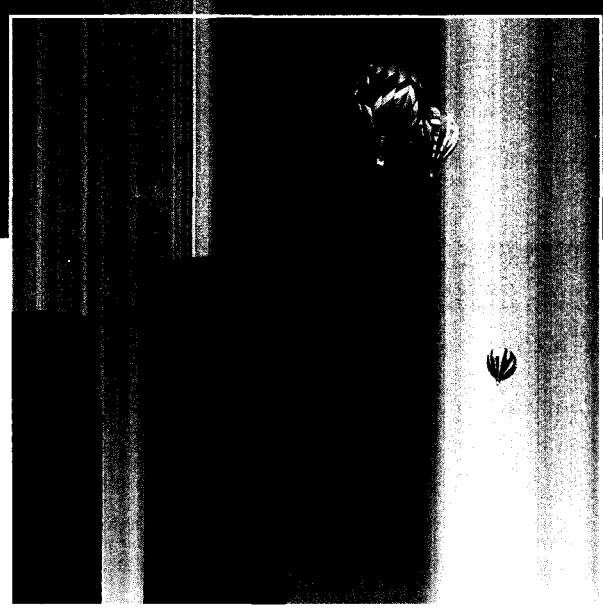

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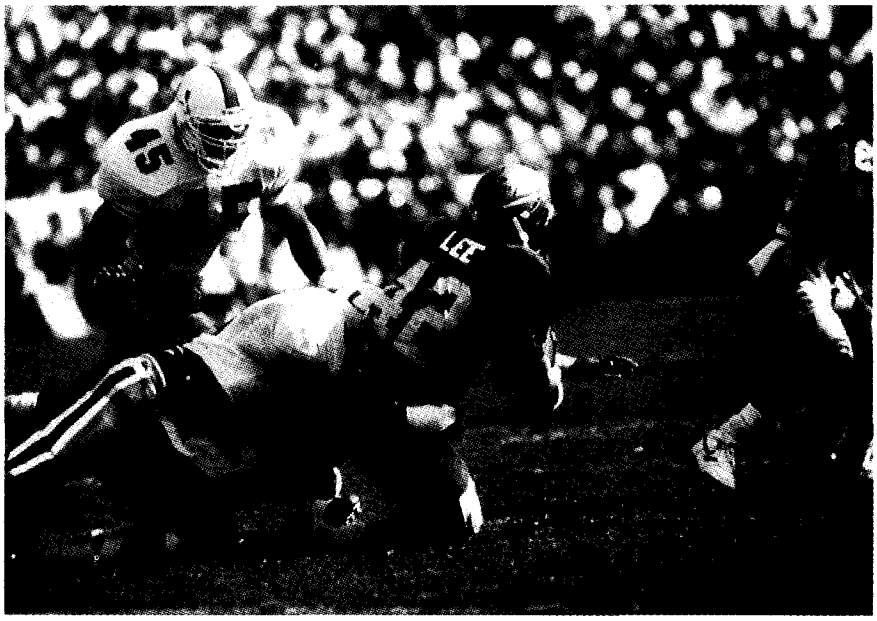

The "Hitachi Promise of Tomorrow" scholarship program encourages student athletes to take the lessons learned on the football field today and teach children in the classrooms tomorrow.

Encouraging Student Athletes to Become Teachers

During his three years as nose guard on Louisiana State University's football team, John Mawae came to know the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat. But nothing moved him more than working with disabled children in a Special Olympics held at LSU. "Seeing those kids realize their dreams against all odds really got to me," Mawae recalls. "I knew then what I wanted to do: help kids like them realize their dreams."

Mawae will get that chance, thanks in part to the "Hitachi Promise of Tomorrow" scholarship program created by the College Football Association (CFA) and sponsored by Hitachi, Ltd. Started last academic year, the program awards $335,000 in scholarships at the 67 CFA member universities. At each university, a $5,000 scholarship is awarded to an outstanding senior or graduate student who intends to become a teacher and has participated in the school's football program as a player, trainer, or manager. Mawae, a 1992 scholarship recipient, intends to use his grant to pursue a career teaching kids with special needs.

"Teaching plays an important but undervalued role in society," says Charles M. Neinas, the CFA's executive director. "We'd like to encourage more student athletes to pursue this field, because we think that what they learn on the football field helps to make them effective teachers in the classroom."

Nicole Hagner, a recent University of Pittsburgh graduate, agrees. "Athletics teaches you that it's possible to turn the right dream into a reality through hard work, discipline and teamwork. I'd like to bring that lesson to the classroom," she says. Hagner, who served as a student trainer on Pitt's football team, plans to use her grant to become certified as a high school biology teacher.

Nicole Hagner, University of Pittsburgh graduate and 1992 scholarship recipient.

As college football fans and parents of school-age children, we are proud to be a part of the "Hitachi Promise of Tomorrow" scholarship program. We hope that it helps more student athletes like John and Nicole to realize their dreams of becoming teachers.

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November 29 issue; printed November 10

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Printed in the U.S.A. 212-679-7330

FROM THE EDITOR

Tradition and Liberty

■ I enjoyed the Democratic Party's agonies over NAFTA. I especially liked the stern moral tone in which Mr. Clinton denounced the Big Labor tactics on which he, like all Democrats, relies in elections. Will he enforce the *Beck* decision restricting union political spending? Well, maybe not.

His appeal to employers to instruct their workers to lobby for the trade deal—an appeal which, if made by President Reagan, would have had the media screaming intimidation before you could say "Joe Hill"—also had a pleasing earnestness. It was as if Mr. Clinton did not quite realize that he was asking the bosses to organize labor against organized labor.

Ructions followed. But NAFTA is only what in high school we used to call the "immediate cause" of this Democratic civil war. Its fundamental cause is the end of the Cold War.

At the time, pundits lamented the consequences for *conservatives*. No Communists to kick around. No anti-Communist glue to hold the Right together. How *would* we get by?

The short answer is that we had to make do with liberals.

And the long answer? It was always an implausible notion that the collapse of Communism would be a problem mainly for the Right. The family resemblance between Communism, socialism, and statist liberalism—all transfer power from society to the state—ensured that the fall of Communism weakened the entire Left.

Everywhere there has been a shift to the Right—or, rather, to two Rights: the economic and the traditional.

The shift to the economic Right is plain in the world-wide trend to privatization, free markets, and lower taxes. Within the Democratic Party this shift is incarnated in the "New Democrat" who rejects liberalism in favor of welfare reform, reinventing government, and NAFTA. But since blue-collar ethnics became Reagan Democrats, the nearest thing to tradition in the party is statist liberalism. Most Democrats are committed to the *status quo* of labor unions, regulation, and the public sector (in which they are usually employed). And they will fight their fellows whose accommodation to economic rationality threatens both their beliefs and their interests.

NAFTA is the first serious skirmish between them—not the last.

■ Conservatives, of course, have long experience of reconciling conflicts between tradition and liberty, both now reviving as a world-wide renewal of religion and ethnicity coexists with the advance of privatization.

NAFTA saw this conflict re-emerge here with Pat Buchanan's celebration of "conservatives of the heart" over the conservatism of economic calculation which supposedly makes no distinction between Americans and foreigners in the hurly-burly of free trade.

We should not dismiss this argument. Our obligations to our fellow citizens outweigh those to outsiders. But protectionism protects no one for long; it merely postpones economic change at the cost of making it more disruptive in the end.

The stronger conservative objection to NAFTA was that it burdened freer trade with a dangerous extension of regulation. We accept that there are such risks and we urge steps to minimize them if NAFTA is passed.

It was disturbing that some conservatives treated these objections as something between heresy and treason. Imposing a premature orthodoxy will actually postpone the emergence of a genuine reconciliation between tradition and liberty. And political movements that insist on rigid orthodoxy squabble, divide, and shrink.

■ My second law—"Never order decaffeinated espresso in a multicultural society"—has prompted others.

The best so far is from Elliott Abrams: "Never eat fish in a country with an unsafe national airline."

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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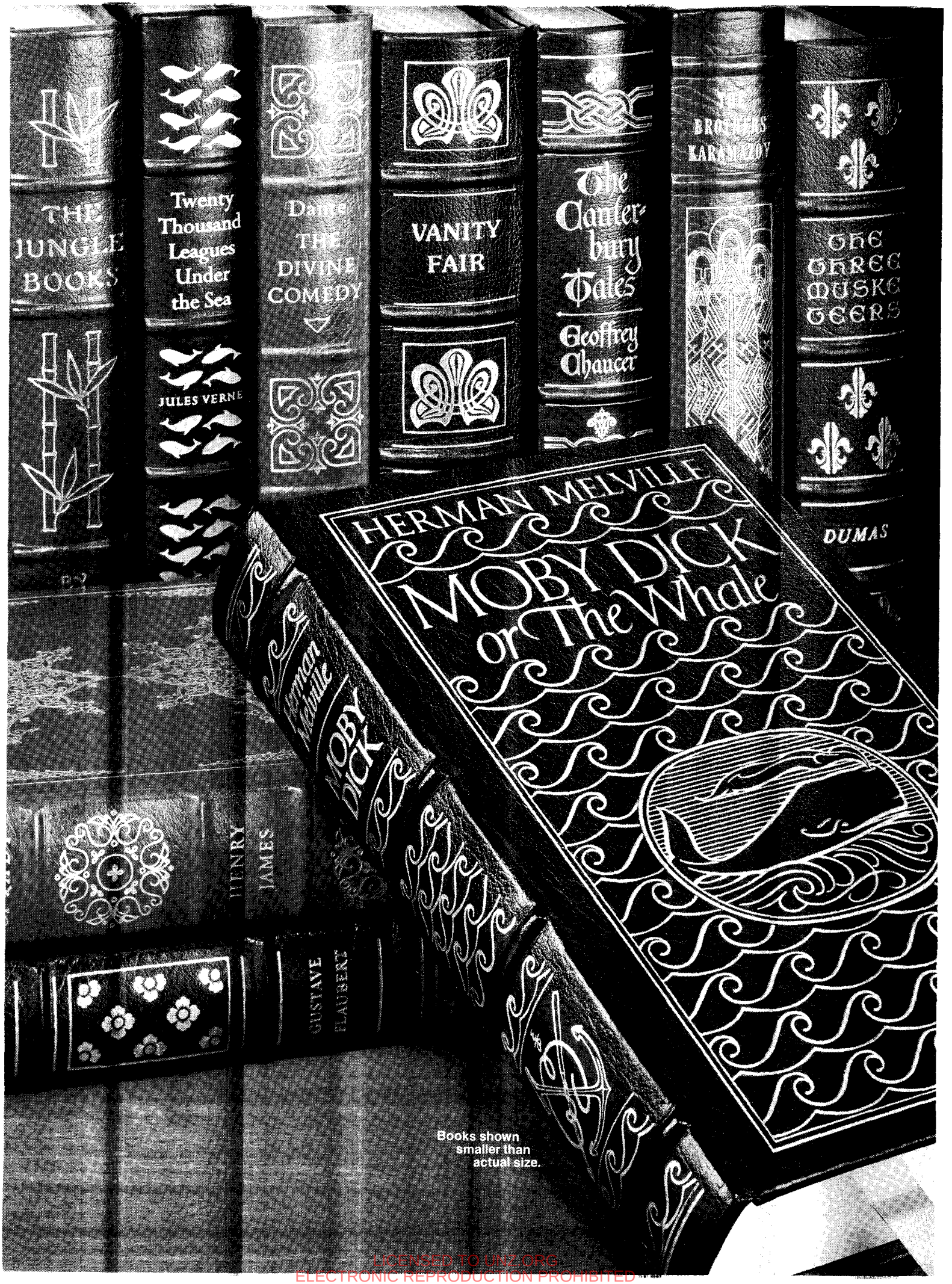

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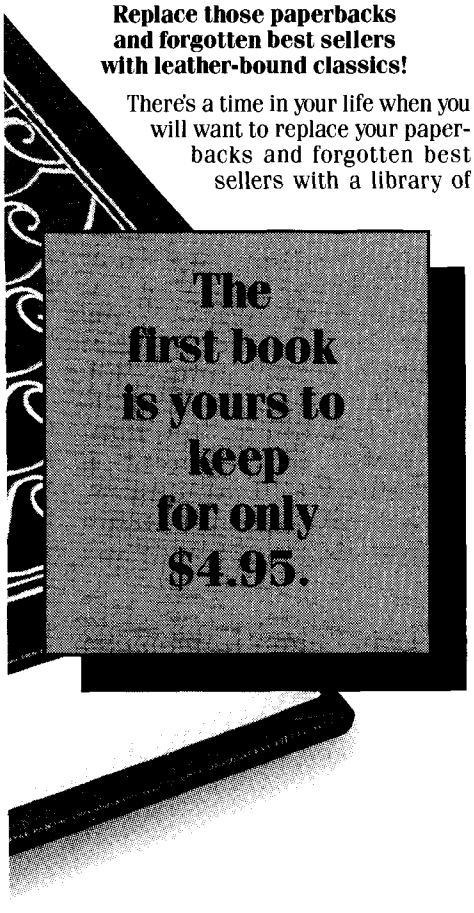

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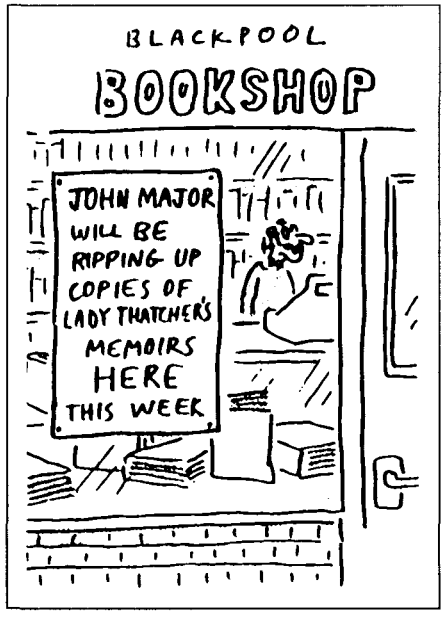
FOR THE RECORD

■ Voters cited taxes as most important factor in going with **Christine Whitman** over **Jim Florio**, first incumbent ever to lose a general election in New Jersey. NOW claims its "recommendation" of Mrs. Whitman put her over top, but **Stephen Salmore**, of Rutgers University's Eagleton Institute, claims it *reduced* her total. Taxes and crime, he said, helped her "get enough men to overcome her weakness among women." Florio won among women, 54 to 46. . . . New Jersey Republicans lost three seats in State Senate and five in Assembly, but still hold solid majorities. . . . In Virginia, GOP gained four seats in House of Delegates, giving Gov.-elect **George Allen** a working majority. . . . Of 90 open-seat legislative races held since 1992 general elections, the GOP has picked up, net, 14 seats previously held by Democrats. . . . Republican House leaders wrote to **Bill Clinton** asking him to condemn anti-religious bigotry used by Democrats against lieut. gov. candidate **Mike Farris** in Virginia. So far—no comment. . . . Initiatives to limit terms of city officials in New York and state legislators in Maine passed overwhelmingly, with over 60 per cent. (House leaders have finally allowed hearings on term-limits bill; they begin Nov. 18.)

■ It's tradition that party not in White House holds its national convention first. However, RNC Chairman **Haley Barbour** has decided on August 10–16, 1996—later than normal end-of-July date in order to avoid conflict with summer Olympics. This gives Democrats just two weeks before Labor Day. . . . Rep. **Dick Zimmer**'s decision not to enter Republican primary to see who will challenge New Jersey two-term Sen. **Frank Lautenberg** next year leaves Assembly leader **Chuck Haytaian** as front-runner. Conservative Haytaian strongly urged Christine Whitman to push her tax-cut plan (when many were advising otherwise), and will likely get her blessing. . . . Each of the two **Bush** sons running for governorships (**Jeb** in Florida and **George Jr.** in Texas) has stated publicly, on different occasions, that he is running not because of who his parents are, but because of who his children are. . . . Just as approval rating of Gov. **William Weld** falls, so do his Democratic challengers. Two formidable potential opponents—Attorney General **Scott Harshbarger** and former State Sen. **Patricia McGovern**—have opted out, leaving no threat—for now.

■ **Conservative Opportunity Society** (conservative House GOP group) and **Progressive Caucus** (headed by socialist Rep. **Bernie Sanders**) recently began regular after-hours debates (in "**Lincoln–Douglas** style") on House floor. . . . **Project for the Republican Future** has been formed to give GOP a "governing vision" aimed at controlling debate on issues. Directors include **Bill Kristol**, **Virginia Gilder**, **Dusty Rhodes**, and **Michael Joyce**. For info, write 1150 17th St., N.W., 5th floor, Washington, D.C. 20036.

■ **Bill Clinton** responded to complaints from party operatives about Democratic National Committee's handling of this year's elections by backing up its chairman, **David Wilhelm**. . . . One common request from congressmen still undecided on NAFTA (and being courted by Clinton) is to have senior Administration officials campaign in their districts next year. Most sought after? Vice President **Al Gore**. . . . The White House has decided to make exception to its plan not to hold formal state dinners, on behalf of South Korean President **Kim Young Sam**. . . . Sen. **Daniel Patrick Moynihan**, who once called numbers in the Clinton health plan "fantasy," has hired **David Podoff** from the Joint Economics Committee to serve as "reality check" on the health-care math.



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■ Announcing he may serve out his original six-year term, then choose a successor to take over in 1996, rather than submit his candidacy next spring, **Boris Yeltsin** said: "Everybody knows how many blows I have had to sustain. That's too much for one person." Yeltsin is modeling new Russian constitution on **Charles de Gaulle**'s Fifth Republic, the 16th article of which gave executive power for "whatever measures are required by the circumstances." . . . Clinton was a strong critic of **George Bush**'s accommodating China after crackdown in Tiananmen Square, but **Charles Freeman**, assistant secretary of defense, announced resumption of military ties when he visited Peking this month. Chinese officials await next step: when President **Jiang Zemin** meets Clinton in Seattle Nov. 19. . . . French Foreign Minister **Alain Juppé** warns that relations are deteriorating with United States because Clinton Administration is neglecting stalled GATT talks, headed for year-end deadline. . . . "The feeling one gets watching all this from Europe," says **Dominique Moïsi**, deputy director of French Institute for Foreign Affairs, "is that you Americans don't give a damn about the outside world any more."

■ Cow or Bull? National Endowment for the Arts has given money to three Wyoming women for an exhibit of seventy cows that are painted with words from early twentieth-century feminist journal.

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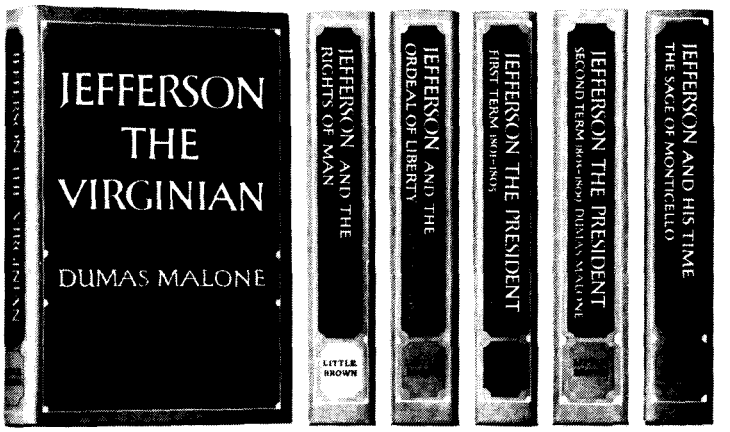

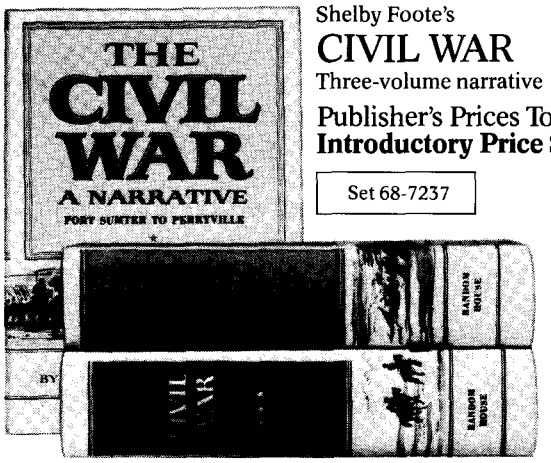

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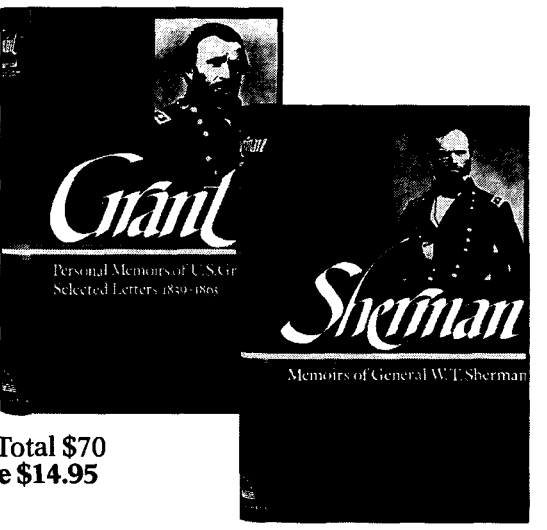

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THE WEEK

■ After Hillary Clinton said the Administration's health plan would mean higher costs for 20 per cent of Americans, Donna Shalala testified to Congress that 40 per cent would pay more, after which Ira Magaziner insisted the correct figure was 15 per cent. This leaves us 100 per cent confused. We've heard of a health plan, but a health plan du jour?

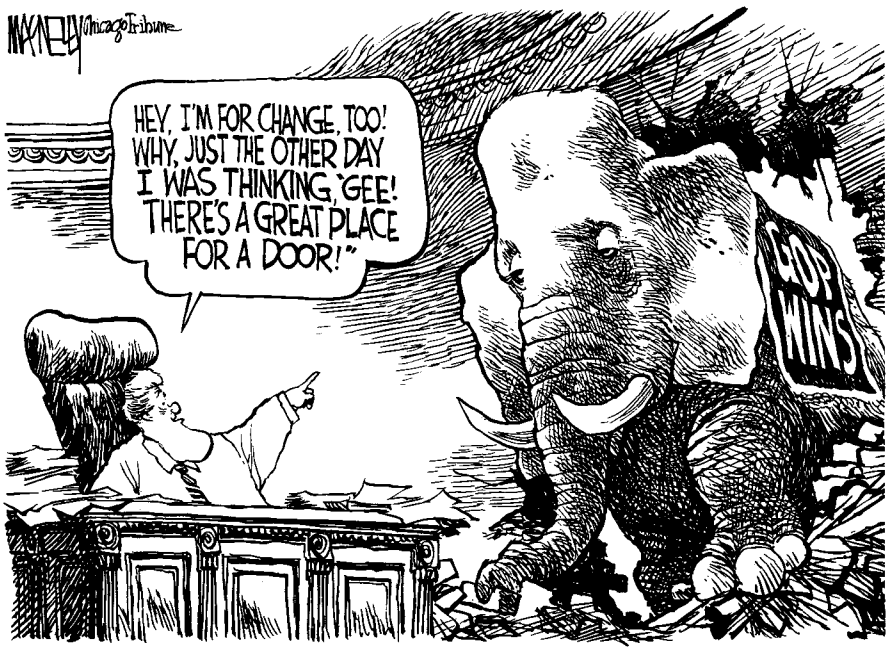
■ The Blackwell Corp. of Arlington, Va., offered some figures of its own on average waiting times for treatment under the Canadian health system. Internal medicine: 6.4 weeks. Neurosurgery: 9.0 weeks. Urology: 10.7 weeks. Gynecology: 13.7 weeks. Plastic surgery: 17.8 weeks. Orthopedics: 21.9 weeks. So take two aspirin and call me in 23.9 weeks.

■ Meanwhile, Mr. Clinton is reportedly helping Chelsea with her math homework.

■ Vice President Gore and Ross Perot assailed each other on the Larry King show, with passing nods to NAFTA. Unmolested by Cuban assassins, Perot claimed that American firms would relocate to Mexican factories so toxic that the babies of neighborhood parents are born without brains. The Vice President charged that the Perot family, so far from being brainless, runs an airport in a free-trade zone, whose benefits it is unwilling to extend to the country as a whole. On a more serious note, Mr. Gore made the point that the greatest magnet for economic activity is not low wages but high productivity; since freer trade sorts out the economic division of labor, it should raise the net level of jobs. Mr. Perot, in dwelling on the environmental concerns of NAFTA opponents, demonstrated why the agreement has been loaded up with regulatory compromises that make it less free. Winners of the debate: Jack Kemp and Pat Buchanan, who are certain to take the issue up more intelligently.

■ On Halloween Kevin Phillips published a piece in the *Washington Post* announcing that the recent Canadian election and the upcoming American elections proved that "the elite conservatism of business and finance has been taking its knocks . . . supply-siders, including 1996 GOP presidential hopeful Jack Kemp, stand to lose a lot of credibility." Why? Because Progressive Conservative Kim Campbell had already been trounced in Canada, and Republican tax-cutter Christine Todd Whitman was headed for defeat in New Jersey. To which, we note: 1) the Canadian Progressive Conservatives, as their hybrid name indicates, are a party of high-taxers and big-spenders, only marginally to the right of the Canadian Liberals; and 2) Mrs. Whitman was 21 points behind Governor Florio when in desperation she adopted a supply-side tax cut, and won in the end precisely because she revived the tax issue. Our advice to Mr. Phillips: Never make predictions—whether about the future or the past doesn't make much difference.

■ Oh, how dimly shines the Senate's brightest star. A recent *New Republic* cover story by Ruth Shalit suggests—strongly—that Year-of-the-Woman Senator Carol Moseley Braun is a selfish boor, and perhaps crooked in the bargain. Miss Shalit's report is peppered with comments of disillusioned Braun campaign workers, such as: "I kept hearing terrible things about how the [campaign] money was being spent. I got disillusioned by the fact that Carol wasn't showing up for things. Had she always been like this and we just didn't realize it?" Especially shocking is news that during the campaign a Chicago TV station obtained part of a letter in which Mrs. Braun wrote that she had helped "launder" some of her mother's money as part of what appears to have been a Medicaid fraud. When confronted with the letter and asked if she could deny writing it—cameras rolling—Mrs. Braun said: "No I can't. I mean, you know, I mean, my mother [pause]. It's a


MARLEY Chicago Tribune
HEY, I'M FOR CHANGE, TOO! WHY, JUST THE OTHER DAY I WAS THINKING, 'GEE! THERE'S A GREAT PLACE FOR A DOOR!"
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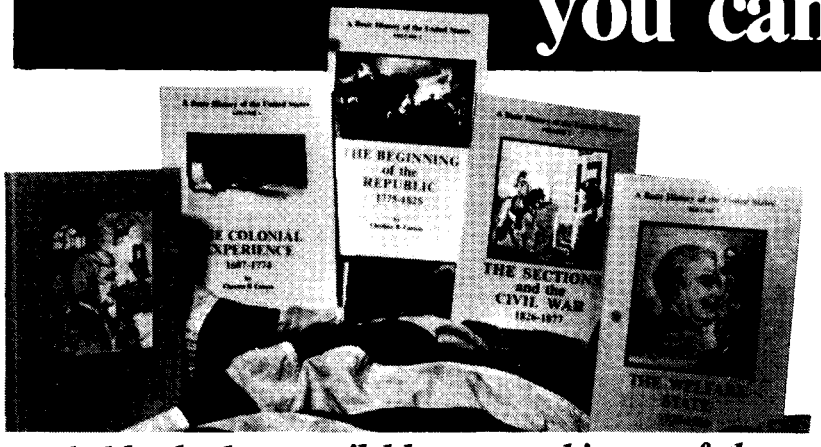

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pretty damning letter." As the Braun campaign panicked, one of her staffers called the TV reporter—a friend, as it happened—and pleaded: "If you go with the story she loses, and you're responsible for denying the first African-American woman the chance to go to the U.S. Senate." The story never ran. And Carol Moseley Braun lived to sparkle alongside the Packwoods, Rostenkowskis, Riegles, and Durenbergers—elected by WMAQ-TV, Chicago.

■ Lest outsiders view the criminal-justice problem in our inner cities as somehow related to murders, robberies, rapes, and assaults, the Congressional Black Caucus is there to remind us of the proper priorities. The real urgency for crime-busters on Capitol Hill is to pass the "Racial Justice Act." Among its reforms is the introduction of racial quotas into the sentencing process. "A government shall not impose or carry out the penalty of death in criminal cases in a racially disproportionate pattern." Every state will be required to designate an agency that will compile data on "death-eligible" crimes so that the courts will have available the necessary information for determining if excessive numbers of Chinese, Polynesians, or Maoris have been hanged in Utah or given lethal injections in Texas. Some versions of the Act would also require that drug-trafficking sanctions, mandatory minimum sentences, and penalties for violent crimes be amended to eliminate disparities among racial groups. Such disparities will be discernible from "patterns" or from "practices that operate to reinforce the subordinate status to which minorities are relegated." So the ghetto family, terrorized by criminals from walking on the streets of their neighborhood at night, and from taking their children to the park at any time of day, can at least take comfort in the knowledge that these criminals control their community in the name of civil rights.

■ We don't know exactly what is contained in Bob Packwood's diaries, but word out of Hollywood is Madonna's suing for unfair competition.

■ Puerto Ricans will be voting in a referendum to express a preference on the island's future: to seek statehood, to remain a "commonwealth" (in effect, a glorified territory), or to become independent. Before the results come in, a few comments on the process are appropriate. Puerto Ricans living in the United States wants to be able to cast votes in this referendum, which defies every principle of federalism. Under the American system, you vote where you live. If Puerto Rico is applying for admission as an ethnic group, rather than a state, that is the best reason to reject its petition. Even if the votes of those who live on the island show a clear preference for statehood, that will not decide the matter. The United States is not a club anyone can enter by saying so; Congress makes the decision. In the early nineteenth century, the path of many territories to statehood was delayed until the balance of power between slave and free states could be adjusted. A Puerto Rican application to become the 51st star on the flag must wait upon a judgment of whether a Spanish-speaking, Caribbean culture can be woven into an already fraying national fabric.

■ While many observers spin the November election results as a public referendum against President Clinton, an equally valid conclusion is that Republicans are making inroads into formerly Democratic strongholds—statehouses and, increasingly, city halls—by fashioning conservative alternatives on local issues. Bret Schundler paved the way in a mayoral victory in Jersey City earlier this year with anti-crime and school-choice messages. Now the "Schundler strategy" has borne fruit in Jesse Helms territory. Tom Fetzer, a former executive in Helms's National Congressional Club, defeated Clinton campaign activist and city councilman Barlow Herget in the mayoral race in Raleigh, N.C., the capital city and a longtime fiefdom of the state's Democratic establishment. Mr. Fetzer won not by running away from traditional conservative beliefs, but by emphasizing them: he called for privatization of city services and attacked plans for a taxpayer-subsidized convention center. Anti-crime ads and proposals to lower taxes and regulations on Raleigh's business sector helped Mr. Fetzer clinch a narrow victory over Mr. Herget, whose campaign emphasized gun control and mass transit. Turnout in suburban areas was strong, but especially surprising was that the conservative candidate won almost 30 per cent of the vote in heavily black Southeast Raleigh, where voters obviously did not feel abject terror at the prospect of a former Helms aide at City Hall. Mr. Fetzer noted after the election that he was probably the first Republican to wield power in Raleigh since General William T. Sherman encamped his troops outside the city in the waning days of the Civil War. But for Tom Fetzer and other victorious conservatives in local elections, the real battle has just begun.

■ In Martin's Ferry, Ohio, Democrat John Nieman was elected unopposed to his fourth term on the city council. Now they say he can't serve just because he happened to die on election eve. If this isn't a blow to good government, we don't know what is.

■ "The Fed caused George Bush's defeat, in my interpretation of history." Jim Baker? Dick Darman? Try Paul Samuelson. At 78, the dean of America's liberal economists is as eager as ever to pontificate about the economy. And as wrong. The 1980s boom, for example, occurred at a time when "American so-

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ciety was economically ill-run," while the way out of the resulting mess is equally clear: higher taxes. In quoting St. Paul at length, the *New York Times* might have reminded its readers of earlier Samuelsonian pronouncements. As recently as 1989 Paul Samuelson was extolling the Soviet economy as "proof that, contrary to what many skeptics had earlier believed, a socialist command economy can function and even thrive." With four million of his textbooks sold and thousands of his students in positions of authority, Mr. Samuelson proves his case. He is a one-man socialist command economy, functioning and even thriving.

■ A recent *U.S. News & World Report* poll in Russia showed Mikhail Gorbachev with a 22 per cent favorable, 72 per cent unfavorable rating—even lower than Josef Stalin (27 per cent favorable, 55 per cent unfavorable). Mr. Gorbachev remains highly admired in some circles, however, including by Senator Phil Gramm, who seems to be proceeding with plans to pay Gorbachev's Communist Come-Back Foundation $50,000 or so for the last General Secretary's after-dinner wisdom at the National Republican Senatorial Committee in Washington. Maybe Gorbachev will have some pearls of wisdom on health care (or was that *Mrs.* Gorbachev's domain?).

■ CAMPUS WATCH: The University of California at Riverside received quite a shock recently, when the Individual Rights Foundation filed a lawsuit against the school on behalf of two students suspended for their unacceptable taste in clothing. The students, members of the Phi Kappa Sigma fraternity, sported T-shirts depicting a man in a serape and sombrero sitting on a beach watching the sunset. The picture was encircled with the words: "It doesn't matter where you come from, as long as you know where you are going." Several Mexican-American students found the T-shirts demeaning and asked the administration to discipline the evil-doers, which it did—by suspending both students for three years. The Individual Rights Foundation, thinking the university had taken a bold step into the realm of insanity, took up the students' cause. The outcome was almost poetic: The IRF agreed to drop the lawsuit if school administrators would enroll in a "First Amendment Sensitivity Training" program.

■ The saga of the National Endowment for Democracy, on the other hand, like *The Perils of Pauline*, has had a happy ending. On October 20, the House voted 259 to 172 to restore $35 million in funding, almost an exact reversal of the numbers which had voted to kill the NED in June. A bipartisan success.

■ Some neoconservative friends of ours voted for Bill Clinton in part because of his proclaimed enthusiasm for "the radios"—Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty, which had played such a crucial role in undermining Communist rule. Alas, these expectations have gone the way of so many others. First, Mr. Clinton's budget plan baldly called for the radios' elimination; then, the Administration backtracked by agreeing to a "consolidation" with the Voice of America; now the reality is clear. The Czech, Polish, and Hungarian services are being eliminated, despite the entreaties of democratic leaders in those countries. The New York office, with its Russian specialists, is being shut down, as is the all-important Munich headquarters (including the renowned RFE/RL research department, unless it can find alternative means of support). The job of democracy-building in Eastern Europe is far from over, yet these radios, once destroyed, won't be able to be started up again at will. Republicans in Congress should support Senator Joe Biden's courageous effort to block the Administration's plans.

■ Attorney General Janet Reno's crusade against violence on television may be starting to have an effect. There's a rumor in Hollywood that a cowed producer is working on a made-for-TV movie called *Pillow Fight at the O.K. Corral*.

■ There is a notion prevalent in the media—call it the myth of homosexual exceptionalism—which holds that gays are largely free of the sins and errors found in the rest of the population. So we've been surprised to see advertisements posted in New York subways, by the Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Network, bearing the admission that "Abuse can occur in all relationships, even gay and lesbian ones." This came as a shock—except to those riders who are also patrons of New York's network of homosexual establishments devoted to sexual variations that owe more to Torquemada than to Charlotte Brontë.

■ Cloning? Are you kidding?
Are you kidding?
Who's kidding whom?

NAFTA, Yes

IF YOU BELIEVE in free trade, it follows, or at least it should, that you believe in freer trade. If the tariff on nutmeg has been 50 per cent, then you welcome its reduction to 40 per cent. Are you, as a free-trader, committed to reducing it to 0? One responsibility of conservative public policy is prudence, so that the presumption would be against going overnight from 50 per cent protection to 0 per cent, but prudence, institutionalized, means no movement at all, and that is offensive to the philosophy of free

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trade, which is a constituent part of the philosophy of human freedom.

The reason one doesn't want precipitate action is that it brings on, or can bring on, social disruption, and this we shrink from. This isn't always the case. The so-called peace dividend, welcomed everywhere, leaves us with the prospect of demilitarizing huge enterprises, many of them labor intensive, even as a platoon of soldiers is labor intensive. A proposed schedule for demilitarization is governed, of course, by ongoing concern for contingent security, but not by any concern for the closing down of plants that manufacture napalm, or the dislodgement of redundant soldiers trained to kill. When the question is tariff reduction in the direction of free trade, we are traditionally more cautious than when we are engaged in demobilization. In a year or so after Hiroshima, we demobilized ten million men and worried very little about what they would do next. If there had been ten million men making alcohol, the Eighteenth Amendment would have been phased in, not made, overnight, a matter of law.

On this point the NAFTA people appear to have been sensible. To begin with, the tariff on Mexican goods hovers in the area of 4 per cent. But extra protections are given to sundry American products (our tariff schedule isn't to be compared with our relatively uniform tax schedules; there are approximately two thousand separate rates of protection for products made in the United States). NAFTA is nevertheless depicted by some of its critics as a guillotine, assigned the mandate of genocide for the marginally employed. In fact the NAFTA schedule distinguishes among three categories of affected U.S. products, 1) relatively insensitive (i.e., to foreign competition), 2) moderately sensitive, and 3) highly sensitive. Moderately sensitive products would face reduced competition phased in over five to ten years. Highly sensitive products (sugar, e.g.) are on a fifteen-year schedule. It is hard to understand the congressman from Louisiana who said that the day after NAFTA was passed, 25,000 sugar workers in Louisiana would be unemployed.

Estimates of the gross unemployment that would be caused by NAFTA vary, as one might expect. Responsible evaluators talk about 150,000 jobs lost in the year or so following NAFTA's codification. But the same people talk about 350,000 new jobs engendered during the same period, by the same agent. Anticipated joblessness caused by NAFTA, if the projections are accurate, is less then 10 per cent of the joblessness anticipated from the ending of the Cold War—and about the monthly rate of job creation in the 1980s.

HERBERT HOOVER grudgingly approved the last major American protectionist bill, Smoot–Hawley. In principle, Mr. Hoover favored free trade, as has every Republican President since William Howard Taft. It is consistent with conservative philosophy to gravitate to free trade because conservative inclinations are strategic, not tactical. It is the habit of the populist—the liberal-progressive—to go for instant remedies; to "wars" against poverty and drugs, to instant health for everyone.

Conservatives, political scientist Edward Banfield reminds us in his book *The Unheavenly City*, tend to talk about "Tuesday," rather than about "Monday." The difference in political style has never been clearer than today. It is acknowledged that the man who runs the risk of losing his job tomorrow feels an acuteness of concern unmitigated by the certitude that the day after tomorrow his brother, his children, and indeed he himself will find job opportunities opening up which, though they cannot be defined today, will certainly be there on Tuesday. Tuesday's harvest is an axiom of conservative analysis, reaching back to a basic plank in capitalist thought, namely that the demand for goods is infinite, while the supply is finite. The disparity galvanizes production, and assures the continuing need for expansion.

We have suffered historically, and continue to do so, from misdirected interventions by government. Herbert Hoover didn't want to prolong the Depression, but he did so, as did his successor. What was not invalidated by the Depression was the basic law—which in due course would reassert itself, bringing on the great economic boom of the postwar years—that to freeze production techniques in pursuit of full employment is to freeze economic progress. If we were today restricted to using the technology of 1939, in order to handle current telephone traffic, all women between the ages of 21 and 60 (or the equivalent number of men) would need to serve as telephone operators.

It is in this spirit of confidence in unchanged and unchangeable economic postulates that most Americans live their lives. If we did not believe, we would not invest our savings, or encourage research, or tolerate innovation. The textile industry, after the war, moved south seeking several things, among them a

Clinton's NAFTA Strategy

The theory was, we're up to here
With Ross Perot, official seer
Of sucking sounds; the trouble was,
Al Gore believes he's second coz
To every creature great and small,
And brother, that can cast a pall.

W. H. VON DREELE

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more hospitable economic climate and a greater labor pool, freer of sclerotic labor-union practices. Simultaneously the textile industry encouraged modernizations. It simply didn't occur to the legendary American entrepreneur that the advent of a better mousetrap means correlative unemployment. And the figures bore out American faith, year after year. Fifty-nine million Americans employed in 1950, 118 million employed in 1992. We are never in a position clairvoyantly to describe exactly the character of the innovations we will see on Tuesday. But we are confident that they will happen; which is the reason, on Monday, to encourage: savings, investment, industry, and free trade.

The validations come in on whatever schedule we consult. In 1950, 5 per cent of our gross domestic product came from exports. That percentage had doubled by 1992—even though the economy had quadrupled in real terms. In respect of Mexico, the validation is resplendently there, the case for freer trade in neon lights. In 1987 our exports to Mexico came to $14 billion. Last year $40 billion. Why? Because Mexico reduced its tariffs from about 50 per cent to about 10 per cent. And at todays' prices every additional $1 billion we export provides employment for 22,000 Americans. In 1950 our gross exports amounted to $14 billion, in 1992 to $640 billion—giving jobs to 8 million Americans. In 1950, our exports gave employment to less than 2 million Americans.

SOME CONSERVATIVES, acknowledging the merits of free trade, are nevertheless hostile to NAFTA on the grounds that, after President Bush signed the first draft (in January of this year), special interests (the environmentalists, the labor unions) grafted onto the agreement provisions that pre-empt our attention, and alter priorities. The critics complain that the agreement Congress is now asked to affirm will prove to be an instrument through which environmentalist imperialism will go forward under the shelter of a trade law, crippling commerce. If the question is, Will environmentalists seek, via NAFTA, to superordinate the interests of spotted owls over economic prosperity? the answer is: Of course they will. Ideological opportunism is hardly dead in America, and dissimulation is always useful. Our pornographers are the most devout defenders of the First Amendment. And those who fear change will ideologize the case against an untrod future. The labor unions do not think about Tuesday, because the concerns of Monday consume them. If we could absolutely demonstrate that a million lost jobs on Monday would result in five million more jobs on Tuesday, they would (for the most part) settle for static satisfactions. Meticulous attention has been given, including in this journal, to the character and potential of the little accretions to NAFTA that ease the way of the economic standpatters and the Never-Again-a-Dead-Buffalo crowd. But that is the nature of politics and of compromise: the articulation of the rights of the accused is going to result in the legal exoneration of people who are guilty. The alert conservative reasonably asks: Are we facing, in NAFTA, the equivalent of Maastricht in Europe?

The critical point here is surely that a self-governing people becomes victim of its own laws only to the extent that it consents to become a victim. Already we see in Europe a quite general retreat from the exorbitant ambitions of the political centralizers. European political unity is far more problematic, two years after Maastricht, than the day after the treaty was affirmed, because reality has begun to set in.

NAFTA yields no significant irreversible authority to any extra-national body. Moreover, NAFTA can be dissolved on six months' notice by a stroke of a President's pen, should it prove that, sleepily, we gave birth to an extra-territorial political monster. Unless we are prepared to say that no future President would repeal an agreement grown manifestly oppressive to the United States economically or juridically, we are as safe as any self-governing nation can be. If the American people are prepared to forfeit their sovereignty to Canadian, or Mexican, or indeed U.S. judges who craftily conclude that NAFTA's provisions authorize them to repeal provisions of the American Constitution, then we have to worry about the future of self-government, not about the future of NAFTA.

WE NEED, on the other hand, to take the opportunity to alert ourselves to developing modes of economic internationalism. Thirty years ago, Wilhelm Röpke, the tutor of Germany's Ludwig Erhard, resigned from the Mt. Pelerin Society in protest against its endorsement of the Common Market. Professor Röpke saw there the seedling less of enhanced free trade, than of cartelization, and mercantilism. He did not anticipate, though he might have done so, that in the name of free trade, other policies might be pursued, as happened in Maastricht.

Indeed our loyalty to the idea of GATT supersedes any enthusiasm for mere continental free trade. We are not anxious to encourage economic blocs, one in Europe, a second in Asia, a third here. Simultaneous with NAFTA must be concerted efforts to stamp out economic parochialism, for instance regulations limiting the processing of non–North American goods by NAFTA partners. We must guard against encumbering GATT with holy causes of extra-economic concern. And we should instantly declare our enthusiasm for an Atlantic Free Trade Area. We have learned from the experience of the Common Market some of the lessons Professor Röpke sought to teach us. Just as free trade between Florida and Oregon

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must not mean a Florida–Oregon axis against Canada and Mexico, so free trade in North America must not impede free trade elsewhere.

NATIONAL REVIEW has stared at the face of several legislative crisis points during our brief tenure on the American scene. We backed the Bricker Amendment, worrying that unless it was passed into law, American rights would be forfeit to international judicial strictures that would violate our Bill of Rights. Bricker didn't pass; and American rights remain pretty secure. We once warned against confirming the Genocide Convention, but we got around to endorsing it, and what happened, that we have reason to regret? Senator Goldwater voted against the Civil Rights Act of 1964 on constitutional grounds, and we endorsed his reasoning. A persuasive theoretical case can still be made against the constitutionality of the civil-rights bills, and it is true that they have served some alien purposes (affirmative action among them) which we continue to deplore. But looking back on the scene, most conservatives agree that we are better off with the civil-rights bills that emancipated an ethnic class from Jim Crow and disfranchisement. The United Nations Declaration on Human Rights is full of judicial piffle, e.g., the right of everyone to the job of his choice. But American liberties in fact survive, and the scene is not observably different from what it would have been if we had continued to refuse to subscribe to the Human Rights declaration.

To say no to NAFTA because of provisions in it that have to do with the environment (insufficiently persuasive, as it happens, to bring on the approval of NAFTA by the Sierra Club) is to surrender to an impulse to scrupulosity that shrivels a great tradition of America, which is to honor our own ideals. These include our profound belief in the correctness of the basic postulate of free-market thinking: that the consumer stands to gain from the freedom to buy where he chooses, from whom he chooses; that the economic rationalization of human effort should always be encouraged, not suppressed. And, in terms of a future that looms with great force and urgency, that the opportunity to endorse the principles of GATT begins, so to speak, at home. And home should include the North American continent just to begin with and, on Tuesday, the South American continent, to make persuasive, and profitable, our commitment to the axioms of the free market. What did you do, the boy asked his father, during the First World War? "I tried to prevent the bloody thing," the English statesman replied to his son.

What did you do when the United States tried to enlarge the economic market in 1993 to hemispheric lengths? I join the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW to say: We looked at it very hard, examined it critically, and urged fellow conservatives to stand steady, joyful in our faith in the basic propositions of a free society.

—WFB

For God's Sake, Go

As all things bright and beautiful
  Shine on the GOP,
What's in the Packwood diaries
  Despoils our whiffletree.

W. H. VON DREELE

Clinton Stiff, GOP Twitching

REPUBLICAN victories in the Virginia and New Jersey governors' races, and in the New York City mayor's race, do not mean that Merle Haggard will be replacing Maya Angelou as the inaugural poet in 1996, but they do make some compelling political points.

The three Democratic defeats, added to losses in two Senate races and the Los Angeles mayoralty race since last November, make President Clinton 0 for 6. He stumped New Jersey for Democrat Jim Florio, and James Carville ran Mr. Florio's campaign. President Clinton also intervened spectacularly, and disastrously, in New York by accusing voters who would not pull Mayor David Dinkins's lever of covert racism. Maybe George Bush should demand a recount.

The Republican sweep is all the more impressive since, in New Jersey and New York, the Republican candidates ran lackluster and ideologically tone-deaf campaigns. Christine Todd Whitman, the political novice who unseated Governor Florio, criticized a Florio proposal demanding that welfare recipients work as too right-wing. Rudolph Giuliani, Gotham's mayor-elect and a creature of the GOP's spectral Rockefeller wing, abandoned or soft-pedaled conservative positions on issues like rent control and the Rainbow Curriculum.

Nevertheless, Republicans won because of the latent power of conservative ideas. Mrs. Whitman, to her credit, made a homestretch decision to target Governor Florio's record of tax increases, and it saved her flagging campaign. Mr. Giuliani, a former U.S. Attorney, profited from unease over urban crime and disorder and from his own earlier reputation as a tough prosecutor. In Virginia, Republican George Allen was attacked as a tool of the Christian Right; in response, white born-again Christians trooped to the polls, backed Mr. Allen by a 3 to 1 margin, and put him over the top.

The Clinton Presidency seems more and more the

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result, not of any long-term collapse of the Reagan coalition, but of a temporary vacuum caused by the fecklessness of Reagan's heirs. The building blocks of the coalition are still there, to be built upon. This datum should be more interesting to Republican hopefuls now than plane schedules to Concord and Des Moines.

Up, Up, and Away?

ACCORDING to the Washington crew, the U.S. economy has enough buoyancy for a sustained takeoff. Lower interest rates, it seems, are finally bringing back business investment, housing starts, and purchases of big-ticket items such as cars and appliances. The unemployment rate, at 6.8 per cent, remains relatively high, but it has fallen, and many analysts see 2.5 to 3 per cent growth for the next few years—a likely re-election scenario for Mr. Clinton.

More than a few caveats are in order, however. While things have picked up over the last month or two, this has happened at least five times before, since the recession ended in March 1991. Consumers are leading the charge this time around. For the past year, however, consumer spending has increased more than twice as fast as disposable income, a phenomenon made possible by credit cards and the windfall some of us have realized from mortgage refinancings. This clearly cannot continue. Nor is the demand for American exports likely to persist in view of Japan's renewed recession and the monetary turmoil in Europe. Manufacturing employers, sensing this impermanence, increasingly prefer to increase worker hours rather than hire new workers.

We expect a good fourth quarter, driven by auto sales, extensive rebuilding activity in the flood-damaged Midwest, and, of course, Christmas. The rapid phase of the recovery may already be over, however. Revised statistics indicate that the quarterly growth rates in 1992 were 3.5, 2.8, 3.4, and 5.7 per cent. During the first three quarters of 1993, the economy grew at 0.8, 1.9, and 2.8 per cent. Unless the economy zooms at an unheard-of—and possibly dangerous—10 per cent rate in the last quarter, 1993 will record slower economic growth than 1992. A prolonged period of 2 per cent or less growth is possible. Superimposed on the normal business cycle are huge policy imponderables. The economy has weathered, albeit barely, George Bush's tax hike, his minimum-wage hike, the Clean Air Act, and the Civil Rights Act. The impact of Mr. Clinton's tax hike or his anti-trust and regulatory initiatives has yet to be felt by the economy. And these interventions are likely to be dwarfed by his proposals for socialized medicine financed by employers.

Inflation is quiet, but we are at the bottom of the cycle. Mr. Clinton's tax and regulatory approach will tend to throttle the supply side, and bump up against Alan Greenspan's efforts to pump money into the financial system. Too much money chasing too few goods equals inflation. That is the message behind the recent resurgence in the price of gold.

The GOP and War Powers

OUR CRITICISM of the Clinton Administration's ineptitude in military matters is no secret, whether in Somalia, Bosnia, or Haiti. Yet we remain uncomfortable with the way congressional Republicans have handled the issue, especially their resuscitation of the "war powers" argument that Republicans had worked so hard for twenty years to discredit. In November 1973, the original War Powers Resolution was enacted over President Nixon's veto, purporting to establish a congressional power to "authorize" (or block) presidential military actions. Every President since Mr. Nixon—even Jimmy Carter—has considered that Resolution unconstitutional, and Mr. Clinton has joined the list. We find ourselves in the strange position of admiring the eloquence of Mr. Clinton's ringing reaffirmation of Executive authority as he beat back the various amendments by Senators Dole and Helms, Representative Gilman, et al. (On November 3, the House Foreign Affairs Committee narrowly defeated, by 22 to 21, a Republican resolution seeking to accelerate U.S. withdrawal from Somalia.)

Constitutionally, there are serious questions as to the precise division of labor between the President's power as Commander-in-Chief and Congress's right to declare war and regulate our armed forces. In the end, Congress can always compel a President to come to heel through its power of the purse. Nonetheless, in a dangerous world in which American strength and ability to respond quickly in a crisis may be crucial, experience has taught the wisdom of allowing the President flexibility.

It is always difficult to stick to principle when the immediate consequences are hard to swallow. Nevertheless, as Peter Rodman argued in our last issue, the Republicans would be better off maintaining their reputation for seriousness on national-security matters than exploiting the country's current anti-interventionist mood for short-term gain. Republicans in the postwar period have usually been staunch defenders of presidential prerogative. Senator Dole even admitted that he wouldn't have offered his amendments had a Republican been in the White House. It's no accident that Mr.Dole had Dick Cheney and John McCain against him.

Although the Republican efforts were beaten back

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in the end, they helped to legitimize a new move by Majority Leader George Mitchell to "improve" the 1973 War Powers Resolution. Old ideas are being revived, including setting up some permanent "executive committee" of Congress to act as a kind of "co-President" in important national-security matters. These are bad ideas, and we hope Republicans will realize that before it is too late.

The good news is that future Republican Presidents will be able to invoke Bill Clinton's eloquent defense of Executive prerogative.

The Demjanjuk Fallout

IN THE LONG communication by Joshua Muravchik published in this issue's Letters column (p. 2) he makes points that, in their implications, go beyond the mere question whether the factual case against John Demjanjuk was discredited by the courts. For that reason, we take the trouble we do in order to illuminate those points. We find ourselves as so many critics of Senator McCarthy found themselves during the prolonged shootouts in the Fifties. We are saying, 1) the evidence does not in fact prove that the defendant was guilty as charged. Moreover, 2) the journalists who asserted the defendant's innocence are in fact justified by the events that followed. And what is more, 3) the afterthoughts of the prosecution, following the exoneration of the defendant, suggest an order of justice irreconcilable with the tradition of common law, which specifies that only the charges leveled should be considered, in deciding questions of guilt or innocence. In his letter contesting our judgment that Patrick Buchanan had been vindicated by the decision of the Israeli Supreme Court to free John Demjanjuk, Mr. Muravchik makes serious charges that he is not able to sustain.

His first point is that the Demjanjuk verdict does not acquit Mr. Buchanan of the charge of being a "defender of Nazi war criminals" inasmuch as he had defended others accused of Nazi war crimes. But the editorial we published dealt directly with the Demjanjuk verdict, not with the corpus of Mr. Buchanan's writings. His defense of John Demjanjuk had been cited as evidence of sympathy for Nazi war criminals, and the verdict demonstrated that there was good reason for believing Demjanjuk innocent—as charged. Does this mean that Demjanjuk was innocent in all respects? Or that Pat Buchanan was right in every case in which he alleged a miscarriage of justice? No. But it establishes the presumption, surely, that Mr. Buchanan interested himself in such cases because he feared such miscarriages and not, as Mr. Muravchik seems to imply, because he is indifferent to Nazi crimes.

As regards the other cases, Mr. Buchanan has ample forums in which to defend himself. But since Mr. Muravchik's charges appear in our columns (where Mr. Buchanan rarely visits these days), we will briefly examine them.

Mr. Muravchik is oddly selective. He does not mention those—e.g., Frank Walus—whose innocence of similar charges Mr. Buchanan correctly asserts. But he does cite Karl Linnas and Klaus Barbie—whom Mr. Buchanan never defended. About Barbie, for instance, Mr. Buchanan said at the time: ". . . in France, if they put Barbie on trial and convict him and shoot him, I don't have any difficulty with that at all." And in a television debate with Anthony Lewis on the Demjanjuk, Linnas, and Barbie cases, he suggested introducing a law to give effect to the Genocide Convention by trying alleged Nazi war criminals in the U.S. as an alternative to deporting them to countries like the Soviet Union where a fair trial was unlikely.

We could string together such quotations from Mr. Buchanan over the years showing him to be a zealous pursuer of Nazis—but one attentive to due process and natural justice. Would that not be exaggerated and misleading? Yes—but no more so than the net effect of Mr. Muravchik's selective quotations.

Mr. Muravchik's primary point, however, is that our conclusion that John Demjanjuk was "accused falsely" misrepresents the Israeli court's findings. But we wrote only that he had been accused falsely of being Ivan the Terrible, while acknowledging that he was probably guilty of being a lesser accomplice in the Nazi machinery of genocide. That is a fair summary of the Israeli court's findings.

Moreover, the evidence before the court that Demjanjuk was someone other than Ivan the Terrible is stronger than mere reliance on "reasonable doubt." The evidence of 37 camp guards identified Ivan the Terrible as one Marchenko, and the contemporary physical description of "Marchenko" is at odds with Demjanjuk's on a number of points. (He was dark-haired, not blond; long-nosed, not square-faced; scarred on the neck; etc.) There was written testi-

New Jersey's Cliffhanger

Now let us praise Ed Rollins, who,
With Mrs. Whitman stuck in glue
And with a fortnight left to juice
The campaign up and save her goose,
Piled everybody in a bus
As crafty Carville turned to cuss,
While Mrs. and the party's pro
Nosed Florio, still chewing crow.

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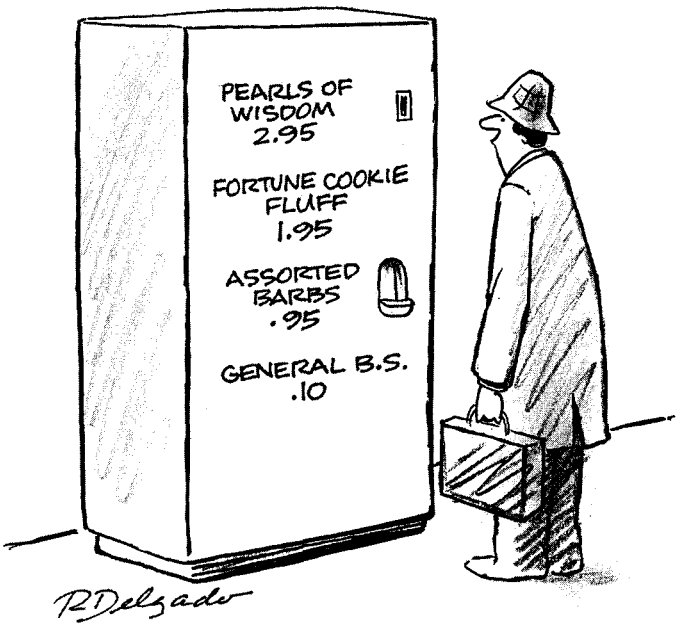
mony from the late Ignat Danilchenko, an SS auxiliary from another extermination camp, Sobibor, that he and Demjanjuk, having served there, had been transferred to a third camp in Germany, Flossenburg, at a time when Ivan was still at Treblinka. (This evidence, which was in the hands of the Justice Department's OSI since 1979, was not handed over either to the Demjanjuk defense or the Israeli prosecution until the closing days of the original trial.) This was corroborated by testimony that when Demjanjuk was in Germany, Ivan Marchenko was transferred to Trieste, where he deserted to the partisans. As Gitta Sereny pointed out in *The New York Review of Books*, "if Danilchenko is telling the truth . . . then in all logic [Demjanjuk] could not have been Ivan the Terrible." The trial court attempted to reconcile this evidence with Demjanjuk's assumed presence at Treblinka by coming up with the improvisation that he shuttled between the two camps—a notion it is hard to take seriously and one which anyway ignores the accounts of Ivan's transfer to Trieste and desertion. The Supreme Court was finally swayed by German documents that seemed to confirm Demjanjuk had served at Sobibor and Flossenburg, clinching the verdict that he was not Ivan the Terrible.

As we noted in the editorial, and as Mr. Muravchik agrees, the evidence that distinguishes Demjanjuk from Ivan the Terrible also seems to convict him of being an accomplice in the Nazi genocide. Even so, we concluded that he should not be retried, both because the case against him has been tainted by the official misconduct of the OSI, and because the original trial established the difficulty of obtaining reliable evidence after all these years. Since it can probably never be known exactly what crimes Demjanjuk committed, or his degree of responsibility for them, one has to leave the matter where it is. If it is any consolation, establishing in court merely that Demjanjuk had served as a death-camp guard would probably get him a sentence not much longer than the time he has already spent in prison.

MR. BUCHANAN is convinced of John Demjanjuk's comprehensive innocence. We think he is wrong on this score—though we cannot be sure, given the serious questions raised about almost all the evidence—and we have our own criticisms of his columns. He did claim more than the evidence would bear; he cited evidence from apparently suspect sources; he made secondary points that turned out to be incorrect.

When all is said and done, however, Mr. Buchanan was right when he maintained, against most respectable opinion, that the evidence did not show John Demjanjuk to be Ivan the Terrible. He is not wrong on this question if Demjanjuk turns out to have committed other crimes. Nor should he have to



prove reputable motives for detecting a false charge when others did not.

Yet the import of Mr. Muravchik's letter is that Mr. Buchanan had discreditable motives for his campaign. That is a serious charge, to be entertained only if Mr. Buchanan could not have reputable motives for his words. From his first notice of these cases, however, he stressed his primary point, that it was dangerous to rely on Soviet evidence and wrong to turn suspects over to Soviet courts. A second theme was that the OSI had become over-zealous in its prosecution of suspected Nazis, and was not treating evidence honestly. The American courts are now establishing the truth of this charge. Finally, Mr. Buchanan was able to adduce the example of the Walus case—where a miscarriage of justice had unquestionably occurred. These were more than ample motives for his concern.

And what is Mr. Muravchik's underlying argument? He seems to be saying that if an accused person may be guilty of serious crimes different from those with which he was charged, it doesn't much matter that he was extradited to face a specific capital charge on evidence that turned out to be false and incomplete, and that evidence was suppressed that would have moved him from a death cell to an ordinary one. We think Mr. Buchanan wins, here, the ethical argument.

Federico Fellini, R I P

SOME ARTISTS are their own most effective critics. Algernon Charles Swinburne wrote some cruel parodies of himself, and some even crueler parodies when he was trying to write in ear-

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nest. Yet his impressive poems survive. So it was with Federico Fellini. He inspired an adjective—"Felliniesque"—suggesting ornate fantasies, often grotesque. We could have done with fewer of them.

But in the great Fellini movies—*Nights of Cabiria*, *Juliet of the Spirits*—fancy was disciplined by Fellini's attention to the dilemmas of a character in crisis, while in his greatest, *La Dolce Vita*, he managed something even further—to capture the glamor of a way of life that was, at the same time, ultimately stifling. Fellini commemorated this achievement in a segment of his last movie to be released here, *Intervista*, in which Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg, both aged, watch a clip of their younger selves from *La Dolce Vita*, dancing in the Trevi fountain: a moment that was not self-parody, but a moving, and justified, salute to the two stars, and to the man who captured them so memorably.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

It's tenderhooks time again. My "Shades of Gray" column [Oct. 18] has triggered letters that sound just like my grandmother. She was always announcing that somebody or another was "spinning in his grave" because of something I did; now, Gentle Reader is chiding me for disturbing the eternal sleep of Edmund Ruffin by calling him a South Carolinian when he was actually a Virginian.

Yes, yes, I know. However, the *Columbia Encyclopedia* (1941) says: "His strong and violently expressed opinions were not too well received in Virginia and Ruffin sought a more congenial atmosphere in South Carolina."

I know the feeling well, which is why I identify so strongly with him. Having seen my own choices reduced to Greenland and Tasmania, I decided to give him the self-exile he sought.

Besides, I trust old encyclopedias because they did not get chewed up in the PC grinder. Do you know I own a reference book that actually gives the lyrics of the song that must have given Ruffin the idea for his do-it-yourself shroud? "Oh, wrap the flag around me, boys / To die were far more sweet / With Dixie's starry emblem, boys / To be my winding sheet."

My sentiments exactly, or: *She said it on purpose!*

All best,
Florence King
Fredericksburg, Va.

P.S. I saw you last night on the Conan O'Brien show and I was appalled. What on earth made you do it? He's as common as pig tracks. My grandmother would spin in her grave if I went on a show like that.

Dear Miss King: On the question of Virginia/South Carolina, ipse dixit. On the question of what was I doing on the Conan O'Brien show, why, I was advertising the existence of my book, *Happy Days Were Here Again*. Actually, I rather liked him. Some of the gags were appalling, one (I hope your grandmother missed it) in particular. I did David Letterman twice, and have since then declined, not because I don't like him, but because one feels a fraud being unfunny in his presence, and most of the time I am unfunny. C. O'Brien does not, for some of the reasons you adumbrate, present this problem. . . . Enjoying, as always, your glorious essays for *NR*. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am intrigued by your title on the masthead, Editor-at-Large. Does this mean that among all NATIONAL REVIEW's editors you are the only one let out of the cage? Or does it mean that you have escaped, and that those in authority there mean to recapture you and re-name you Editor-in-Residence?

David Singer
Modesto, Calif.

Dear Mr. Singer: No one that I know of has offered a reward for my recapture, and I am not giving myself up. Please do not identify the source of this letter. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Reading recently that your autograph was worth more than one from J. Kenneth Galbraith gave me pause when I considered writing you again. Would the law of supply and demand cause a drop in the worth of your signature if you were to reply? Then I realized that since the present count of your autographs must approach infinity one more would have no appreciable effect. So I proceed with this letter.

I find letters-to-the-editor (LTTE) are quite effective. After every letter published in the Wilmington papers I get many calls and usually there are follow-up LTTE responding to my letter.

There are 163 metropolitan areas in the United States, which have a total population of about 154 million people. Most of these areas are served by a single newspaper. I suggest that *NR* search its files for the names of two or three subscribers in each of these areas and ask them to write periodic LTTE. The success of Rush Limbaugh has been due primarily to his broad coverage on radio and TV. The only way to get similar coverage with newspapers is to have a cadre of letter writers.

John E. Reith
Wilmington, Del.

Dear Mr. Reith: A capital idea. We begin the countdown . . . NOW!—and the letters will flow out when this issue materializes. Cordially, **—WFB**

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ON THE SCENE

A Shadowdance with Camelot

BRIT HUME

Fred Carlson

BOSTON

PRESIDENT CLINTON came here October 29 to visit one of the shrines of the Democratic Party, the John F. Kennedy Library, where a new museum was opening. The Kennedy family was using the occasion to further what is arguably the longest-running and most successful public-relations campaign in modern history—the creation and propagation of the legend of JFK. The new museum gives you an idea of why the Kennedy mystique has proved so enduring. There are two 230-seat theaters, and two smaller theaters. Laser discs are continuously spinning to display, among other things, a documentary on JFK's youth and video presentations on everything from the Kennedy–Nixon debates to presidential news conferences. "Seated in an open theater," the press kit boasts, "visitors 'attend' the Inauguration of the 35th President of the United States, and see John F. Kennedy deliver his memorable and challenging Inaugural Address." There are replicas of numerous places of importance in Kennedy's career, including the Oval Office "just as it looked during President Kennedy's televised address to the nation on June 11, 1963."

So successful has the PR campaign been that the idea of President Kennedy's greatness has become, in many quarters, non-controversial. Tom Brokaw, for example, was the master of ceremonies at the dedication. Brokaw, it is fair to say, would not be caught dead hosting a political fundraiser, or a testimonial to any other contemporary political figure. But for this occasion, he took the red-eye back from Los Angeles, where he had been anchoring the NBC Nightly News from the scene of the California brushfires. It is in the nature of an MC's job that Brokaw found himself introducing Representative Joseph Kennedy II as having "brought the same energy and the same commitment to the working class" of his congressional district as JFK had. He introduced Caroline Kennedy as "the daughter that every parent longed to have." "Madam President," he called her, a reference to her role as head of the JFK Library foundation. As for Senator Kennedy, Brokaw said he is "widely regarded as the Senate's senator."

The widespread acceptance of JFK as a paradigm of presidential greatness is important not because it gets people like Tom Brokaw to say nice things about Ted Kennedy, but because of the acceptance it implies of a certain approach to politics—a liberal activism that views life as a series of problems to be solved by government. John Kennedy is the symbol of the romance of government that lies at the heart of American liberalism. Everything that has happened since his death has been part of a waiting period for the atmosphere of optimism and activism to be restored. In Bill Clinton, whose presidential ambitions are said to date from that day in the Rose Garden when he shook President Kennedy's hand, liberals have dared to hope they at last had a champion who could renew their shattered dream. That was the significance of the endless talk during his inaugural festivities of the "hope" Democrats said they were experiencing for the first time in so long.

That was also the significance of the speech by Representative Joseph Kennedy II at the museum dedication. To be sure, Bobby Kennedy's son was on his best behavior, after having insulted President Carter during the Library's original opening ceremony in 1979. No danger of that this time, as he told Mr. Clinton, "Somewhere in this universe, my father is smiling down on these events . . . I think he would smile upon your Presidency because you have taken on so many of the fights that he would have been proud to join with you and stand with you. . . . we want you to know from the bottom of our hearts how much we welcome you." The young congressman delivered these comments, looking not at his audience, but toward the President, seated on the stage to his left. They seemed almost too much for John F. Kennedy Jr., who was seated with sister Caroline to the President's left. Both appeared to be holding back embarrassed laughter as their cousin spoke. Mr. Clinton gave no sign he was embarrassed, though, gazing back at Kennedy with a look of jut-jawed, determined approval.

The notion of Mr. Clinton as the restorer of the romance of government came through even more clearly in the remarks of Senator Kennedy, though he has lost much of the oratorical power he once could muster. In introducing the President, he said his brother had "relit the torch—for a whole generation and more. For all who knew my brother or knew of him in those days, it was a shining renewal that no ex-post-facto revisionism can deny." He spoke of his brother's belief that the nation's problems "made by man . . . can be solved by man . . . But in the years after he was taken, that confidence seemed to be taken as well." He said the nation

Mr. Hume is chief White House correspondent for ABC News.

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had "entered a long winter of discontent." (Unfortunately, he pronounced it "disconnect," stopped, paused, and pronounced it "disconnect" again. Finally, he gave up and went on.) "Still," he said, "we always knew the springtime would come once more and so it has . . . It is my great honor to introduce the man who has summoned America to begin again, the President of the United States."

Mr. Clinton's remarks were, on one level, just what you would expect, a florid tribute to JFK: "He inspired millions of us to take a very personal responsibility for moving our country forward and for advancing the cause of freedom throughout the world." On another level, though, Mr. Clinton's words illustrated what has become of the Democratic Party in the years since JFK's death. Mr. Clinton cited the young President's commitment to internationalism: "Jack Kennedy came home from that Second World War with a lifelong lesson: America could not withdraw from the world. Unless we work to shape events, we will be shaped by them, often in ways that put us at great risk." He said President Kennedy had been a free-trader and, noting that young Joseph was supporting the North American Free Trade Agreement, said, "And I believe if President Kennedy were still representing that seat in Congress, he would endorse it as well." At that, Representative Kennedy reached forward and poked his uncle Ted, grinning. Ted, who's formally undecided and leaning against the treaty, grabbed his necktie and pulled it up, as if being hanged. All in fun, perhaps, but it illustrated a point. The old-line Democrats who might have been free-traders in John F. Kennedy's day are the protectionist backbone of the opposition to NAFTA today, and the divisions over the issue have split even the Kennedy family.

Bill Clinton, trying on this issue anyway to be the new Democrat he pretended during his campaign, cannot depend on even half of congressional Democrats to support him. The Kennedy family would doubtless have preferred that Mr. Clinton confine his remarks to the further canonization of JFK. The President himself might have preferred that, too. But, three weeks from a crucial vote on NAFTA, with the odds and most of his party against him, he couldn't afford to. □

Not Much to Cheer About

JACK CHAMBERS

Katherine Trunk

AUSTIN

THE folks in Hempstead, Texas, know what it's like to be outmatched. After all, the high-school football team has just completed its season with an 0–10 record. And, now, the entire town has been humiliated, not in a gridiron battle, but in a fight with big government over who controls local schools.

The problem began when cheerleaders at Hempstead High started engaging in other extracurricular activities besides cheerleading. Earlier this year, four of the 16 girls admitted to being pregnant. In September, the four girls were dismissed from the squad after the school board approved a policy forbidding pregnant students to hold elective office. The board expressed concerns about health risks to the girls, and pointed out that unwed parents were not exactly good models for other students.

Debate over the policy took a new turn when one of the cheerleaders, who had an abortion, was told she could return (an invitation she has so far declined). Many pointed out that this sent the message that abortion solves problems. There was also disagreement about how to discipline the *fathers*-to-be.

But what really riled many of the 3,555 citizens of the town, located fifty miles northwest of Houston, was being told that federal regulations might prevent them from deciding the matter for themselves. Representatives of NOW and the ACLU informed the Hempstead school board that its policy violated Title IX of the 1972 Education Amendments.

This federal statute, which triggered the well-publicized *Grove City* case a few years back, prohibits any school which receives federal funds from discriminating against women. It turns out, though, that Title IX also prohibits discrimination against any person "on the basis of pregnancy, childbirth, or recovery therefrom . . ." It also states that disabilities related to pregnancy must be dealt with just like any other disabling physical condition.

Apparently, a pregnant girl can be excluded from participation in a school activity only at the point when she is considered far enough along in her pregnancy to be "disabled." (Since many states, including Texas, allow females to play high-school football, one wonders how much a middle linebacker's womb would have to expand before a coach could pull her from the lineup.)

Hannah Riddering, Education Task Force chairman of Texas NOW, filed a formal complaint with the Civil Rights Division of the U.S. Department of Education. Miss Riddering criticizes school districts that "punish" unwed parents instead of focusing on pregnancy prevention. Not surprisingly, she advocates comprehensive sex education as a necessary element in such a prevention program. She sees no redeeming value in restricting the activities of students who become unwed parents.

After hearing of the challenge by NOW, the school board announced it would review the policy. In what would later prove to be an ominous statement, board president Betty Vines said, "It may turn out that our hands are tied in this. We are a small district. We are not rich enough to fight the 'deep pockets' from the outside, and it would not be in the best interest of our taxpayers to engage in that kind of battle."

Mr. Chambers is a syndicated columnist and a radio and TV talk-show host in Austin.

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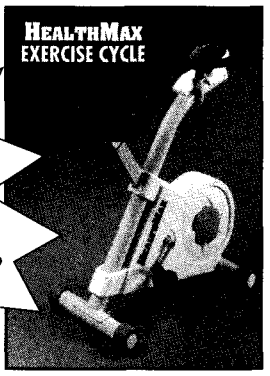

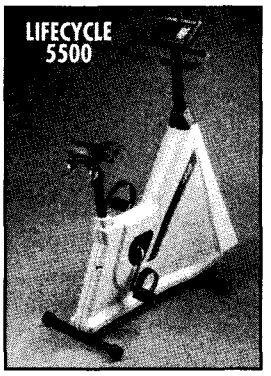

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The school board asked for an opinion from its attorney, John Fleming of Austin, and he warned them that the pregnancy policy did, indeed, appear to violate federal law. Fleming says that many trustees were shocked to learn of Title IX, which he describes as an effort "to micromanage local school districts."

On November 1, following a heated public hearing, the board reversed its policy—though not its position. It passed a resolution that stated "the Federal Government is wrong in robbing local communities of the power to deal with" their own problems, and added that the school board "has fought hard for values that are held by a majority of the citizens of the community, and would continue to fight if it had the financial wherewithal."

Fleming says that the board was "simply outgunned." In addition to facing the potentially crippling legal fees entailed by a lawsuit, the school district could have lost federal financial assistance. Furthermore, in such cases, civil prosecution by the Justice Department could result in even stiffer penalties, according to Jeanette Lim, director of policy enforcement in the Civil Rights Division of the U.S. Department of Education.

Stephanie Wild, editor of the *Waller County News Citizen*, the local weekly, agrees that being threatened with the loss of federal funding was what convinced the board to change its policy. When NOW's Hannah Riddering was asked if she had expected the Hempstead school board to be intimidated by the possible loss of federal funding, she said, "I was banking on it."

Apparently, some people haven't yet caught on that there are strings attached to the federal dollars sent to towns like Hempstead. For instance, the National PTA's 1992–93 brochure on legislative policies says the group supports increased "federal appropriations" for "child-related programs." Yet, the PTA says it also favors "maximum state and local control" of education.

The Hempstead Bobcats are sure to pull out of their slump and win a game one of these years. And maybe, some day, we'll even see a local school board score an upset victory over bureaucrats. But for towns like Hempstead to have any chance at winning, they're going to need more of us to be their cheerleaders. □

Getting to Know the General

AMBROSE EVANS-PRITCHARD

Laurel Stern

PORT-AU-PRINCE

GENERAL Raoul Cédras sat serenely at the colonial headquarters of the Haitian army. From the rickety balcony of his office he could see the American gunboats, deployed for the umpteenth time this century in hostile action against his country. Below him, in the sink of Port-au-Prince, he could also see the empty streets, the closed factories, the total breakdown of economic activity in what is already the poorest country in the hemisphere. None of it persuaded him that the time had come to give up power.

Indeed, as the UN deadline for the restoration of President Jean Bertrand Aristide came—and went—*le général* expressed a certain pity for the Clinton Administration. "They don't know what they're doing. They've got themselves into an absolute muddle, and now they're prisoners of their own actions," he said, speaking in a tone of light irony and nonchalance, as if he were a French cavalry officer.

For Haitians the episode is reminiscent of attempts by President Kennedy to dislodge Papa Doc in 1963. An American flotilla surrounded the island. The OAS made itself busy. The UN took positions. Deadlines were set. Only to end in the humiliating flight of the American ambassador.

Not that Cédras resembles Papa Doc, the voodoo dictator and champion of *noirisme*. *Le général*, aged 46, is a light-skinned mulatto with a passion for water sports and an aristocratic contempt for politics. Though he is usually described as the architect of the September 1991 coup, the revolt in fact began with a mutiny of sergeants and corporals that rapidly got out of control. "There was a great mass of them here in my office, rankers, the lot. I couldn't tell who they all were. They were enraged, ready to tear him [the president] limb from limb, because his mobs were burning them alive in outposts across town."

"Aristide was here in this chair," he said, getting up to re-enact the scene. "So I jumped in front of him to shield his body, and I told them not to touch a hair of his head. That's not the way we do things here any more."

Given the intense caste hatred between the black *ti soldats* ("little soldiers") and the mulatto officer corps, Cédras could have been lynched himself. He was viewed as Aristide's man, hand-picked as a reward for his role as chief of security in the squeaky-clean elections of 1990. As for the U.S. embassy, it pinned its hopes on Cédras as the man to reform the military.

All this has been forgotten now that it is policy to denounce *le général*. Also forgotten is the terror systematically employed by Father Aristide during his seven months in office in 1991. It is an episode journalists have tended to brush under the carpet, usually on the extraordinary grounds that Aristide won 67 per cent of the vote and therefore had a mandate.

The Catholic Church was one of the first to suffer the wrath of the Little Priest. Over a two-day period in January 1991, his *lavalas* mobs (which critics call his answer to the Tonton Macoutes, though he would furiously deny it) destroyed the old cathedral and gutted the house of the archbishop. According to the Puebla Institute, a Catholic human-rights organization, they then burned the Vatican embassy, broke both legs of the priest serving as First Secretary, and threw him into a ravine. The Nuncio himself narrowly escaped lynching.

"I got a call from him at night," said

Mr. Evans-Pritchard is Washington correspondent of the London Sunday Telegraph.

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General Cédras. "He was wounded and needed medical treatment, but didn't dare come out of hiding. So I rushed out with my wife, and we went from pharmacy to pharmacy trying to find all the things he needed."

Aristide's preferred instrument for terror was *Père Lebrun*—necklacing with a burning tire. It was mostly used for dispatching Tonton Macoutes. "If you catch one, do not fail to give him what he deserves," Aristide said on Radio Nationale, during a bout of mob justice. "What a beautiful tool! It's lovely, it's cute, it's pretty, it has a good smell; wherever you go you want to inhale it."

But he also used terror to deter political dissent. In August 1991 the Parliament, which had turned against him, tried to move a vote of no confidence. He had the Palais Législatif surrounded by *lavalas* screaming "*Père Lebrun!*" Deputies were beaten as they tried to leave the building. Opposition party headquarters were burned down. Two months later the leader of the Christian Democrats, the Reverend Sylvio Claude, was lynched and chopped to pieces by *lavalas* after he criticized Aristide for inciting violence.

It goes without saying, of course, that the current regime also practices systematic terror. Since the assassination of the Justice Minister three weeks ago, the cabinet-in-waiting has gone underground. From time to time they emerge for an irrelevant meeting at the stone mansion of interim Prime Minister Robert Malval, only to disappear again. Several claim—half in pride, half in terror—that they have a price on their heads.

In urban areas, the paramilitary *attachés* are making a final push to decapitate Aristide's neighborhood vigilance networks. "They used to kill people secretly at night; now they're doing it in broad daylight," said a *lavalas* block captain as we lurked in a baking, broken-down bus, hidden from the ubiquitous spies, in the vast slum of Cité Soleil.

The terror is partly orchestrated by the Port-au-Prince police chief, Lieutenant Colonel Michel François, and partly carried out by *ti soldats* and *attachés* with reasons of their own to fear revenge. Whether or not Cédras himself has blood on his hands, though, it is hard to see how his removal would solve anything in Haiti. Why use American power in a highly interventionist and hazardous way to swap one terror for another?

General Cédras is too proud to justify himself. Producing a copy of the July 3 Governors Island Agreement, however, he did note that Father Aristide had failed to comply with most of the terms. Not that the document mattered any longer. Events had moved along nicely for the general, and he watched with amusement as the CIA, the Pentagon, and conservatives on Capitol Hill undermined the fitful efforts of the Clinton Administration to restore the Little Priest to power. "I see they're calling him a psychopath now. It's becoming a bit of a scandal, isn't it?"

All he has to do next is wait for the humanitarian liberals in Washington to peel away, as CNN begins to show footage of children being starved by the Clinton blockade. Consensus will collapse soon enough.

Asked how long he could hold out against the gunboats of the New World Order, the general looked away lazily and curled his lips into an expression of disdain, mockery, and Gallic hauteur. □

The Issue Is Immigration

IRA MEHLMAN

WASHINGTON, D.C.

AN OCTOBER survey of New York City residents—hardly a hotbed of reactionary sentiment—found that 63 per cent of respondents considered immigration levels to be too high. A month earlier 43 per cent of Californians surveyed could not identify a single benefit of immigration, legal or illegal.

With evidence mounting that immigration is going to be the sort of political issue in the Nineties that welfare fraud and school busing were in previous decades, the Republican leadership—which for more than two decades has prided itself on being in tune with the concerns of the "silent majority"—has recognized that it must take a stand. However, the Republicans have failed to grasp exactly what the new concerns are. Republican leaders have convinced themselves that what really upsets the public is *illegal* immigration and that, in their confusion, Americans are lumping legal immigrants together with border-crashers. Moreover, many Republicans have bought into the *Wall Street Journal* argument that immigration is an economic boon. Consequently, the party's approach to immigration has been to couple a get-tough stand on illegal immigration with a dogged insistence that high levels of legal immigration are good for the country.

If the strategy is not rapidly abandoned, Republicans will lose the political high ground on this crucial matter. Controlling illegal immigration is a worthy objective, but illegals account for a fraction of total immigration.

The second part of the Republican strategy—championing the economic argument for high levels of legal immigration—is predicated on selling the American public something they are not interested in buying. Few Americans will be persuaded that the flood of mostly unskilled immigrants in areas like Los Angeles or New York City has been an economic windfall. And, more importantly, Americans see a destruction of their way of life. As George Will put it in his column this July, "America is not just an economy; it is more than an arena for wealth creation. It is a culture."

While Republicans on both sides of Capitol Hill are working feverishly to produce border-control legislation, a moderate Democratic senator, Harry Reid of Nevada, has come forward with a comprehensive immigration-reform package that is as tough as the Republican approach to illegal immigration *and* calls for dramatic reductions in legal immigration. Under Reid's Immigration Stabilization Act of 1993, legal immigration would be cut from current levels of more than 800,000 annually to 300,000.

"You cannot separate legal and illegal immigration," says Reid. Coming from a state that is increasingly a haven for fed-up Californians, Reid has few illusions about the depth of their frustration. "Immigration, unless

Mr. Mehlman is director of media outreach for the Federation of American Immigration Reform (FAIR).

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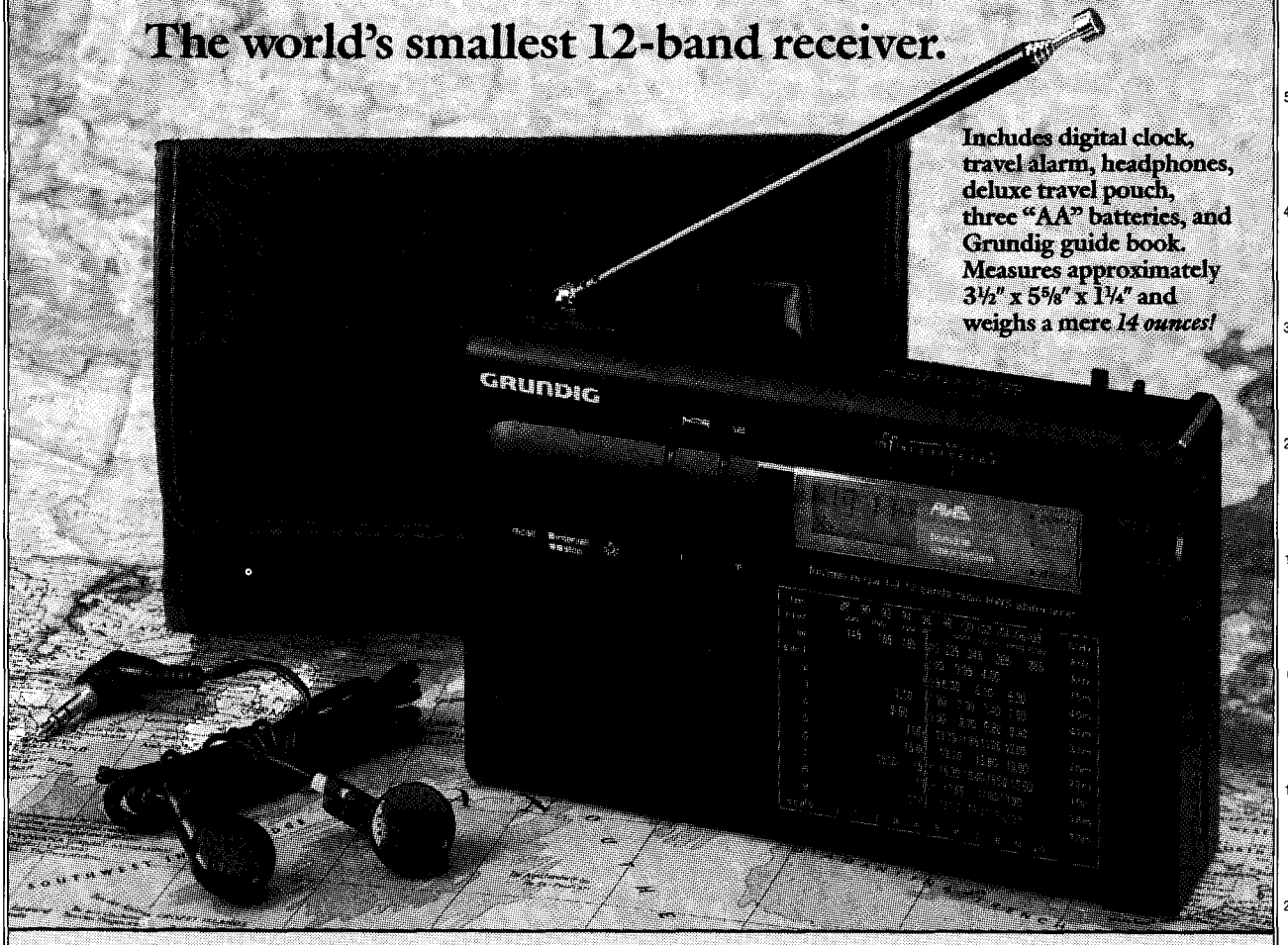

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we change it, is going to be a festering problem. This issue is not going to go away."

Reid's view stands in sharp contrast to those of leading Republicans. "If we were to reduce illegal immigration, there would be less concern about legal immigration," says Congressman Lamar Smith of Texas. He chairs a House Republican task force on illegal immigration, which he calls "a defining issue" between the two parties. He points out that until this year every legislative initiative aimed at excluding illegals from receiving public benefits has come from the GOP.

Though he personally believes that legal immigration levels are too high and has introduced legislation to peg immigration levels to the unemployment rate, Smith does not believe that the political climate favors a reduction. "We just had legal immigration three years ago and it's not ripe to touch again," he says, referring to the Immigration Act of 1990, which increased legal immigration by 40 per cent on the dubious premise that the country was facing a labor shortage.

Smith's view is not much different from Republican opinion in the Senate. Two of the party's heaviest hitters, Bob Dole and Alan Simpson, are planning to unveil a comprehensive reform bill of their own, which will leave current legal immigration levels untouched. "I haven't heard any Republicans say [legal] numbers should be reduced," says Dick Day, a longtime aide to Simpson and the top Republican staffer on the Senate Immigration Subcommittee.

Indeed, Simpson himself is foremost among congressional Republicans who favor continued high levels of legal immigration—even though he is nearly single-handedly responsible for whatever semblance of sanity currently exists in U.S. immigration law. Simpson was a prime sponsor of the 1990 legislation.

There seems to be a stubborn dogma at the core of Republican ideology that says you must have a growing population in order to have an expanding economy. It is an ideology that, in part, reflects a traditional Republican affinity for the views of the business community, which equates immigrant labor with cheap labor. In reality, it is subsidized labor because the rest of society must absorb the costs of education, health care, and so on.

Republican support for high levels of legal immigration may also reflect the growing influence of the pro-life sector of the party. Religiously conservative Republicans who oppose abortion and other forms of family planning are loath to admit that any country, let alone the United States, could be overpopulated. In one of his Nike commercials, Spike Lee celebrates, "The mo' colors, the mo' better." For many Republicans the motto seems to be, "The mo' people, the mo' better."

This misses the simple fact that, unlike the editorial board of the *Wall Street Journal*, most Americans don't measure the quality of their lives solely by the size of the GNP. Turning what remains of the nation's redwood forests into expensive lawn furniture

Robert Prince

might be good for the economy. Eliminating environmental protections might maximize profits. The American people would favor neither solely in the name of boosting the GNP.

Republicans seem to be frozen by fear of political incorrectness on this issue. As if to pre-empt any charges of racism or xenophobia, they feel the need to justify a hard line on illegal immigration by affirming their support for generous legal immigration.

Dick Day describes Senator Simpson's sponsorship of the 1990 immigration increase as the senator's "sword and shield against charges of racism," particularly since the law benefited Mexicans disproportionately. In the same vein, Representative Smith defends his forthcoming bill to curtail illegal immigration by saying, "We don't need to be defensive. The United States admits as many legal immigrants as all the rest of the world combined."

Perhaps Simpson and Smith haven't noticed: no one is asking them to defend their stance against illegal immigration. Some 90 per cent of the American public agrees that illegal immigration is a serious problem.

But, of course, no one has ever assumed the mantle of leadership by taking on easy issues. "It's easy to talk about asylum fraud and illegal immigration," says Senator Reid. "When you talk about legal immigration, you get called a racist."

While it may not be pleasant to be called names on the editorial pages of the *New York Times* or the *Washington Post*, it has been the Republicans' willingness to endure such attacks that helped them keep a firm grip on the White House for much of the past quarter-century, says Washington attorney William Chip. Chip advises a national coalition called Republicans for Immigration Reform.

He points out that both Richard Nixon in 1968 and Ronald Reagan in 1980 succeeded in wooing traditional Democrats by tackling issues that ordinary Americans cared about deeply, but which Democrats were reluctant to touch. "Republicans won't win many elections talking about 'family values,' 'the opportunity society,' and other abstractions," says Chip. "Reagan Democrats and Perot Republicans don't care much about those things. They care about violent crime, escalating immigration, and other forces that menace a way of life to which they feel entitled."

At the root of the growing concern about immigration is the public's sense that their country is being dramatically transformed without their consent. This concern cannot be addressed merely by cracking down on illegal immigration. Legal immigrants have essentially the same economic, social, and cultural impact as illegal ones, and legal immigration accounts for a much higher percentage of the influx.

Over the past 25 years the Republicans have had the edge when it came to reading the public mood. In 1993, it is a Democrat, Harry Reid, who was first to figure out what is really making immigration the issue of the Nineties. It's too late for Republicans to be first, but there is still time to avoid being left in the dust. □

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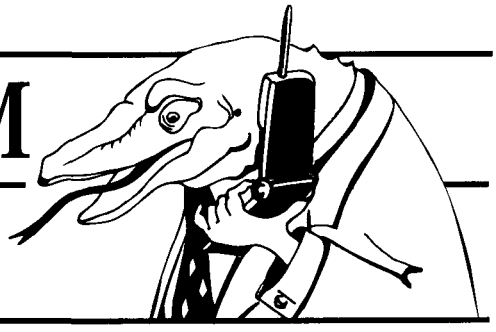


■ Jim Carville has stopped returning my phone calls—and just a few weeks ago he was calling me almost daily with the news that Jim Florio's trouncing of Christine Whitman would sound the death knell of supply-side economics. The Good Ole Boy even promised to console me with a glass or two of my favorite Veuve Clicquot. Well, hee-haw, Jim.

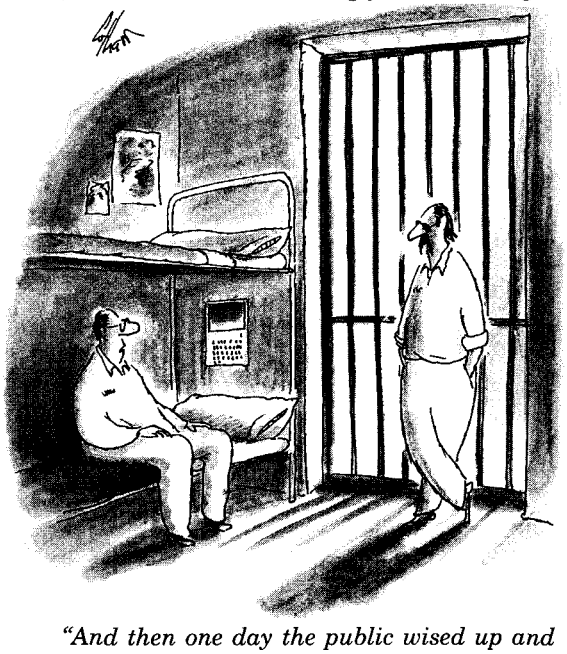
But the real shock would have been if Florio had won. Since 1990 eight pro-tax incumbent governors (five of whom were Republicans) have been de-elected. Three other tax hikers chose not to run again rather than face certain defeat. On the state level the Carville–Florio–Clinton strategy has an unblemished record: it has lost virtually everywhere it has been tried.

But it has been even more ruinous as an economic strategy. A recent Joint Economic Committee study commissioned by Representatives Christopher Cox and Jim Saxton demonstrated that virtually every state still in recession—including Connecticut, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Vermont, and California—enacted a major income-tax increase in the past four years. "The ten states with the largest income-tax increases since 1990 have lost 200,000 jobs since then," the study reports, "while the ten states that have chopped income taxes have created nearly one million new jobs." Income per family of four fell by roughly $600 in the highest tax-raising states, but rose by an average of $150 per family in the ten states that cut income taxes.

New Jersey has 200,000 fewer jobs today than when Florio launched his crusade for "tax fairness," and average family income has dropped by nearly $1,900. Meanwhile the tax-cutting of Governors Tommy Thompson in Wisconsin and John Engler in Michigan—once the "Rustbelt"—has catapulted their states to the top of the economic-momentum charts.

This confirms nearly two decades of statistics showing that states with high and rising tax burdens perform worse than states with low and declining tax burdens. Economist Richard Vedder of Ohio University has found that from 1980 to 1989 there was an average migration of about 1,000 people per day from the ten highest-tax states to the ten lowest-tax states. Some four million people, typically the most productive and entrepreneurial, voted with their feet for lower taxes.

Despite such clear-cut evidence, most economists and politicians still pretend that taxes are inconsequential to state economic performance. They tend to blame defense cutbacks, natural disasters, and other acts of God or Reagan for why so many states are still stuck in a seemingly never-ending recession. Well, Jim Carville now knows the reason: It's taxes, stupid.



"And then one day the public wised up and realized there was no such thing as widgets."

■ The financial markets haven't been quite as enthralled with Clintonomics as the President seems to think. In the year since his election, the S&P 500 has risen by a respectable 9 per cent. How does this compare with the market's performance over "the last 12 years of American decline"? The average rise in the S&P from November 1980 through November 1992 was 10.5 per cent per year. Democrats claim that George Bush's economic record was "the worst since Herbert Hoover." That's not so—FDR's record was the worst since Hoover—and in Bush's first year in office the S&P rose 23 per cent. To date, the financial markets are two and a half times less enthusiastic about the Clinton economic agenda than they were about Bush's at the same time in his Presidency. And Hoover's record is sitting out there, just waiting to be broken.

■ Four weeks ago, when most pundits were reciting NAFTA's last rites, my own political guru, Stuart Sweet, was decidedly bullish. "A January Rose Garden signing ceremony is in the cards," wrote Sweet in Art Laffer's October political newsletter. Now Sweet is bearish himself, placing the odds of passage at only 45 to 55. Why the change of heart? "This President has such shockingly little clout with his own party," Sweet said, bewildered.

Less than two years ago the original fast-track legislation passed the House with a thirty-vote margin. Now thanks to Clinton, that has turned into a thirty-vote deficit. Sweet likens the rising tide of Democratic defections from NAFTA to the conservative House Republican revolt over the 1990 budget deal. There is not a single Democratic constituency that is pro-NAFTA. Most are in open rebellion. The AFL-CIO pledges not only to withdraw campaign contributions from any Democrat who votes for NAFTA, but even to fund primary challengers. Where is the wrath of Hillary? Rumor is that even she is of two minds.

But Sweet forgets Clinton's trump card. He can threaten to campaign for any Democrat who votes against him. —GEKKO

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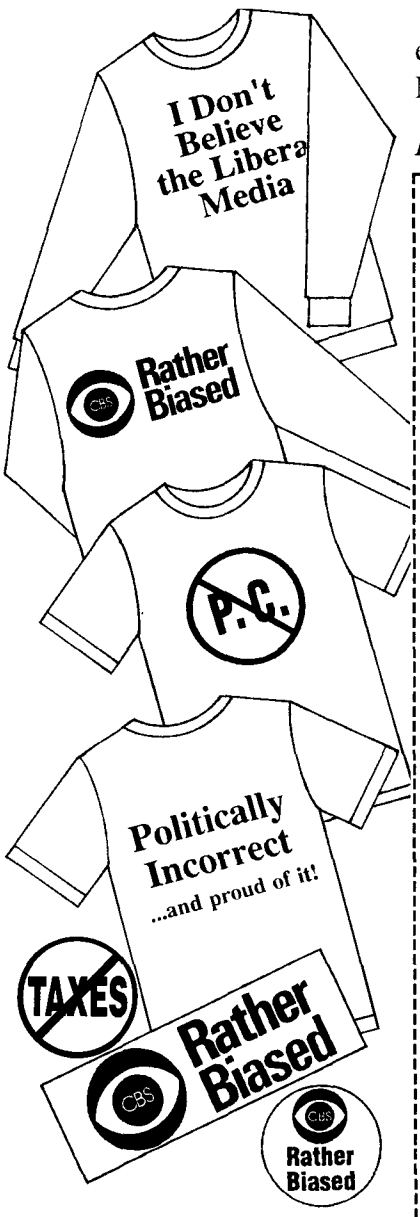

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Hong Kong or Japan?

ASIAN DILEMMAS

Can Asia's managed capitalism keep growing if the countries don't open up politically and economically? But if they do open up, will they be inviting Western-style welfarism and strife?

WILLIAM McGURN

WHEN Lee Kuan Yew talks, Asia listens. Even people who don't like him at least pay attention. And so interest ran high when Singapore's Senior Minister visited Manila in November 1992 at the invitation of the Philippine Chamber of Commerce and Industry. In characteristic fashion, Lee told the audience he had at first hesitated to accept the invitation because he knew his would be "a contrary opinion." In equally characteristic fashion, he went on to give it to them anyway, right between the eyes:

> Contrary to what American political commentators say, I do not believe that democracy necessarily leads to development. I believe that what a country needs to develop is discipline more than democracy. The exuberance of democracy leads to undisciplined and disorderly conditions which are inimical to development. The ultimate test of the value of a political system is whether it helps that society to establish conditions which improve the standard of living for the majority of its people plus enabling the maximum of personal freedoms compatible with the freedoms of others in society.

Lee went on to single out an "American-style constitution" as a major cause of the Philippines' problems.

The reaction was swift, forceful, and ultimately misleading. Senator John Osmena accused the Singaporean leader of subversion, and others followed suit ("Filipinos up in arms over Lee's insults," screamed a *South China Morning Post* headline). President Ramos likewise attacked the notion of bypassing the democratic process. Yet for all the chest-thumping, the real story is how many Filipinos whispered approval. I happened to be in Manila at the time, and it immediately became clear to me that Lee had at least as many admirers as detractors. "If you ask me formally I will say I was outraged," chuckled a former Aquino cabinet officer. "But if you do not use my name I will tell you we are all saying, 'Of course, he is exactly right.' "

Throughout Asia today the Lee–Ramos clash has come to be depicted as a microcosm of the raging post–Cold War debate in the Third World: development or democracy. Unfortunately, this debate does little to illuminate, not least because even to pose it thus—development *or* democracy, survival *or* dignity, bread *or* freedom—obscures far more than it reveals. The real choices are more complicated: which *path* to development; what *kind* of democracy; and in what sequence they might come. These in turn break down into a host of related considerations, such as the ongoing argument between state capitalism (Korea, Japan) and liberal capitalism (Hong Kong). The same holds for the political front, where the issue is not whether there should be democracy, but the level of development necessary for its establishment, and especially whether there are not alternatives to an American-style democracy that has come to be synonymous with individual license.

Delicate questions these, with awesome repercussions for the nations now wrestling with them. Yet in this sensitive area the Clinton Administration has rushed in where even devils fear to tread. And so Asia watches, with gaping disbelief, as a host of American officials traipse through the region threatening the source of its prosperity—trade—in favor of increasingly abstract goals: the status of labor unions in Indonesia, the measurement of human rights in China, targeted trade quotas with Japan. In the real world, meanwhile, North Korea's unabashed pursuit of the nuclear bomb goes unchecked and the prospects for a successful Uruguay Round of GATT diminish. Thus does the ghost of Jimmy Carter rise over the East, tinging what should be a vigorous and healthy debate over its future with apprehension.

'The State Shall . . .'

NOWHERE is the debate more heated than in the Philippines, and with good reason. From 1965 to 1990, the 23 economies of East Asia have grown faster than any other region of the world, led by Japan and the high-flying Four Tigers (Hong

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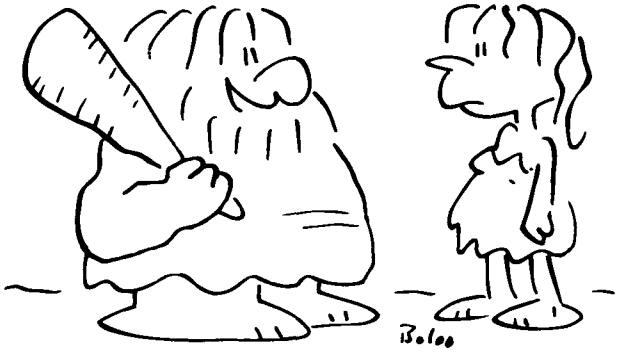
Kong, Singapore, Taiwan, and Korea), but with the newly industrializing nations of Thailand, Malaysia, and Indonesia coming up fast. During this period these economies have grown three times as fast as Latin America, five times as fast as sub-Saharan Africa, and faster even than the oil-rich nations of the Middle East and the industrialized nations of the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development. If growth were randomly distributed, the World Bank notes, there is roughly "one chance in ten thousand that success would have been so regionally concentrated."

What makes the Philippines central to the Asian debate is its record. It is the perfect bad example. Only a generation ago, the country was one of Asia's success stories, second only to Japan in economic performance. So far ahead was it back in the late Fifties and early Sixties that it dispatched development experts to South Korea. Today the situation is completely reversed. Here in Hong Kong, for example, the symbol of the Philippines is not Cory Aquino, with her "People Power" revolution, but the Filipina maid. There are ninety thousand Filipinas in Hong Kong alone, forced by circumstances to go abroad to raise other people's children so they can feed their own. To the Asian mind the Philippines missed the boat on prosperity because it opted for democracy too soon.



"My degree was in hunting, but I'm going back for my Master's in gathering."

Leave it to the Philippines to confuse the debate as well. Even Lee Kuan Yew got muddled, to judge from his argument that the country's failure is due to an American constitution. Although the Philippine constitution does indeed separate the executive, legislative, and judicial branches along American lines, the decisive aspect of this document is not its division of political power but its centralization of economic power. While James Madison and his colleagues contented themselves with setting out the boundaries of a national government, the eighty-page Philippine document is fond of beginning its innumerable provisions, especially the ones carving up the economy, with the ominous words, "The State shall."

Mr. McGurn, NR's former Washington bureau chief, is senior editor of the Far Eastern Economic Review, *based in Hong Kong.*

The progeny of this constitution is the system of vested interests, corruption, and oligopoly that Lee Kuan Yew described so well. It is an arrangement common in the undeveloped world. What is curious is that even its harshest critics speak of it as democracy. My dictionary (*American Heritage*) defines democracy as "1. government by the people, exercised either directly or through elected representatives; 2. a political or social unit based on this form of rule; 3. a social condition of equality and respect for the individual." I fail to see how any of this has the least bit to do with the Philippines, or any of the other such countries said to be democracies simply because they have elected leaders. As James Burnham might have pointed out, what the Philippines has is not democracy but a vote. Yeltsin had his vote, too. Would anyone confuse Russia with a democracy?

Genuine democracy, to be sure, indeed brings all the wonderful things President Clinton expounds upon at his purple best. (Occasionally, alas, it also brings us President Clintons.) But it does not, and cannot, bring these benefits absent the private institutions and middle class that only a reasonably healthy economic arrangement can create and sustain. The Asian experience is quite clear about this. It is also clear that in undeveloped countries, moving to a vote before this middle class and its attendant institutions are in place does not so much liberalize political life as politicize economic life, elevating bureaucracies and vested interests as the dominant day-to-day forces. In special circumstances, like Cambodia's, there may be occasions when a vote might be useful, providing enough legitimacy to enable the government to do the dirty work that needs to be done. But let's not confuse any of this with democracy.

Up from Poverty

TO AMERICANS these may be abstractions. Here in Asia they are real and immediate concerns. At the end of the Second World War, Asia was as poor as any place in the world, and its move from destitution to affluence in one generation has been unprecedented. The short time frame means that there exist tens of millions of Asians who now enjoy a comfortable life and see almost unbounded vistas for their children, but who nonetheless retain vivid personal memories of what it is like to go without food, without shelter, without prospects.

This same affluence has nonetheless spawned a middle class whose members are that is not as docile as their fathers, and an attendant demand for greater political expression. Yet even this is not the whole story. For affluence has at the same time instilled a new and often countervailing confidence in these same Asians, who do not intend simply to imitate Western systems and ideas—especially given what they feel are democratic excesses that may jeopardize their hard-bought wealth. In general, while they support representative and responsive government (a better description than

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Are Catholics Fatheads?

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Yes, for there's another side to the story. In recent years the papacy has given the Church renewed definition and purpose. Traditional morality and doctrine have been vigorously reasserted. Laxity is being challenged, abuses are being corrected, and converts are being attracted once again. Truly, a new wind is blowing.

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democracy), theirs is a more communitarian vision with less emphasis on the autonomy of each individual.

Prime Minister Mahathir Mohamad of Malaysia has become one of the more colorful proponents of "Asian-style" systems. "We should not be the slave of

"And don't believe this nonsense about no pain, no gain."

democracy," he told a political gathering in Kuala Lumpur earlier this year. Democracy, he said, had become a "religion" in the West, leading inexorably to homosexuality, racial intolerance, moral decay, economic decline, and single-parent families. Mahathir, incidentally, is elected.

On the expatriate cocktail-party circuit, Mahathir's outbursts are much chuckled over. But anyone who has spent any time with Asians has heard similar comments from less eccentric characters. It is no overstatement to say that, for many Asians, the incarnation of American democracy is not the Bill of Rights or the common law or the peaceful transfer of power but the destructive passions of the L.A. riots, the breakup of the family, the rise of the welfare state. It is hard to blame them. For these days the most vocal proponents of a "Western" vision for Asia—the international human-rights brigade—have in fact defined the West not by the expansion of personal and social liberty but by comprehensive state guarantees for everything from wages and health care to education and retirement. In all likelihood Bill Clinton's term in office will only augment this confusion.

This skepticism about Western prescriptions notwithstanding, Asians without question thirst for greater political freedom these days. American conservatives are given to pooh-poohing these desires, but the growing demand for greater liberty has been written across Asia in blood. Ever since Jaime Cardinal Sin called his flock to take to the streets to shield the soldiers who had rebelled against Marcos's attempt to override his electoral defeat, the region has witnessed any number of unmistakable calls by a new class of Asians who want more of a say over their destinies. In every corner of the East, from Korea and Taiwan to Thailand, Burma, and Hong Kong, peoples have let their rulers know the old ways are no longer acceptable. Not infrequently they have paid for this message with their lives, as they did at Tiananmen Square in 1989, where for five glorious weeks the Chinese people, till then deemed indifferent, showed where they stood and raised a replica Statue of Liberty to point where they wanted to go.

Of course, what Asians are aiming for tomorrow and what they are willing to settle for today are two different things. Kishore Mahbubani, deputy foreign secretary of Singapore, likes to tweak Western sensitivities by pointing out during his visits to American big-city newspapers that were he to stray more than a few hundred yards from their doors at night he would risk attack, whereas in Singapore even ladies might wander out from the *Straits Times* at night in any direction without fear of being molested. His point was that societies are a package, and that, overall, Singaporeans might easily prefer a system that guaranteed them safety and robust economic growth even if it did mean living with limited political rights and pettifogging restrictions against, for example, chewing gum. I am not sure that the average New Yorker, offered the same choice, would choose differently.

Can They Keep It Up?

THE TRICKIER question has to do with whether Asian leaders, elected or otherwise, can continue to provide the growth that constitutes the other half of this implicit social contract. It will be particularly hard for those in the more interventionist economies, where limited political rights go hand in hand with a state-capitalist model of development. Although this has taken many different forms in Asia, most of these have been characterized by attempts to "lead the market" through such mechanisms as artificially controlled interest rates, import substitution, preferential access to credit, targets for specific industries, and special incentives for export-oriented business. That this strategy has worked is beyond dispute, at least in the limited sense that, with the exception of Hong Kong, every East Asian success story has indulged in some combination of these interventions.

The relevant issue now is not how well this strategy has worked in the past but how well it might work today. Any intervention has its costs, and there has been little accounting for them, especially where the interventions have been outwardly successful. In its recent, controversial report *The East Asian Miracle*, the World Bank attempted just such an analysis. Although the Bank conceded that in a number of specific instances (especially in Northeast Asia) government interventions produced higher growth than might otherwise have occurred, it nonetheless stressed that these interventions were not the decisive factors in Asia's success. To the contrary, East Asia owes its performance to "getting the basics right": i.e., establishing a stable macro-economic environment that included a reliable

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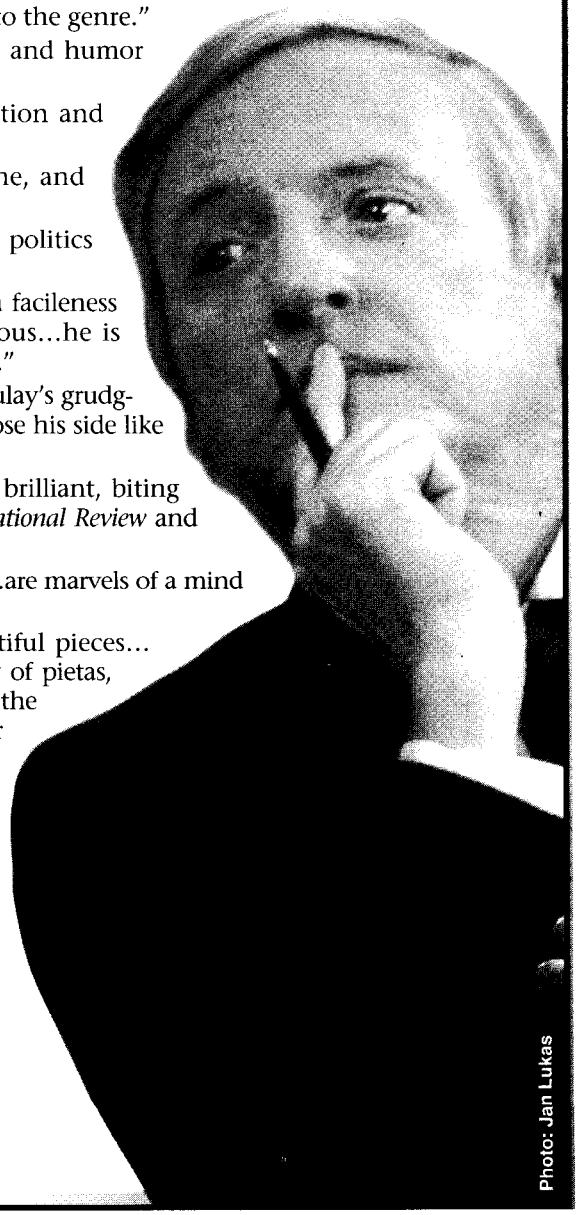
ON BOOKS AND BUCKLEY

- ***The New York Times Book Review*** (on *Atlantic High*): "Mr. Buckley is great fun to be with. Endlessly entertaining, gabby, opinionated, witty, sentimental, amusing, warm, and knowledgeable."
- **Norman Mailer**: "No other actor on earth can project simultaneous hints that he is in the act of playing Commodore of the Yacht Club, Joseph Goebbels, Robert Mitchum, Maverick, Savanarola, the nice prep school kid next door, and the snows of yesteryear."
- **Ronald Reagan**: "When Bill Buckley slows down, it is to a speed that leaves others in the dust..."
- **Charlton Heston**: "He's run a magazine and for mayor, written novels and commentary, played the harpsichord and Moses to modern conservatism, while keeping a proper perspective between God and country, friends and family."
- **George McGovern** (on *Racing Through Paradise*): "A delight...for me, the best of his writings. How can he be so clear and compelling on sailing and so confused on politics?"
- ***Chicago Sun Times***: "A first-class writer who brings class to the genre."
- ***St. Louis Post-Dispatch***: "As always, Buckley's erudition and humor shine through."
- ***San Diego Union***: "Subtleties and acuteness of observation and authority and wit."
- ***Chicago Tribune*** (on *Stained Glass*): "Intelligent, urbane, and witty."
- **John Kenneth Galbraith**: "Mr. Buckley should give up politics and concentrate on writing."
- ***The New York Times***: "There's a lightness of touch and a facileness of invention that suggests that even if he is dead serious...he is having nothing but fun in putting his ingredients together."
- **Murry Kempton**: "Buckley tempts you to remember Macaulay's grudging compliment to Burke, which was that he generally chose his side like a fanatic and defended it like a philosopher."
- **Publishers Weekly** (on *Right Reason*): "Buckley is at his brilliant, biting best in this latest collection of his political pieces from *National Review* and elsewhere..."
- ***Washington Times***: "Mr. Buckley's thrice-weekly columns...are marvels of a mind at work."
- ***The Christian Science Monitor***: "There are many beautiful pieces... whose characteristic tone derives from the ancient quality of pietas, love for country and family and God. His daily attention to the minutiae of the republic needs no documentation, nor does his religious integrity..."



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RANDOM HOUSE

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legal framework, an openness to trade, and a relative absence of distortions such as price controls. In short, your classic Adam Smith prescription.

Closer examination reveals other reasons for caution in drawing broad conclusions. For one thing, past successes occurred at a time when it was possible for developing countries to keep their financial markets closed—which is next to impossible to do in today's global environment without inviting other problems. For another, the interventions themselves were not as interventionist as they have often been portrayed. In the successful instances they were all accompanied by two critical elements: first, rigorous performance criteria; second, a willingness to jettison these same interventions whenever they threatened overall macro-economic stability. As the World Bank puts it, it is easier to show that East Asian nations "limited the costs and duration of inappropriately chosen interventions—itself an impressive achievement—than to demonstrate conclusively that those interventions that were maintained over a long period accelerated growth."

To be sure, the interventionist model retains its appeal in parts of Asia, especially in countries that see themselves as the next Korea or Taiwan. In Indonesia, for example, Minister of Research and Technology B. J. Habibie is bent on leapfrogging his nation into high-tech, but the diminishing returns seem to bear out the Bank's warnings. Likewise, a hitherto bullish Milton Friedman returned from his latest visit to China disappointed that its leaders were more interested in Japan than in Hong Kong; he dismisses the special economic zone of Pudong (next to Shanghai) as "a Potemkin village for a reigning emperor," i.e., Deng Xiaoping. The point is that an increasingly competitive and global economy is making it harder to pull off the old tricks.

This changed environment is also occasioning second thoughts among the success stories themselves. The Korean people, for example, are beginning to realize that their country's much-heralded industrialization (which, like Taiwan's, had much to do with immediate threats from hostile Communist neighbors) was built on their backs. The difference shows up quite clearly in terms of per-capita income. Hong Kong, the closest thing to a pure market, today enjoys more than twice the per-capita income of Korea, recently surpassing even Mother England in this category. In Japan, high nominal incomes do not translate into an equivalent standard of living once Japan's artificially high prices and distortions are taken into account.

The state-capitalist model is also coming under fire because of an increasingly menacing byproduct: corruption. Now, Asians are no more corrupt than anyone else. But in any country where the government exerts direct control over large parts of the economy, there will be a powerful, inbuilt incentive to trade influence for money—especially where this incentive is not offset by high pay for civil servants and a ruthless approach to malefactors (as in the case of Singapore). The Sagawa Kyubin scandal

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in Japan, for example, which ultimately ended the Liberal–Democratic Party's four-decade grip on power, was at bottom about a trucking firm's effort to get licenses to expand its business. Similar incentives characterize Korea and Taiwan, where the ruling parties have used their clout to find jobs for cronies and line their own pockets. And so epidemic has graft become under what Nicholas Kristoff dubbed China's "Market Leninism" that it is inviting comparisons to the rot that ate away at the foundations of Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist government in 1949.

Asians of an older generation, who remember the crushing poverty they grew up in, may be willing to continue accepting the tradeoff. But younger Asians, who have known only affluence, are not. As a result, ruling elites in the most interventionist economies—Korea, Taiwan, Japan—are finding themselves victims of their own success, facing a backlash from publics demanding a society more responsive to them as consumers, if not as voters. And these same elites are finding that the only way to continue to provide the economic growth upon which their power rests is to relinquish ever greater bits of control.

Unnoticed Revolution

THIS IS the real story of Asia today. While American politicians have focused on side concerns—Tokyo's stonewalling on opening up its rice markets; Taipei's difficulties with intellectual property rights; the price of a Chrysler in Seoul—a capitalist revolution the magnitude of which has never been seen before goes largely unnoticed. In country after country, Asia's consumers are finally making themselves felt and dragging their governments along. Not surprisingly, the process has been characterized by plenty of false starts, half-measures, and not a few steps backward. But the direction is clear, and the attraction is growing.

Even China and Vietnam have not been able to resist the pull of prosperity. Right now China has become the tarbaby of American politics, bringing together such strange bedfellows as Jesse Helms and Nancy Pelosi in an effort to strip it of its Most Favored Nation trade status. The irony is that for all its many undeniable abuses, the China of 1993 is a far better place than it was when Richard Nixon embraced it twenty years ago or when its self-appointed "friends" in the West were defending it during the high tide of the Cultural Revolution. It is not that its leaders have had a sudden change of heart (though they have abandoned Mao's more insane flights of fancy). It is that the opening of the Chinese market has created new pressures and realities.

Marx himself might have predicted as much. "The bourgeoisie," he wrote, "by the rapid improvement of all instruments of production, by the immensely facilitated means of communication, draws all, even the most barbarian, nations into civilization." No Chinese could read this without flinching at the word "barbarian." But how else to describe the transition of a nation that moved from Red Guards to Eurobonds in scarcely a generation? Critics will argue that none of this prevented Deng from calling out the tanks on June 4, 1989. That is true. But China's opening to the West, and the growing need for investment this inspired, meant that for the first time Chinese leaders were forced to pay a price for their brutishness.

This evolution may not be appreciated in Washington, where attacking Peking's rights record has become a cheap way to look tough. Indeed, among the bold voices raised against China on human rights are some of the self-same folks who defended the Cultural Revolution. One gets the feeling that what enrages them most is not Deng Xiaoping's Communism but his capitalism—in particular the contrast between the grubby crassness of China's *nouveaux riches* and the purity of purpose during the early Mao days. Asians harbor no such illusions about the good old days, and they rightly perceive that a China whose 1.2 billion people are well fed and prospering is in everyone's interest. Nor do they wish to see China implode along the lines of the Soviet Union. Consequently they watch with horror as the annual Washington sideshow over China's Most Favored Nation trade status threatens to wreck everything.

The real wild card in Asia's future is America. For all that Asians have done to help themselves, it is inconceivable that they could have succeeded absent America's willingness to throw open its markets to developing nations after World War II—and absent the U.S. security umbrella, which has preserved the balance of power in the region. In this sense even the Vietnam War was not the failure it has long been supposed, in that it bought time for Vietnam's neighbors to deal with their own insurgencies. The prosperity and security Southeast Asia today enjoys were purchased in no small part by the sacrifices of the Vietnamese people who held out as long as they did, the American GIs who fought for them, and especially the 55,000 U.S. men in arms who never made it home.

In Asia this American role is keenly appreciated, and, with the collapse of the Soviet Union, American power has no serious rival. This is precisely how Asians want it, since they realize that a strong America is essential if they are to avoid a debilitating contest between Japan and China. Unfortunately, the Clinton White House has confused a strong America with a hectoring America. Although even his own party will eventually weary of the demands imposed by these incessant sermons, already they are alienating nations with which the U.S. otherwise has no grievance.

And so, in the great debate between bread and freedom, Asia has done more than contribute an opinion. It has offered an example, one that shows that both are possible, but that neither is likely if developing countries are politicized before they have had a chance to generate a middle class and establish independent institutions. About this process the Clinton Administration believes it has much to teach them. Might it also have much still to learn? □

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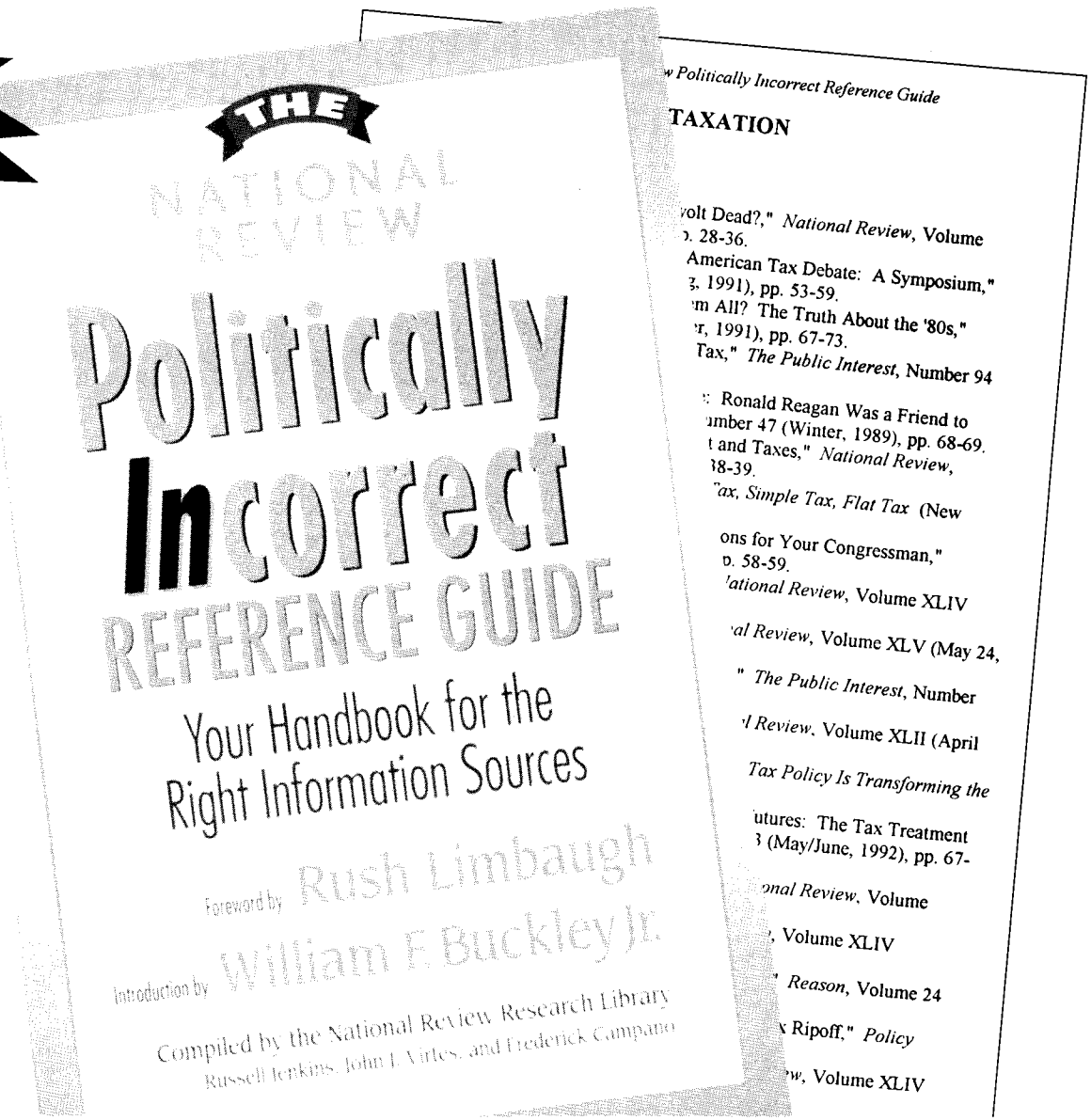
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Contents

Aztlan or Bust!	*page 1*
The Week In The West	*page 2*
West World	*page 4*
The Showdown At Smoggy Cal	*page 6*
Hawaii Blues	*page 7*
West Coast Diary	*page 8*

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AZTLAN OR BUST!

Members of MEChA are unhappy with the U.S. Cuba is the model for their Utopia.

K. L. BILLINGSLEY

THE STUDENTS circled Stanford student Rudy Fuentes, poking him and hurling insults like *vendido* (sellout) and *pocho* (roughly a dummy or hick). Fuentes didn't like the treatment but really got riled when one of them hissed: "You're acting just like a Republican!"

The incident was featured in the recent PBS documentary, *Campus Culture Wars*. The participants, including Fuentes, were members of MEChA, the Movimiento Estudiantil Chicano de Aztlan. Aztlan, or "occupied Mexico," is what Chicano militants call the American Southwest. *La Voz Fronteriza*, one of the movement's papers, bills itself as coming from "San Diego, Califas," the MEChA name for California.

Aztlan thus boasts publications and a student movement before it has any borders, and borders are what MEChA cadres want, though they don't always say so. There can be no doubt that MEChA is a growing and increasingly militant presence on campuses, both college and high school.

MEChA members decline to estimate their overall membership, but according to Miguel Carillo, a high-school teacher in Chula Vista, there are MEChA chapters at more than 90 per cent of the high schools in San

(Continues on page West-5)

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THE WEEK IN THE WEST

■ No justice, no peace? To the contrary, the Denny jury apparently figured there'd be no peace unless there was no justice.

■ "Out of my face, whitey," snarled the mother of brick-wielder Damien "Football" Williams, as she passed reporters after verdicts in the Denny case. Guess if the media wants an interview with her, they'd better send Ted Danson.

■ Don Jackson, "spokesman" for Damien Williams' family, admits he took the trouble during the Denny trial to find out where one of the jurors lived and to question that person's neighbors. None dare call this jury intimidation, but we still wonder if Lady Justice might not have grounds for an harassment suit.

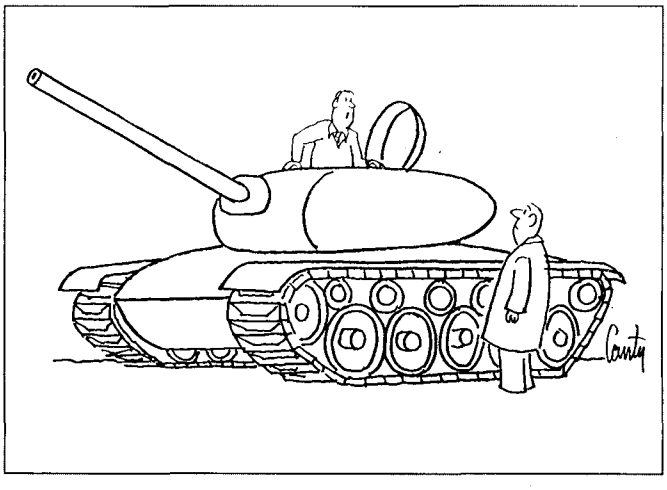
■ Apparently there's no truth to the rumor that one of the recent fires was started by a Malibu resident who burned down his own house to protest the verdict in the Denny beating trial.

■ Was it a green fire? For years, extreme environmentalists and their friends in state and local bureaucracies have successfully fought against controlled burning of underbrush near Orange County's Laguna Canyon (just as they've shut down such fire-prevention efforts on public lands through California, creating tinder-box conditions from the Santa Monica Mountains north to the Sierra Nevada). Enviro-zealots have also stalled efforts to expand the reservoir system in Laguna Beach, even though state authorities said the city needed more water in the event of earthquakes, floods—*or fires*. Well, whatadaya know: When Laguna Beach was going up in smoke, firefighters complained they were hampered by low water pressure, and the county's fire chief said the whole inferno could have been put out fairly easily if he'd been allowed to conduct limited burns in the region in previous years.

■ It's reported that boat building is picking up speed in that troubled tropical hot spot where the economy is a basket case, where who will lead remains a mystery, and where huddled masses yearn to escape voodoo politics by setting sea in search of a better life. But just where they'll go when they leave California is not clear.

■ If the Proposition 174 blowout made the Alf Landon campaign look like a juggernaut, exit polls suggest most voters are still high on school choice in theory. So voucher proponents aren't playing Quixote in vowing to fight another day. But voters tend toward caution when confronted with sweepingly complex ballot measures (indeed, conservatives usually applaud this phenomenon). So a narrowly crafted voucher initiative—maybe targeting the state's worst-performing or most dangerous districts, or perhaps simply giving all districts an option on the issue of choice—might excite less nervousness in the Republican suburbs that went so heavily against Proposition 174. A more professional campaign is required when the opponent is the California Teachers Association. And a sophisticated fund-raising effort that reaches out to supporters of choice across the continent is essential, especially given the wimpy reluctance of the local business establishment to open its wallet, and Pete Wilson's refusal to help the cause of genuine educational reform. California conservatives have called forth victory from defeat before; Reagan's gubernatorial bid was built on the ashes of 1964; Jarvis' Proposition 13 triumphed only after a series of setbacks for the tax revolt—and only over the opposition of Pete Wilson and similar status-quo huggers. School choice has the same potential for ultimate victory: the idea makes sense; it boasts a valiant army of supporters—and there will be no end of assistance to the cause from the folks who are running the public schools into the ground.

■ If you're a bureaucrat, Montana for years may have been the closest thing to Nirvana west of the Hudson. And we don't mean the Big Sky and wide open spaces. Rather we mean big wallet, when it comes to paying government workers, that is. A higher ratio of people in Montana work on the government ranch, both state and local, than in all but three other states. Add employees of Uncle Sam, and



"I couldn't get a license to carry a pistol."

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one out of every four people with a job in Montana is a government employee. A torrent of tax increases has been needed to maintain this growing herd of public "servants." Enough may be enough for taxpayers, however. Nearly 20 per cent of voters have signed an initiative that would erase the latest income-tax increase; signs are the tax revolt won't stop there. So shine up your boots—a politician-roping contest is about to begin.

■ From the Unholy Alliance files: California Governor Pete Wilson and Assembly Speaker Willie Brown each lent $127,000 to the campaign for Proposition 172, the sales-tax increase initiative. Guess this is what people mean when they advocate give and take.

■ Even in the face of mega-deficits, Governor Wilson has stubbornly resisted ending state outlays for the arts, arguing that this spending serves an important educational purpose. Meanwhile, Los Angeles "graffiti artist" Robie Conal continues to get government grants for his contributions to aesthetic uplift. Mr. Conal's latest work, on display on a construction-site fence near you, features the governor wearing a Mickey Mouse hat. Gee, maybe Pete Wilson has a point about the value of subsidized art.

■ When Churchill harrumphed about the "infernal combustion engine," was he foreseeing the motor-voter law? Tony Miller, top aide to California's secretary of state, is excited about the new federal mandate forcing states to ask people to register to vote when they apply for driver's licenses. Officials will interpret the law liberally, Miller promises. So honk if you love Clinton. And vote early and often.

■ California Controller Gray Davis's heart goes out to our underfed bureaucracies, so in order to vacuum more dollars into government coffers, he wants to turn a state agency, the Franchise Tax Board, into a super-charged collection bureau. Its computer system and muscular enforcement powers would speed the inhalation of unpaid parking tickets, permit fees, library fines, and various other minor exactions. (And Ross Perot thinks *he* hears a sucking sound.) Local governments have traditionally handled these kinds of small-time assessments, but Mr. Davis prefers the efficiency of a massive databank centralized in Sacramento. He'd give the state the power to garnish wages, freeze bank accounts, and seize property without a court order. How Big Brotherly of him. Kalifornia, here we come.

■ Watch what we do, not what we say, said Nixon attorney general, John Mitchell. It's a maxim worth keeping in mind now that Governor Wilson has hired yet another conservative speechwriter. Ken Colombini, noted for pro-life op-ed articles, joins a speechwriting shop for the pro-subsidized-abortion, pro-tax-increase governor that also includes right-wing wordsmith Harry Crocker, formerly of Regnery Gateway publishing, and that included until recently Mark Davis, a one-time George Bush aide who is as fervent a free-marketeer as they come. It's nice of Mr. Wilson to provide these able rhetoricians with employment, but we'd be more impressed if *he* practiced what *they* preached.

■ White liberals in the record industry say growling black rappers are merely speaking for their community. Most blacks disagree, however. Management at Los Angeles's KACE radio, which boasts a large black audience, refuses to play songs that "glorify drugs, sex, and violence," or which denigrate women by calling them "hos." Angry rap is "a disturbing trend in black music," promoting a "negative lifestyle," says KACE management. Looks like a case for the ACLU.

■ California's insurance industry has unveiled a statewide initiative to limit lawyers' fees in personal-injury actions, with the aim of letting some air out of ambulance-chasers' tires. How about a possible alternative reform: When a lawyer in a TV ad implies there are easy riches to be made through lawsuits, and promises, "I'll fight for your rights," maybe he should be required to add, "Unless I've been hired to sue your shirt off."

■ Pseudo-civil-libertarians are still fighting San Francisco Mayor Frank Jordan's efforts to slap restrictions on street people who try to bully money out of pedestrians. The hit-up artists are exercising their free-speech rights, say the vagrants' defenders. Hmm. Do you suppose if Limbaugh declared himself a Panhandler of the Airwaves, the liberals might stop trying to gag him with the Fairness Doctrine, a/k/a, the "hush Rush" rule?

Call in the Prescription

A DOCTOR we know reports an upsurge in visits from employees of a certain California grocery chain, one threatened with job action if contract talks collapse. The common complaint of these patients is back pain (the kind that's hard to verify by objective tests). Is it mere coincidence that employees claiming such ailments can get workers-compensation payments while on strike? What is certain is that the workers-comp "reform' that Governor Wilson and the legislative leadership are bragging about has done little to alter the system's perverse incentives. Dubious "stress" claims are still

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permitted. Broad avenues for fraud remain open. Onerous premiums for employers have been lightened little if at all.

Welcome to that conjurer's palace, the state Capitol, where "pro-business" initiatives are often written in disappearing ink. Along with all the backslapping over the worker-compensation bill, there's been loud boasting about a package of tax credits for businesses that buy manufacturing equipment. Yet how real is this offering? The credit can't be claimed for two years—while another present from our lawmakers, a $140-million-a-year tax increase on business meals, kicks in right away. Be warned: The legislature has a history of sleight-of-hand when it comes to business tax cuts. A $120-million tax credit for employee-health plans that passed in 1990 was postponed *twice* before being repealed this year—without taking effect.

Meanwhile, lawmakers have given us, in the form of the just-passed Proposition 172, a permanent, $1.5-billion sales-tax increase, just in time for the holidays. And their seizure of $2.5 billion in property taxes to balance the budget is provoking a hailstorm of initiatives to raise levels at the local level. No matter what the pols say, California remains a citadel of high taxes and anti-employer regulations. You don't need a stethoscope to figure out why the economy's in sick bay.

WEST WORLD

■ California's Senate and Assembly each boasts one additional Republican member following November 2 elections. Republican **Bruce McPherson** captured a Monterey-area district where there are far more Democratic voters than Republican. And conservative Shasta County Supervisor **Maurice Johannessen** coasted to victory in senate district which stretches from Redding to the Napa–Sonoma wine country, a seat vacated by Democratic Sen. **Mike Thompson**. . . . "This is a wake-up call for Democrats," moaned **Bob Mulholland**, Democratic state political director. "We're going to have to sweat for every vote and victory next year." . . . Latest **Mervin Field** poll shows twice as many voters rating **Pete Wilson** "poor" rather than "favorable." More than 50 per cent of Republicans would like to see him challenged in a primary. Yet he's still talked about in GOP circles as possible presidential timber. . . . Attendees at the Western Conservative Political Action Conference in Los Angeles last month gave Wilson a 79.2 per cent "unfavorable" vote in a straw poll. . . . GOP Attorney General **Dan Lungren** didn't exactly sound like **Sherman** when asked about a possible gubernatorial run. At his press conference endorsing the school-choice proposition, Lungren inplied he'd consider the governorship if Wilson were to step aside. . . . Wilson made a point of calling on the San Diego convention for the **California Republican League**, a group of **Rockefeller** Republicans boasting fewer than 1,000 members. The group came out against Proposition 174, and there was much talk in favor of open primaries for the GOP (including the new March presidential vote)—so as to let Democrats have a say in Republican candidates? Guest speaker, Rep. **Jim Leach** (R., Iowa), groused that closed primaries make the party "very vulnerable to being taken over by the most disciplined conviction groupings." . . . The earlier presidential primary could encourage some unorthodox candidacies, predict columnists **Jack Germond** and **Jules Witcover**. It "doesn't make me think any less about [a presidential bid], I'll tell you that," said **Jerry Brown**. . . . **Willie Brown** fans still call on him to run for governor, but "the most likely possibility," he says, is a run for state senate seat to be vacated by **Milton Marks** in 1996.

■ Although thousands of Californians flee northward every year, Washington state's tax-and-spend policies have many businesses there looking for an escape. Gov. **Mike Lowry**'s budget is called the "Idaho Economic Development Act." . . . Nevada Sen. **Richard Bryan** hears a "chorus of glossolalia" from sheep growers, as one wag puts it, in response to his support for eliminating wool subsidies. . . . Along with a battalion of California exiles, **Tom Selleck** says he too is impressed with business climate in Las Vegas. He has proposed opening a driving range and entertainment complex on land owned by **McCarran** International Airport.

■ **Stephen Weiner** of Western Association of Schools and Colleges (the regional accrediting body for California, Hawaii, and Guam) says "every accredited institution, as part of its commitment to educational quality, should be expected to make continuing progress toward becoming a multiracial, multicultural institution." He's skeptical of **Thomas Aquinas College**, the Santa Paula Catholic school with a great-books program. Make room for **Maya Angelou**. . . . Administrators of San Francisco State University come to the support of psychology professor **John DeCecco**, criticized by a group of sexual-abuse victims for being on the editorial board of Dutch publication, **Paidika, the Journal of Paedophilia**. **Joseph Julian**, dean of the School of Behavioral Sciences, says the journal is "a bona-fide scholarly publication"—that just happens to report on "intergenerational relationships, which may include sex," in articles that both support and criticize pedophilia. . . . Retired Episcopal Bishop **Otis Charles**, formerly of Utah, has announced he is homosexual and is moving to San Francisco "to live in a city with an active and articulate gay community."

■ A grizzly bear charged Montana rancher **John Shuler**, who shot the creature rather than submit to being dined upon. The wounded bear ran away; however, they met again: this time Shuler shot and killed the attacking bear. The Endangered Species Act protects grizzlies, and Administrative Law Judge **Harvey Sweitzer** ruled Shuler can't claim self-defense because he'd "provoked" the attack by responding to the cries of sheep under attack by the bear. Fine: $4,000.

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(Continued from page 1)

Diego and Los Angeles. And virtually every college and junior college in the area, says Carillo, sports a chapter. Further, there are MEChA groups on campuses in some ten states, including Washington, Colorado, and Utah. Each chapter is autonomous, with a number of standing committees. MEChA has divided California into south, central, and north regions or, as it calls them, *centrales*. Some schools, such as the University of California at San Diego, serve as communications centers.

"THE PURPOSE of MEChA is the empowerment of our people," says Jaqueline Carrasco of UCLA, who sees MEChA as an advocacy organization aiding Chicanos with education and civil-rights issues. MEChA members promote bilingual education and oppose NAFTA—which, ironically, the Mexican government supports. But some members hold more radical goals.

"The ultimate ideology of MEChA is the liberation of Aztlan," says Miguel Perez, the organization's publicity chair at Cal State Northridge. Asked what kind of government most resembles that which he would prefer for Aztlan, Miguel Perez replies without hesitation that, "Communism would be closest." It would be, he says, "like Cuba, but a little broader than that." He firmly believes there will be a country called Aztlan in what is now the American Southwest.

MEChA cadres consider all non-Chicanos to be "anglos," regardless of whether they are of French, Dutch, Jewish, or Finnish background. Non-Chicanos in a liberated Aztlan "would have to be expelled," says Perez. Opposition groups, he adds, would have to be quashed, "because you have to keep the power."

"The concept of Aztlan is a varied one related to the legendary beginnings of the Aztecs," says Rudolfo Acuna, an outspoken Chicano activist and professor at Cal State Northridge. Acuna doesn't know when there will be an actual country called Aztlan, but cleary holds out the possibility. Like many in MEChA, Acuna feels "an affinity with Mexico" because "this country does not give you very much to feel part of."

Aztlan may be an Aztec concept—although that is something historians might want to verify—but MEChA is a product of the Sixties. Acuna, who describes himself as a socialist, says MEChA emerged in 1969 when the United Mexican American Students and Mexican American Student Association met in Santa Barbara and it was decided to "put all groups in MEChA."

Like other ethnic radicals, MEChA cadres learned how to tap public funds. "Most chapters get their budget from the schools, sometimes from the associated students," says UCLA's Jaqueline Carrasco. "But high schools and junior high schools," she continues, have to raise "their own money." Money paid to MEChA from school funds, says Carrasco, ranges from $100 at some campuses to nearly $8,000 annually at large schools such as Cal State Northridge.

Student publications featuring MEChA material include *El Popo*, *Aztlan News*, *Chispas*, and UCLA's *Gente de Aztlan*, whose "Universal Council of Elders" includes such luminaries as "Mother Earth," Che Guevara, Augusto César Sandino, Crazy Horse, Simon Bolivar and Salvadoran Stalinist Farabundo Martí.

Voz Fronteriza, published at the University of California at San Diego, bills itself as "the most valued paper in Aztlan." Headlines include "Amerikkkan Indictment," and a recent cover asked, "When will we come to the conclusion that revolution is the only solution?" *Voz* staffers, who bill themselves as *guerrilleros de la pluma* (warriors of the pen), also produce a cable-television program.

Miguel Carillo agrees that much material in MEChA publications can be described as extremist but denies that such views play a dominant role in MEChA. For Carillo, MEChA is "inclusive" and its purpose is to "explain our culture."

However, the Fuentes case at Stanford University shows how easily MEChA hard-liners can push out moderates. "Their intent was to instill fear," says Fuentes. Lucky Gutierrez, who participated in the attack, is now part of the Stanford administration, which in the best politically correct style took no action over the abuse of Fuentes and the others.

Miguel Perez of Cal State Northridge acknowledges that his chapter of MEChA organized several demonstrations last year. "There was no violence," Perez says, "but close to it."

Last May, Chicano protestors at UCLA caused half a million dollars in damage when the administration declined to give Chicano Studies full department status. Rudy Acuna denies that MEChA played a role in the mayhem and denies that any faction in MEChA promotes violence. But Acuna says that Chicanos "have to get an awful lot more militant about defending our rights."

FOR SYNDICATED columnist Raoul Contreras, who prefers the designation Mexican-American, "there never was a country called Aztlan and never will be." Contreras argues that the Aztecs never lived in what is called California and, since they orginally came from Asia, "their mystical homeland is somewhere in Siberia."

"They are irredentists," says Linda Chavez, currently a fellow at the Manhattan Institute and author of *Out of the Barrio*. "These are people who want to go back to pre-1848 borders and who believe that their land was stolen."

According to Contreras, MEChA promotes "class warfare" and is composed of "children of the peasant class who don't see themselves ever being middle class." Says Contreras of the Mechistas: "I never hear them complaining about all of Central America breaking off from Mexico." □

Mr. Billingsley, an author and screenwriter, writes about California for The Spectator.

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Environmental Stronghold

SHOWDOWN AT THE SMOGGY CAL

MICHAEL FUMENTO

HIGH NOON is November 15. That's the day on which the EPA has told California that if it doesn't agree to EPA's smog-reducing automobile tesing program, it could lose $600 million to $800 million in federal highway funds. The state says that the Clinton Administration wouldn't dare do such a thing to electoral-vote rich California.

Who will blink first is anybody's guess. A surer bet, however, is that for the drivers and breathers of California, both plans are a far cry from a program that would actually improve air quality at a lower cost.

Under the current "Smog Check" system in California and many other parts of the country, car owners are required periodically (every two years in California, every year in most places) to have their emissions systems checked. If the emissions are too high and the cost of repair is not overly expensive, owners are required to have their systems fixed before they can be certified and get their registration renewed. There are an estimated 9,000 facilities doing Smog Check.

The fight between the EPA and California arises out of requirements of the 1990 amendments to the federal Clean Air Act. These mandate that areas in the country with high levels of air pollution, including large parts of California, operate an emissions inspection program "on a centralized basis, unless the state demonstrates to the satisfaction of the [EPA] Administrator that a decentralized program will be equally effective."

While the EPA says it isn't trying to force centralization, the cost of the new equipment is so prohibitively high that the traditional "mom and pop" places can't afford them. CalEPA estimates that only 200 to 250 shops run by either the government or government contractors will have the new equipment, and thus the system will be centralized. The state wants to continue using its present system, albeit with safeguards—such as putting the system on a statewide computer system—to prevent fraud. A study by the Santa Monica-based RAND Corporation found that the Smog Check tests "perform nearly as well" as the old, and that the polluting cars identified with the new testing equipment "tend to be difficult and expensive to repair" at any rate. It said that considering that the new equipment is three to six times more expensive than the old, the old equipment is "a cost effective alternate." A University of California, Irvine study came to essentially the same conclusion. But both studies also supported the conclusion that the reason the EPA program is little better than Smog Check is that both appear to be fairly useless.

Evidence comes from random roadside surveys which the state has conducted over the last four years. These found that cars in parts of the state with Smog Check programs were more likely to have excessive emissions than those without such programs. Separate surveys in 1989 and 1991 found that cars which were scheduled to receive a Smog Check test within the next 90 days had a failure rate lower than that of cars that had just received Smog Check certification within the previous 90 days.

According to Douglas Lawson, a research professor at the Desert Research Institute in Reno, who conducted those last two studies, "Essentially what we see is that when you stop cars at random in California, you cannot see any effect of Smog Check on emissions." The reason is that scheduled tests make for easy cheating. For example, a vacuum hose which is normally disconnected and blocked at the end to provide better mileage or performance can be reconnected right before the test and disconnected again right after.

No scheduled test, no matter how accurate, can prevent such cheating, as EPA's own studies show.

Noted Lawson, "In Phoenix, tampering with the centralized program was 25 per cent for 1989, while Milwaukee's decentralized system had 15 per cent that year; Louisville's centralized program had 16 per cent tampering in 1990; San Diego, 11 per cent in 1989; . . . Santa Barbara, with no program at all, also had 11 per cent."

The UC Irvine report also concludes that "California's current inspection system is designed to assure that cars are clean one day every two years—the inspection day."

BOTH independent reports praise a third type of testing system using a remote sensor developed by Don Stedman and others at the University of Denver. The device is placed by the side of the road and measures various emissions with an infrared beam as the vehicle passes by. Numerous tests in the U.S. and UK have shown that remote sensing can detect and identify cars exceeding pollution standards.

The advantage of the device, explains Stedman, "is that no one knows when they will be tested. Further, since only about 10 per cent of cars on the road emit about half the pollution, we aren't penalizing the great majority of clean-running vehicles by subjecting them to expensive tests."

Stedman's device is also considerably cheaper than inspection and maintenance testing. Both Smog Check and EPA's proposed program cost or would cost just under $30 per driver every other year. The remote sensing device costs 50 cents or less per test, although ideally each car would on average be tested several times a year. The EPA opposed remote sensing for years before Congress wrote it into the 1990 Clean Air Act amendments. Now it makes it part of the centralized plan, but requires only enough monitoring to check .05 per cent of all cars tested in a certain area in a given year,

Mr. Fumento is the author of The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS *(Regnery), an updated version of which is being reissued soon.*

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which in California would be .25 per cent since testing is every other year. Stedman calls that "utterly absurd."

More and more independent researchers urge greater emphasis on remote sensing, but the bureaucratic and environmentalist establishments balk. They seem less interested in finding the most efficient, least intrusive ways of scrubbing the air, than in exercising control over people, lording it over car owners regardless of how little their automobiles actually pollute. No wonder their "solutions" seem designed more to expand government than reduce smog. □

Health-Care Myths

HAWAII BLUES

STEVEN HAYWARD

IN HIS SALES PITCH to Congress on health care in September, President Clinton pointed to Hawaii as an example of a government-mandated universal health-insurance program that works. On the surface, Hawaii's health-insurance plan appears a great success worthy of emulation by the rest of the nation. But a close look reveals that the Hawaiian experience is an anomaly, and the reasons why need to be known as the health-care debate goes forward.

Hawaii passed its Prepaid Health Care Act in 1974. The principal feature of the Act is a mandate that employers provide health insurance for all employees who work over twenty hours a week (with a few narrow exceptions). Today, total annual medical costs are 8.1 per cent of Hawaii's gross product, compared to 9 per cent in Canada and 14 per cent on the U.S. mainland. Hospital use is one-third less than the national average, and there are 50 per cent fewer beds than the per-capita national average. In its 1991 rankings, Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance, Co. ranked Hawaii number one among states. The cost of health insurance in Hawaii appears moderate: average monthly premiums in 1991 for a single person were about $94, and for a family of four, $263 (compared to $150 and $415 in Illinois, for instance).

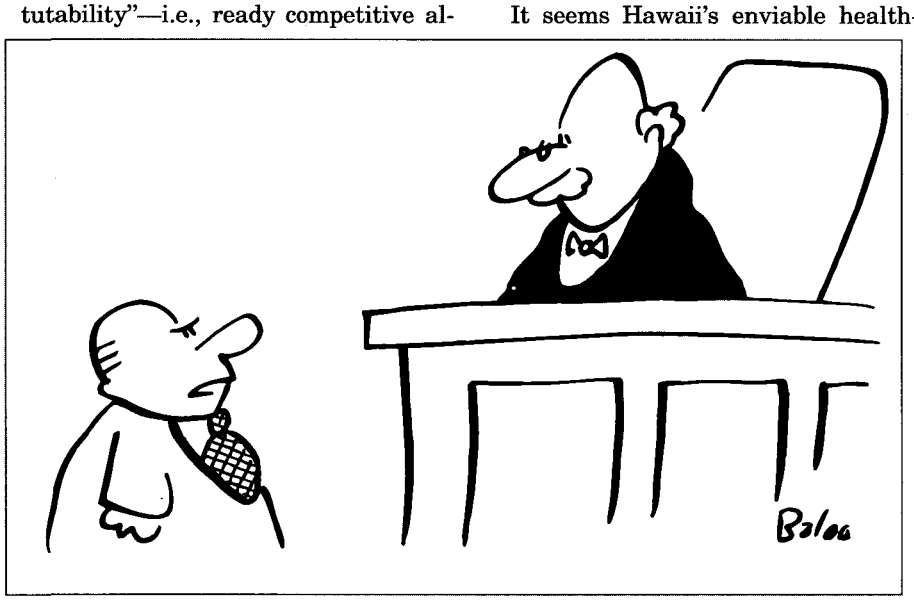
But would an identical plan work on the mainland? It should be noted that Hawaii's tourist-based economy and geographic isolation make it unique. When, for instance, it is claimed that the health-isurance mandate has not forced the beachfront pouka shell stands to close down, an obvious retort is that, unlike businesses in California, Hawaii's pouka shell stands can't move to Reno. The point is, Hawaii's economy enjoys the rare luxury of not having what economists call "substitutability"—i.e., ready competitive alternatives, such as when an electric utility substitutes natural gas or coal when oil prices rise. In addition, the demand for Hawaii's tourist goods has high resiliency; it can absorb and pass along higher costs to consumers.

It is not an accident that Hawaii has a very high cost of living and cost of doing business and yet maintains a vibrant economy, while other states with high costs of doing business are at a disadvantage relative to lower-cost states. In fact the lower share of Hawaii's GDP accounted for by health costs is explained chiefly by Hawaii's GDP, which is much higher per capita than the U.S. average. In this regard it is worth noting that 90 per cent of the Hawaiian workforce was already insured in 1974 when the Act was passed. Employers had a long-standing practice of giving employees health care, in large part as a way of attracting workers in what has always been a tight labor market.

Hence the health insurance mandate was in many respects a redundancy. Finally, it should be duly noted that Hawaii's plan provides far from universal coverage: nearly 11 per cent of Hawaii's population remains uninsured. The national average is roughly 14 per cent.

Second, Hawaii's demographic profile differs significantly from that of the mainland, and these demographic differences help explain lower health costs in Hawaii. Hawaii's population is younger, and exhibits better dietary and exercise habits, than the U.S. population generally.

It seems Hawaii's enviable health-care record is likely to grow less exceptional with each passing year. Health-care costs are rising faster in Hawaii than almost anywhere else in the nation. Between 1980 and 1990, total health-care spending rose 191 per cent, higher than the national average of 163 per cent. Private insurers have raised rates between 15 and 20 per cent in the last three years. Health care needs a new prescription—but the Hawaiian model is not it. □



"I don't remember vesting any authority in you."

Mr. Hayward is research and editorial director for the Pacific Research Institute.

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All in the Family Revisited

THE VOICE on the other end of the phone belonged to Norman Lear. Here's the promise, he told me. The Bunker family, Archie and Edith, has left the old neighborhood in Queens. Their former residence, 704 Hauser Street, now belongs to a black family, the Cumberbatches.

Now here's the real twist, said Lear. In *All in the Family,* Archie, the right-wing bigot, locked horns with son-in-law Michael, the idealistic liberal. In *704 Hauser Street*, which airs on CBS beginning this December, Ernest Cumberbatch, an old-style black liberal, butts heads constantly with his conservative son, Thurgood.

"I know Ernie real well," said Lear, who not only is one of Hollywood's most successful TV producers, but also one of its foremost liberals. "What I don't know is Goodie."

Norman wanted to draw on my experiences to flesh out his young black conservative character. He had many questions. How did I get that way? What do my parents think? Do I have any black friends? Did I really work for Dan Quayle?

Norman was starting from scratch with Goodie. Some of Norman's questions suggested he really didn't believe any black person could be authentically conservative. He suspected that when Ronald Reagan moved into the Oval Office, cynical black liberals were transmogrified into conservatives. I assured Norman that black conservatism predated Reagan. He wanted proof. So I directed him to the writings of W. E. B. Du Bois, who happened to be the founding editor of the NAACP's monthly magazine *Crisis*.

In *The Souls of Black Folk*, which was published at the turn of the century, Du Bois declared: "The Negro [should] bend his energy to the solving of his own social problems. The bulk of the work raising the Negro must be done by the Negro himself." Of all the historical dramas depicting blacks that I have seen on TV or at the movies, I've never heard dialogue even remotely close to this.

Norman also thought conservative blacks were a rather rare breed. But the reality is that we are about as rare as the northern spotted owls—actually flourishing in the Pacific Northwest.

The reason the ranks of black conservatives are underestimated, I explained to him, is because political demographers tend to focus on party affiliation. Since a small minority of blacks vote Republican, then ipso facto, the vast majority of blacks must be liberal.

But voting patterns deceive. If political philosophy were based strictly on the ballot box then I would be considered a liberal next year, because there is less than zero chance I will be voting for that knee-jerk moderate Pete Wilson. Party loyalty has limits. By the same token, if Goodie Cumberbatch were a real black conservative, he hardly would have supported Ripon Republican Rudy Giuliani in the New York mayoral race. That's the thing about black conservatives. We are not united under a party banner. Rather, we share similar ideology. Only 10 per cent of black Americans consider themselves Republicans. But a silent majority espouse conservative views on a range of issues.

Norman was suspicious. I faxed him a column in which I cited a survey by the Center for Media and Public Policy, which found that a majority of blacks oppose racial quotas. Most oppose busing. Most oppose abortion on demand. Most favor school prayer. Most favor tougher criminal sentences.

Of course, you would never know this from the way blacks are portrayed by Hollywood. It seems that whenever a black character utters any remark that is even vaguely political, it always reflects the left-wing orthodoxy. But I know differently.

I've been out on the hustings. When I talk about welfare reform, about parental choice in education, about restoring the two-parent family, about cracking down on violent crime, the people don't hear the voice of black conservatism. They hear the voice of reason.

I try to explain that to Norman and his cast of writers. We regularly get together on conference calls to talk about story ideas. Sometimes they act as if they are speaking to a brother from another planet. What, no quotas? What, no condoms for teenagers? As alien as these ideas are to Norman, he at least is willing to present them in *704 Hauser Street*. It will be the first time in television history that an authentic black conservative character features on any program.

© Matt, *Daily Telegraph*, London / Rotheo

"It's the moment all parents dread—when their child asks about the American electoral system."

THERE ARE a few cosmetic changes I might make in the character of Goodie Cumberbatch—for instance, I know of no prominent young black conservatives who wear a shaved head, like a gangster rapper—but on the most important stuff, Goodie's political thinking, Lear is right on.

In the pilot episode alone, Goodie sets down many of the principles for which black conservative intellectuals like Thomas Sowell, Walter Williams, and Shelby Steele have come to be known. The other characters get off zingers at Goodie's expense. But out there in viewer land, I'll bet that the black conservative's ideas have far more resonance than the thoughts of *704 Hauser*'s more liberal characters.

—JOSEPH PERKINS

Mr. Perkins is a columnist for the San Diego Union-Tribune.

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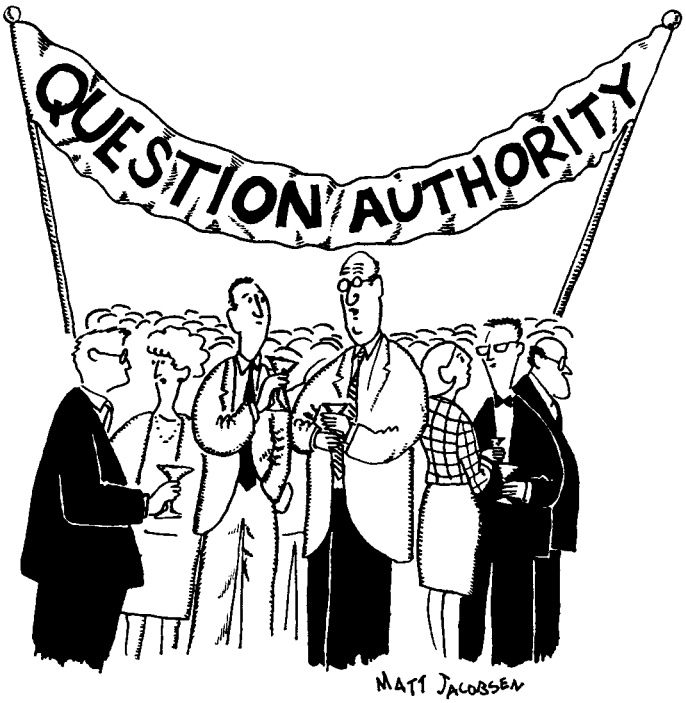
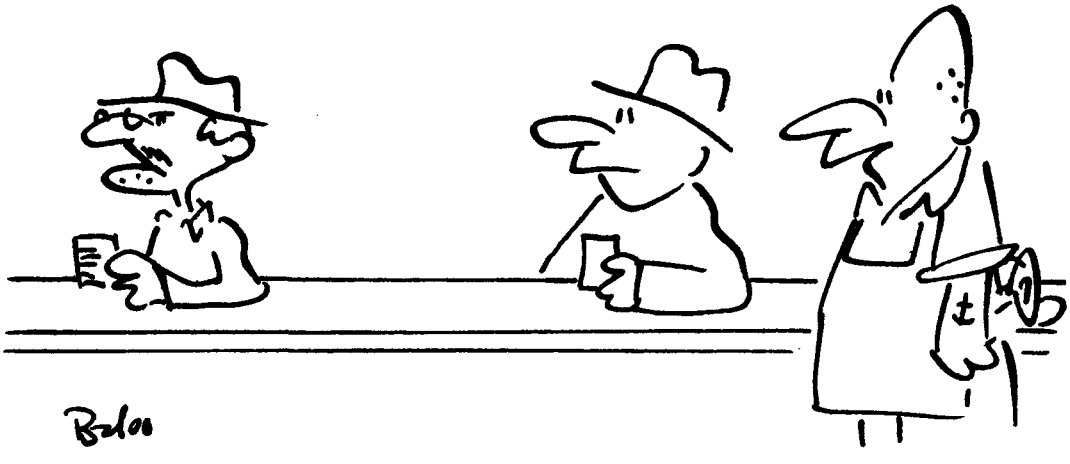


"I don't know about you, but I never thought I'd see a conservative counterculture."

Glorobots

A new synthesizer named Moog
And an archaic organ named Poog
    Decided to play
    Together one day,
And developed a rock 'n' roll fugue

GLORIA A. MAXSON



"Old Fogarty thinks the whole Clinton Administration is a fiendish plot to bring about a Nixon comeback."

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ALL THOSE SENATORS IN FAVOR OF FORCING SEN. PACKWOOD TO RELEASE THE DIARIES THAT MAY REVEAL OTHER SENATORS' SEXUAL ESCAPADES SAY "AYE!"
ALL THOSE OPPOSED SAY "EEEEK! OMIGOSH! NO... PLEASE... NO!"

THE RED CARPET TREATMENT

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The Menendez Trial

MURDER AS THERAPY

In a Van Nuys courtroom, two pairs of people are on trial: Lyle and Erik Menendez for murdering their parents; and José and Kitty Menendez for child abuse. Can they all be guilty?

STUART GOLDMAN

"I prosecute child abuse. Only the parents are dead when I do it."
—Attorney Paul Mones

IT MAY seem callous to refer to a murder trial as entertainment, but the fact is that the case of the Menendez brothers, on trial for the shotgun slaying of their wealthy Beverly Hills parents in August of 1989, has become the media event of the year. Recently Jay Leno spent an entire week reeling off Menendez jokes. Not to be topped, *Saturday Night Live*'s mock news anchor Kevin Nealon noted that basketball player Larry Johnson had recently signed an $84-million contract. "To give you an idea of how much $84 million is," he went on, "the Menendez brothers would have had to kill six sets of parents for that kind of money."

Each day, the tiny Van Nuys courtroom, where the trial has been going on since July 20, is besieged by scores of reporters, screenwriters, true-crime chroniclers, voyeurs, and Menendez groupies, who often begin camping out at 2 A.M. in hopes of getting one of the few available seats.

It's no secret that the public loves murder trials; but when I find myself wrestling with some strange Menendez minutia at 3 A.M. rather than peacefully snoozing, I'm forced to stop and wonder why this case has grabbed us by our collective libido.

In Fear of Their Lives?

JOSE and Kitty Menendez were ambushed while eating berries and cream in front of their family-room TV set. Mrs. Menendez was filling out the application for her younger son, Erik, to attend UCLA. At approximately 10 P.M. the brothers burst into the room and emptied their shotguns into their parents—more than 15 shots in all. After blowing off the back of his father's skull, Lyle Menendez reloaded his gun and issued the *coup de grâce* to his mother's left cheek.

Following the killings, the brothers went on a spending spree, dropping nearly $1 million (the Menendez estate was estimated at $14 million) on Rolex watches, Porsches, condominiums, and a restaurant, while the Beverly Hills police ran around chasing sundry leads (some of which were provided by the brothers) that purported to link the killings to the mob. It would be seven months before the brothers were arrested. Throughout three years of legal wrangling over the admissibility of tapes made by their therapist, Dr. Jerome Oziel (in which the brothers allegedly confessed to the crimes), they maintained their innocence. It was only ten days before the trial commenced that they admitted to the murders, claiming that they shot their parents in self-defense. After years of sexual and other abuse, they said, they now believed that their own lives were in jeopardy.

Part of the seductiveness of a capital trial is the juxtaposition of the maddeningly civilized court procedure and the life-and-death struggle going on just beneath the surface. A trial is warfare—nothing more, nothing less. Often in death-penalty cases a curious role reversal takes place, wherein the defendant becomes the victim and the prosecutors are transformed into bloodthirsty assassins. In this case, the stalkers are Pamela Bozanich, a strikingly attractive young attorney who, with her habit of wearing oversized bows affixed to her braided ponytail, resembles a schoolgirl; and a small, pleasant-looking Japanese-American man, Lester Kuriyama. Their prey are two baby-faced boys in their early twenties.

The defense has done a marvelous job of assisting the brothers in playing up their victim roles. Dressed each day in fuzzy crew-neck sweaters and neat Fifties haircuts, they look like something straight out of *Ozzie and Harriet*. The outfits are carefully chosen down to the colors of the boys' shirts, most often soft pinks and blues. Both Leslie Abramson (Erik's attorney) and Jill Lansing (Lyle's attorney)—the brothers have separate juries and counsel—play classic mother figures. Miss Abramson is the quintessential Yiddishe mamma, alternately strict and dotingly maternal. Sitting next to her client at the defense table, Miss Abramson often picks a stray piece of lint off Erik's

Mr. Goldman, an investigative journalist, is a former columnist for the Los Angeles Daily News. *His article "That Old Devil Music" was the cover story of* NR*'s Feb. 24, 1989, issue.*

ILLUSTRATION BY JEFF FISHER

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sweater or smooths his hair. Miss Lansing plays the gentle docent, sort of a combination hospital nurse and schoolmarm. There is a lot of touching between the women and the brothers; the attorneys often sit with their shoulders rubbing up against the boys or with their arms draped around them. Much of this is obviously for the juries' sake; nonetheless, one gets the sense that the women—particularly Miss Abramson (who calls the brothers "adorable")—truly care for their clients.

The prosecution has been openly derisive of the defense posture. Miss Bozanich referred to the trial as "a cheap version of divorce court," and compared Lyle Menendez's tearful recollections of child abuse to a "performance by Laurence Olivier which rapidly degenerated into Sylvester Stallone." The prosecution has chosen not to attempt to refute the abuse claims, instead focusing on the murders themselves, as well as the elaborate cover-up constructed by the brothers. Miss Bozanich characterizes the case as "an ordinary domestic murder with a bit of extra glitz." The motives, she says, are simple: hatred and greed.

But fascinating as the case is, there's something off-putting about the trial itself. It has the look of a bad TV movie. The brothers' testimony, despite its tearfulness, seems hollow. We all know that defendants are scripted to some degree, but in this case, one gets the sense that we're seeing not simply a script, but an artfully crafted melodrama. This is baffling—that is, until you learn about an unseen member of the Menendez defense team, a man named Paul Mones.

An attorney, Mones is the author of the best-selling book *When a Child Kills: Abused Children Who Kill Their Parents*. The book puts forth the theory that abused children are akin to victims of battered-women's syndrome, which, in some states, has been afforded the status of a legal defense in cases of murder. Mones clearly would like to see the Menendez case set a similar precedent for abused children. (It seems worth mentioning that at the time they killed their parents the brothers, aged 18 and 21, were legally adults.)

According to proponents of this defense—most of them from the feminist legal community—victims of battered-women's/battered-children's syndrome have been so badly damaged that they can no longer distinguish reality from fantasy. Thus their perception of "imminent danger"—which is necessary in order to plead self-defense—may be skewed. Victims of the "syndrome" (the use of the term *syndrome* is one of the many attempts to elevate it to the status of a biological disease) are said to suffer from PTSD (Post Traumatic Stress Disorder), which afflicts Vietnam vets and Holocaust survivors.

Mones's practice currently consists entirely of hiring himself out as a consultant on parricide cases. He has even come up with what he describes as "a comprehensive manual that guides other lawyers in preparing and trying their cases. Among other things the packet includes a protocol for identifying witnesses and readying them for testimony; suggestions for uncovering hidden clues of abuse; a 'how to' on picking the jury, and sample opening and closing arguments." Given the current popularity of charges of abuse, it has been a good move. Mones says he has more cases than he can handle. In the Menendez case—certainly his most noted to date—Mones has been in court almost every day. Some courtroom observers have noted that during the brothers' two weeks on the witness stand, Mones appeared to be guiding them through their testimony by the use of hand and facial signals.

". . . and do you, Muriel, promise you'll let Harold listen to Rush Limbaugh all he wants?"

Mones's book is a kind of combination true-crime, self-help book. Throughout, Mones portrays himself as a sort of Lone Ranger—a hero whose research has forced him to walk through "some of the most grotesque and dismal quarters of the human landscape" in the effort to rescue victimized children from the hideous misdeeds of their evil parents. In Mones's view, the murdered parent is responsible for his own death. Mones's condescending attitude toward "abusive" parents (what actually constitutes *abuse* is something he never bothers to tell us) is revealed when he states, "My first reaction to the dead parent is most often disdain and hatred. But as the facts unfold . . . my anger diminishes and is replaced by pity."

In Mones's version of reality, the act of murder itself is a healthy reaction to living in a "toxic" environment. In fact, he says, the murder of a parent often has a "strangely positive and therapeutic effect" on the child and serves as a "catalyst to return safety, balance, and rationality to the family process" (presuming that there are any family members left). Often, Mones notes cheerily, after the killings, these kids can go on to lead "healthy, normal" lives.

Mones's book includes no information as to how many of these youthful killers lie about having been abused (research indicates a high percentage of the tales are invented). Nor does Mones ever mention that in nine out of ten cases, the killers come up with elaborately designed cover-ups for the murders (one would think that if the killing had such a cathartic purpose they'd readily admit their acts). Nor does Mones ever bother to mention the survivors of the parental "holocaust"—the many children of abusive parents who *don't* kill their parents, but whose natural coping mechanisms enable them to lead normal lives.

Putting the Parents on Trial

ADHERING to Mones's advice, the Menendez defense team has succeeded in putting the dead parents on trial. With the constantly demagoguing Leslie Abramson at the helm, the attorneys have pulled no punches in portraying José Menendez as a tyrannical, sadistic deviant who used his sons as sex slaves, torturing them with toothbrushes (toothbrushes?!), pins, needles, and "Rambo knives." They've even managed to drop the suggestion that the father's alleged molestation was part of some sort of satanic ritual. The role as-

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signed to the mother, meanwhile, is that of a whacked-out, pill-popping co-conspirator.

What the defense lawyers hope, of course, is that by painting the parents in as horrific a fashion as possible, they will persuade the jury to ignore the letter of the law and in effect say, "They were such horrible people, they deserved to die." This time-honored legal tactic is known as "jury nullification."

In order to shore up this convenient bit of casting, the defense called in a parade of "experts," Doctors Ann Tyler, Ann Burgess, Stuart Hart, and Jon Conte. In over a week's worth of testimony that often had the jury snoozing, each of the smug, pontificating hired guns attested to his or her belief in the brothers' tales of abuse and a life of terrorization by their parents.

Some of the most disingenuous mo-

On the Other Side of the Tracks

ON THE face of it, a ceremony honoring people who work for peace, like the one at Englewood Technical Preparatory High School in Chicago, seems like a nice idea. The award ceremony was the finale to a five-day United In And For Peace summit. However, the "Nation Leaders" who were honored are more conventionally known as urban street-gang leaders, and the summit, endorsed by NAACP Executive Director Ben Chavis and attended by the Reverend Jesse Jackson and Nation of Islam leader Louis Farrakhan, was hosted by the mega-gang Gangster Disciples (GDs, which some now claim stands for Growth and Development).

Convention participants are part of the much-heralded "gang truce" movement. Chicago, like New York, Los Angeles, and Sarajevo, obviously needs a gang truce. But, although there have been more than 15 announced ceasefires, Chicago's gang-related homicide rate continues to rise.

The conference gave a clue as to why this should be so. As participants talked of creating peace in the inner city, there weren't many suggestions that they turn in their guns and stop drug-trafficking—although Prince Mukhtar Ali, a member of the Cleveland chapter of the Conservative Vice Lords, announced that members of his gang would no longer take guns into public schools. Topics of scheduled meetings included fostering unity between blacks and Latinos, combatting injustices in the courts and by police, and encouraging greater government "investment" in the inner cities. Summit-goers recommended that the Clinton Administration establish 500,000 jobs for at-risk youths, expand the national-service program, and establish a national commission of minority-group members to probe police-brutality reports. In a closed-door session, remarks by President Clinton were read to participants.

The daily news conferences, with some participants covering their faces with brightly colored bandannas as the cameras rolled, had two running themes: black men taking a stand for peace in their community and then blaming outsiders and *agents provocateurs* for problems such as drugs and crime. Several speakers adamantly denied any gang responsibility for the distribution of drugs in the black community. When reporters tried to interview some Crips, they were admonished not to ask insulting questions about drug-trafficking profits and drive-by shootings. The press obliged.

Attendance, at about 150, was a fraction of the thousands projected (invited Latino gangs flatly refused to come). While most wore black leather, gang leaders whose appellation of choice proclaimed their royal status preferred African-inspired dress. Prince Asiel Ben Israel of the Black Hebrew Israelites cut a particularly dashing figure in floor-length robes.

The award ceremony at Englewood High honored local gang leaders for their "peace" work. Recipients of the peace prize included Chairman Larry Hoover of the GDs, Willie Lloyd of the Unknown Vice Lords, and leaders of the Four Corner Hustlers, Black Disciples, and Conservative Vice Lords. Unfortunately, none of the honorees was able to make the ceremony. Their reasons for sending regrets included prison, which is a credible excuse (Chairman Hoover is serving time for murder), and fear of assassination attempts, which is not so credible since it is a part of doing business.

Board of Education President D. Sharon Grant, hounded by the press about the use of school property for the assembly, talked tough about a possible investigation. The investigation was brought to a hasty close when the school principal, Warner Birts, claimed no prior knowledge of gang involvement in the assembly.

In fact, the awards ceremony was not the first official contact between gangs and Englewood's administration. The school has used volunteers from the Gangster Disciples and its rival Black Disciples to counsel students and keep the peace. Other gang members are used to supervise afternoon dismissal time. Assistant principal Nehemiah Russell wrote to the state parole board to encourage Hoover's early release (the parole board refused), on the grounds that Hoover had been an "invaluable asset" to the school.

Mayor Richard Daley, breaking with politicians too nervous to criticize the summit, called it "crazy," warning that delicate school-finance negotiations with Illinois legislators could be jeopardized by the perception that Chicago public schools are cozy with the gangs. Whether the summit will adversely affect school finance or positively influence gang crime remains to be seen. But summit organizers hope it will give them a springboard to greater political power. "Gator" Bradley, the GDs' "enforcer," whose credentials include four years in prison for armed robbery, hopes to run for the city council. He says he learned a lot during the five-day conference. "What I found out is I can become just as great as Kennedy, I can become just as great as Mayor Daley, I can become as great as Clinton and Gore," he says. —ARLYNN LEIBER PRESSER

Mrs. Presser is a freelance writer and parent in Chicago.

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Explosive Book Reveals Truth About "Slick Willie" Clinton

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ments in the brothers' testimony seem to reflect Mones's influence. At one point, Erik Menendez actually likened himself to a concentration-camp victim. In this case, however, the concentration camp was a $5-million Beverly Hills mansion, complete with tennis courts, coaches, maids, and an unlimited supply of cash and credit cards. This concentration camp had no locks on its gates, no armed guards. Though Mones derides the oft-asked question about children who kill their parents—"Why didn't they just leave home?"—as a "knee-jerk" reaction, that question remains to be answered.

In the cosmology of the self-help movement, all human failure stems from our lack of ability to love ourselves; the worst thing a person can have is a bad case of low self-esteem. In the Menendez family, where approval was rarely forthcoming from the boys' perfectionist father, self-esteem was difficult to maintain. In the end, though, the brothers seem to feel they would have gotten the approval they sought all their lives. Lyle Menendez (who, only days after he'd blown his parents to smithereens, gave a moving, thirty-minute eulogy testifying to what a great man his father was) stated in court, "I think my father would have been proud of me [for murdering him]." When the stupefied prosecutor asked if he really meant that, Lyle answered unblinkingly that he believed his father would have admired the fact that he had finally stood up to him (not to mention that he'd done it in such a convincing fashion).

But the most dumbfounding testimony came from Erik, who ultimately confessed the murders to his therapist, Jerome Oziel, and later to his friend Craig Cignarelli. When asked why he had confessed, Erik, who admitted he was wracked with guilt after the murders, said, "I needed someone to tell me that I was really a good person." If guilt is indeed a response to our God-given knowledge of right and wrong, good and evil, then this statement is particularly repugnant. The young man who had just blown away his parents wanted to be told, "I'm OK, you're OK."

Whether the Menendez brothers go to prison (it seems unlikely that they will receive the death penalty) or whether they return to their Beverly Hills mansion and their tennis courts, they must live forever with the fact of their evil deed. But in a world where morality is dictated by therapists rather than God, where evil is discounted as myth, where *feeling good* is the end-all and be-all, they can be comforted by the thought that murdering an "abusive" parent is not only permissible—it's *healthy*.

Increasingly, this cut-price nihilism pervades the moral climate of modern America—its schoolrooms, law offices, television studios, welfare offices, mainline liberal churches and temples, and wherever two or three Ivy League PhDs are gathered together in Freud's name. We have known for some time that this climate produced ghetto kids who would kill for a sneaker; we now know that it also shapes rich kids who will kill for a swimming pool, two tennis courts, and a Porsche.

For believers in this cheap, ersatz ethical system, remorse has been replaced by self-pity and self-righteousness, truth has been traded for moral relativism, and the only thing one can ever be guilty of is bad judgment. Of all the ugliness we've had to witness in the Menendez case, this fact is perhaps the most shameful. □

Pacific Summitry

BIG THUNDER, LITTLE RAIN

NAFTA isn't the only game in town; but can the Clintonites do any better with the Pacific Rim?

FRANKLIN L. LAVIN

FORGET Helsinki or Geneva—the most important summit of the Clinton Presidency will take place in Seattle starting November 16. President Clinton will use this port city as the venue for a summit meeting of the 15 Asia Pacific Economic Cooperation (APEC) nations. The importance of such a get-together appears self-evident: APEC (including the United States) has a combined GNP greater than that of the G-7, and armies larger than NATO's. Moreover, if, as is often said, we are moving toward "the Pacific century," APEC offers the best forum for defining that term in a way that is consistent with American interests. The economic issues APEC deals with make the summit a natural arena for the United States, which has by far the largest economy in the Pacific. And unlike some of the thornier political issues in the region, trade issues find most of the APEC countries taking the same general approach, seeking greater openness, "transparency" (the codification and public dissemination of a country's trade rules), and the elimination of non-tariff barriers.

Not that anyone expects it to be easy. APEC was formed only four years ago, and there are bound to be strains within a group so young and diverse. Besides the U.S., APEC comprises Canada, Japan, South Korea, the "three Chinas" (the PRC, Taiwan, and Hong Kong), Australia, New Zealand, and the six countries of the Association of South East Asian Nations or ASEAN (Brunei, Indonesia, Malaysia, the Philippines, Singapore, and Thailand).

The need for an organization such as APEC arose only recently. Two decades ago, China did not participate in international trade, the ASEAN econo-

Mr. Lavin is an Adjunct Fellow at the Center for Strategic and International Studies. From 1991 to 1993 he served as Deputy Assistant Secretary for East Asia and the Pacific at the U.S. Department of Commerce, where he worked on APEC matters.

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mies were inconsequential, and even the Four Tigers had not yet established themselves. APEC remains the only significant organization to which the People's Republic of China and Taiwan both belong, and their participation in APEC helped set the stage for their bilateral talks in Singapore earlier this year.

Ten APEC "Working Groups" were established to tackle technical issues. Some have shown promise, particularly in standardizing customs procedures. A headquarters with a small staff has been established in Singapore. An "Eminent Persons Group" was formed to allow the informal exploration of policy options for APEC. With the organizational structure of APEC in place, the decks are now cleared for more rapid movement.

Yet the Clinton Administration has apparently not formulated a policy on how to deal with this organization. Will President Clinton use this summit to lead on trade and foreign policy in the region, or will the gathering in Seattle be a glorified photo opportunity? Although some of the Administration's speeches have been heartening, concrete proposals have not yet materialized. As the Chinese say, "*Da lei, xiao yu.*"—"Big thunder, little rain." This fits the Clinton Administration's foreign-policy pattern: 1) well-intentioned pronouncements with little follow-through, leaving allies as well as potential adversaries unclear as to how they should respond; 2) an emphasis on consensus at the expense of leadership, and style at the expense of substance.

Mr. Clinton's Slow Start

THE FIRST problem APEC faced in the United States was the domestic political calendar. The U.S. assumed the chairmanship of APEC, which rotates annually, just as President Bush gave way to President Clinton. This was disruptive in itself, but was compounded by the Clinton Administration's lag in filling its foreign-policy positions. (Six months after Mr. Clinton took office, 6 of the 14 U.S. embassies in APEC countries were without ambassadors.) Further, Clinton came into office pledging to devote more attention to domestic issues, signaling a reduced emphasis on foreign policy.

The Administration is now rising to the task of hosting the summit. Trade Representative Mickey Kantor has appointed an Assistant Trade Representative for the sole purpose of dealing with APEC. Nonetheless, a good half of the year of U.S. chairmanship has been lost.

There is a second, more fundamental problem in coming to terms with APEC: there is no consensus in our foreign-policy establishment as to the organization's desirability or utility.

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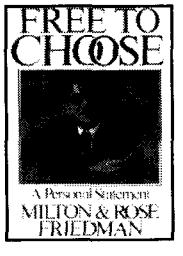

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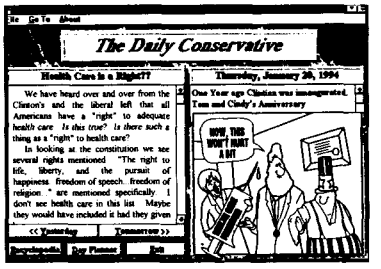

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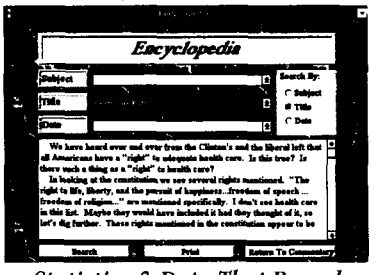

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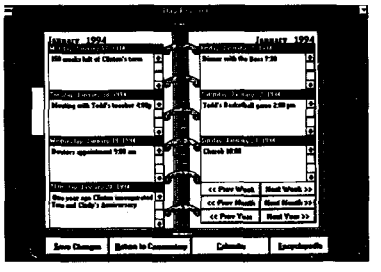

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There are several reasons for skepticism about APEC. The first is general skepticism about international organizations. These have proved to be successful only if there is an underlying policy goal shared by the member nations. Thus, NATO and ANZUS were highly successful during the Cold War because there was a high convergence of interests among their members. Conversely, the Organization of American States, the Organization of African Unity, and the Confederation of Independent States are much less successful entities because they are based primarily on geography. Indeed, even the most well-established regional group, the European Community, has become increasingly subject to questions about its role as the Cold War rationale for its existence has faded. Simply put, it remains unclear if the basis for APEC—geographic proximity and a professed desire for trade liberalization—is sufficient for an international organization. Will APEC make decisions that have consequences, or will it simply be an opportunity for international bureaucrats—"Asiacrats"—to meet with their counterparts? The jury is out.

The American who this year serves as Director of APEC recently stated, in remarks apparently not intended to be ironic, ". . . I have found a remarkable degree of unanimity among the member economies about the benefits of APEC to the region. *Differences focus solely upon the pace of change and the ultimate goals.*" (Emphasis added.) I see. We don't agree on what APEC should do or how it should do it, but we like the meetings. This creatively elastic definition of success could lend itself to other areas of foreign policy as well. For example, Bill Clinton and General Aidid both see benefits in the UN's Somalia activities. Differences focus solely on the pace of change and the ultimate goals.

Because of the enormous diversity among APEC membership, it is difficult to arrive at agreement on almost any issue of consequence. APEC includes the country with the least transparent trade regime in the world (China), the countries with the most intricate non-tariff barriers in the world (Japan and Korea), three of the most open countries in the world (New Zealand, Hong Kong, and Singapore), and the two largest economies not in GATT (China again, and Taiwan). If part of the idea of APEC is that with only 15 members it will be able to arrive at decisions more rapidly than GATT with its 111 members, one could hardly have picked a more cumbersome group with which to work.

Nonetheless, there are reasons for the U.S. to support APEC. First, we would be foolish to let a Pacific body move forward without our participation. By default, this would consign the U.S. to a secondary role and allow Japan to exert regional economic leadership.

Then there is GATT. If APEC started to move on some of its proposals to liberalize trade, pressure could mount on the more recalcitrant GATT parties such as France.

Finally, whatever happens to NAFTA, and therefore to trade within the Western Hemisphere, Asia will remain of enormous importance to us. As Secretary of State Warren Christopher noted during his recent trip to Singapore, the United States' trade across the Pacific is now more than 50 per cent greater than its trade across the Atlantic, and three times its trade with Latin America.

"Gosh, folks, I just don't know what to recommend. Everything is just so yummy."

Making the Most of It

AS THE U.S. moved to assume APEC's leadership at the end of 1992, George Bush's secretary of state, Lawrence Eagleburger, proposed some more ambitious steps for APEC, which up until then had concentrated on everyday matters such as data collection and standardization of customs forms. Most of the Eagleburger proposals were for procedural reforms: an investment agreement, an administrative code of conduct, an intellectual-property-rights agreement, a customs-cooperation treaty, and a dispute-settlement mechanism. Beyond these mechanical reforms, however, Eagleburger also suggested two policy moves: an open-skies agreement in civil aviation and trade liberalization in particular goods and service sectors.

Although President Clinton has talked about a "new Pacific Community" and suggested NAFTA as a possible model for trade agreements in the Pacific, his Administration has largely abandoned the initiatives put forward by Eagleburger. Clinton is moving ahead only with a Trade and Investment Framework (TIF) to standardize investment practices. While a useful device for protecting foreign investment, the TIF is essentially only one of Eagleburger's seven original proposals, an unambitious policy agenda.

Nor is the format of the summit particularly promising. It was during his Tokyo trip that Mr. Clinton announced that he would upgrade the November meeting from one traditionally attended by foreign ministers and trade ministers to a head-of-government summit, or, as the Administration prefers to call it, a "Leaders' Meeting." (The Administration eschews the conventional "head-of-government-summit" terminology because Taiwan is not recognized as a government and because "summit" implies formal decision-making meetings rather than informal open-ended discussion. But while shoot-the-breeze brainstorming is certainly a Clintonesque method of tackling an issue—it works fine at Renaissance weekend retreats—Asian leaders tend to prefer a set agenda and a methodical review of issues. The leadership of the People's Republic of China, for example, is not known for its spontaneity and creativity in discussion.)

Some applaud the idea of this Leaders' Meeting as a way of focusing attention on APEC and the region, but there is a risk in upgrading the participation. If the importance of the participation is not matched by the importance of the initiatives, Mr. Clinton runs the risk of trivializing the meeting. Leaders will have gathered, but for what? The Leaders' Meeting could

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be the international equivalent of the tree falling in the forest with no one to hear it.

Moving Ahead

WE CAN anticipate five developments at the Seattle Summit. First, President Clinton will meet with Chinese leaders, and our bilateral relationship will be re-established. (How will Chinese President Jiang Zemin note the irony of being toasted by the man who criticized his predecessor for so toasting him? Silently, no doubt.) Second, a regional Trade and Investment Framework will probably be adopted. Third, the Eminent Persons Group will put forward their ideas. Fourth, Mexico, Papua New Guinea, and Chile will be considered for membership (so it might not be until the year 2011 that the U.S. assumes the chairmanship again). Finally, the Leaders' Meeting will take place, and David Gergen will declare the summit a success, *à la* Tokyo, on the basis of meetings held rather than on the basis of progress achieved.

It is probably too late for a more ambitious agenda to be adopted in Seattle, but it is not too late for a more ambitious agenda to be proposed. In this sense, the Clinton Administration has it within its power to make the summit a success.

First, Mr. Clinton needs to embrace the L-word: leadership. APEC needs dynamic American participation. Why should the U.S. settle for one or two initiatives when its chairmanship is so short? The U.S. should put all of Eagleburger's ideas on the table, and perhaps even more. These reforms represent substantive progress and are highly feasible, even in the short run.

The second necessary element for progress is for APEC to move away from requiring rigid unanimity before a decision can be made. As a new institution, APEC has properly emphasized developing a consensus among members. But consensus must not become the enemy of progress. The State Department notes proudly that every APEC member has one vote; apparently every APEC member also has one veto. For perfectly legitimate reasons, countries are not always prepared to move at the same speed on trade and economic issues. Some have

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Nika Hazleton, *NATIONAL REVIEW*, Jan 22, 1990
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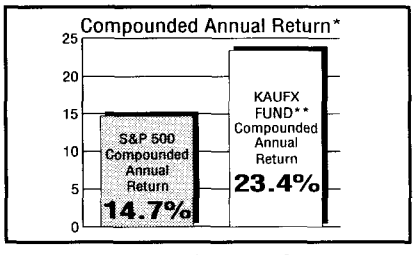

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a nationalistic political leadership. Some fear U.S. "dominance" of their economy. All—even while professing a desire to liberalize their trade regime—have problems grappling with the economic dislocation which would be caused by liberalization.

APEC needs a mechanism which would allow any two or more APEC members to undertake any economic liberalization they choose. APEC would establish the procedures and the timetable for liberalization—the template, if you will—and each country would decide for itself its degree of participation. All countries would have an equal opportunity to participate. If a country decided not to participate in a particular arrangement, that could not be held against it. Similarly, no country could be blocked from participating in any arrangement. Asian free trade, as conservatives have suggested for European monetary union, would proceed by a "variable geometry."

The alternative—the general call for a regional free-trade area that the Eminent Persons Group is expected to issue—is the equivalent of Congress calling for a balanced budget. Determining that a policy is desirable is not the same as taking steps to adopt that policy. In fact, stating that trade liberalization should be adopted by all APEC countries in lock-step guarantees it won't happen.

In order to make the summit a success, the U.S. needs to do more than state abstractly that Asian free trade is good. The Clinton Administration needs to start taking concrete steps to that end, with whichever other APEC members are in agreement. The big thunder is fine, but let's go for the big rain as well. □

The NAFTA Debate

TRADING BLOWS

Many proponents say President Salinas needs NAFTA. Maybe President Clinton needs it more.

CARLOS BALL

NOT KNOWING whether to laugh or cry, Latin America follows the NAFTA comedy of errors with its huge cast of players. There are, of course, the traditional enemies of free trade: labor leaders struggling for the survival of trade unions, and the "fair trade, anti-dumping" crowd of Rustbelt industrialists fearful of foreign competition. There are also various odd-balls in patriotic guise: WASPs scared to death of café-au-lait hordes invading the country; born-again populists fueling fears through 20-second television spots. But these have been joined by new and more subtle opponents of free trade, some of whom support NAFTA in order to hobble it with regulatory strings. Of these the new "green" socialists determined to keep Latin America as their own playground of pre–Industrial Revolution purity are the most influential.

It is difficult to explain to Latin Americans how the United States can be so nervous of free markets, immediately after American capitalism's victory over Soviet socialism. But if there is one person responsible for NAFTA's troubles, it is President Clinton. He arrived in Washington playing politics and trying to please everyone by negotiating side agreements, but ended up pleasing no one and doing lasting harm to U.S. relations with Latin America—especially, to the champions of free markets, the rule of law, and property rights in Mexico and the rest of our hemisphere.

His ineffectual position on NAFTA has an ideological basis. Industrial policy, regulations, and wealth redistribution are much more difficult under free trade because, as the economy becomes less efficient, foreign products and services gain the upper hand; and the people bear the full cost of those policies in unemployment when capital moves toward lower-cost economies. As the Canadian economic professor Jean-Luc Migué has recently written, "it is the ability to restrict international movements of factors and goods which enables government to engage in costly redistributive policies. . . . A free-trade agreement . . . curtails the ability of government to spread special favors against the will of the people, while enhancing the incentives to make efficient decisions."

Level Playing Field?

THE Clintonistas' idea of copying European "harmonization" policies via NAFTA's side agreements—or, as they say in Washington, "leveling the playing field"—is an attempt to override this economic logic. Their goal is for trading partners to pursue identical regulatory rules, especially on working conditions and environmental standards. In the EEC, this is paradoxically welcomed by the poorer nations, since the more inefficient they become, the greater the subsidies flowing in from Brussels. But since there is no way that American taxpayers will subsidize Mexican "harmonization," beyond paying a bigger share of border clean-up costs, Mr. Clinton's impositions raise the cost of doing business in Mexico and so act as a tariff benefiting U.S. special interests.

Hence the United States is becoming a grossly unreliable business associate. Who ever heard of someone buying a car, signing on the dotted line, and then, before writing the check, insisting on going over the service-department procedures for disposal of used engine oil or demanding to see the dealership books to make sure that the cute girl cleaning the showroom is getting the legal minimum wage? Trade agreements among free nations should be concerned with the interchange of goods and services. We Latin Americans resent the new type of American imperialism, which uses its economic might to impose its own environmental religion and labor

Mr. Ball is a Venezuelan journalist, former editor-in-chief of El Diario de Caracas, *and president of Agencia Interamericana de Prensa Económica.*

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standards on poorer nations. If the object is to erase all competitive advantages between countries and to avoid the broadening of choices to consumers, the whole purpose of international trade is summarily destroyed.

If nineteenth-century Britain had imposed Fabian socialism on its former North American colonies as a condition of sending over the capital to build the railroads and many early industries, the development of the United States would have been closer to that of Brazil. Today, just as the Social Charter has played havoc with the economies of less advanced members of the EC, like Spain (which is suffering from a 22 per cent unemployment rate), there is no way that Latin America can grow quickly enough to employ and feed its population if burdened with U.S. labor and environmental regulations.

We see the same protectionist impulses in other areas of the world and other aspects of human life. The Europeans, burdened with a horribly expensive and inefficient welfare state, are shutting their borders to Latin American bananas, East European manufactured goods, and immigrants from everywhere. The celebration of the fall of the Berlin Wall was rather short. The new wall is pointing the other way, to keep East European goods and people, as well as nonwhites, from the European center of high civilization and culture.

In the United States Chinese marine gangsters and Mexican "coyotes" profit from the illegal transportation of human beings willing to pay $500 to travel a hundred miles of Western desert or $30,000 for an ocean trip halfway around the world. But just as DEA officers have made multi-billionaires of Medellín thugs, INS officers are working hard to do the same for the new Chinese Mafia.

Somehow the world under Pax Britannica (from 1815 to 1914—Waterloo to Sarajevo), when people could travel around the world without passports or visas (excepting in autocratic Russia and Turkey) and settle wherever they pleased seems a much more civilized world than that under Pax Americana. It was only when our civilization fell under the hand of social-engineering bureaucrats, after the First World War, that human beings became numbered cattle to border guards. Not coincidentally, world trade as a propor-

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tion of world GNP only recently returned to its pre–World War I level.

This problem is directly related to the growth of government and the imposition of the welfare state in the more "advanced" regions. Californians, who annually underwrite $1 billion worth of health services for illegal aliens, cannot help hating these people. Probably many individual Californians would gladly give help themselves, but when government takes over, institutionalizing welfare and corrupting its beneficiaries, the citizen deeply resents paying high taxes for social programs. As Tim Ferguson wrote in the *Wall Street Journal*: "In California, in particular, Mexican immigration has exploded as a gripe, and NAFTA's fate may ride on how it is seen in that context."

The majority of Texans, including the state's Democratic governor, favor NAFTA. Not coincidentally, Texas has far fewer problems with immigration because of much lower state welfare benefits, proving that the problem is not with brown men, goods, and services, but with plain bad government policies. A respected Texan, Treasury Secretary Bentsen, would have been the ideal man to blow the NAFTA bugle of free trade, but he has been completely absorbed with the Clinton budget and will soon be buried under the heavier task of selling Mrs. Clinton's health plan.

Look East

SINCE THE West is shutting its doors and abandoning free markets, perhaps Latin America had better start looking to the Far East and Central Europe as future trade partners. If Latin America unilaterally dismantles its own trade barriers and forcefully supports economic stability through property rights and the rule of law, billions of dollars in new investments will flow into the area. For capital carries no passport, and it is increasingly unhappy with American and European controls, regulations, and sky-high taxation. Latin Americans, meanwhile, are rapidly moving away from the "correct" thoughts imposed by the old *nomenklatura*, which was a mixture of socialist politicians and intellectuals together with mercantilist unions and businessmen. (Sound familiar?)

Even with its side agreements, NAFTA's extension of free trade makes it a net benefit on both sides of the Rio Grande. If it passes, the likely result will be three nations rich enough to sustain even Mr. Clinton's regulatory mania. If NAFTA fails, however, the result could be more interesting: competition between a U.S. burdened by ever-increasing regulation and a Mexico enlivened by ever-increasing economic liberty. No prizes for guessing the winner. □

Income Statistics

POOR ACCOUNTING

. . . and the poor get poorer? Sure, if you leave out half their income.

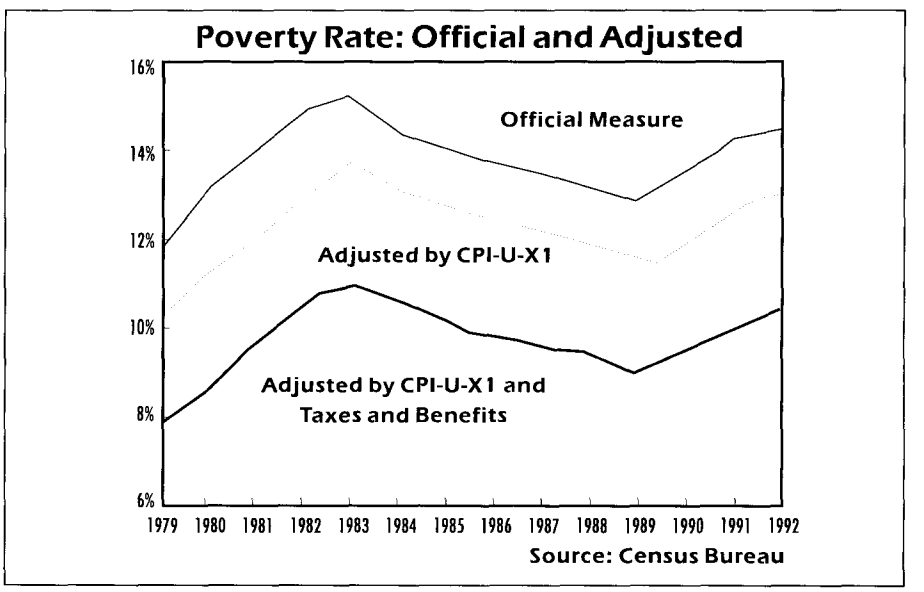
BRUCE BARTLETT

RECENTLY, the U.S. Census Bureau released its latest estimate of poverty in the United States, indicating that 14.5 per cent of the U.S. population, some 37 million people, lived in poverty in 1992. In the years such data have been kept, the poverty rate has been as high as 22.4 per cent in 1959 and as low as 11.1 per cent in 1973. Since 1980, the poverty rate has hovered around 14 per cent, moving only slightly in either direction.

Looking at such data, it is easy to conclude that we as a nation are not doing much, if anything, about poverty. In truth, we are doing a great deal, but by definition virtually all of our efforts are excluded from the data. This is because poverty is measured exclusively on the basis of pre-tax money income, excluding capital gains. (Members of the Forbes 400 could technically qualify as poor if they chose to draw 100 per cent of their income in the form of capital gains or simply borrowed against assets rather than draw a salary or receive interest or dividends.)

More significantly, the data exclude a large share of the government's efforts to alleviate poverty; the Census Bureau counts only cash grants, and not such in-kind benefits as Medicare, Medicaid, food stamps, school lunches, and rent subsidies. Including these items reduces the poverty rate from 14.5 per cent to 11.7 per cent.

Another important factor inflating the poverty rate is the mismeasure-



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ment of inflation during the 1970s because of the way housing was treated in the index. Instead of measuring changes in the rental value of housing, the index assumed that people bought a new house every month. In 1979, the Bureau of Labor Statistics fixed the CPI to measure housing costs more accurately, by switching to a rental-equivalent measure. However, previous years' measures of inflation were not revised accordingly.

Although the Census Bureau has not altered the official definition of poverty (the poverty threshold varies according to family size and age; in 1992 it was $14,335 for a family of four), it has calculated what the effect on the poverty rate would be if inflation had been correctly measured all along. It did this by constructing an alternative inflation index, called CPI-U-X1, which conforms to the current

Mr. Bartlett is a senior fellow at the Alexis de Tocqueville Institution in Arlington, Virginia. He was deputy assistant secretary of the Treasury for economic policy during the Reagan and Bush Administrations.

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measure, and using it to adjust poverty thresholds back to 1968. The outcome of this adjustment is to push about 3.6 million people out of the artificial poverty category and to lower the poverty rate from 14.5 per cent to 13.1 per cent. The inclusion of in-kind benefits would lower the rate further, to 10.3 per cent. (See graph, p. 54.)

The point of this is not to belittle the plight of those with low incomes, but to demonstrate that all measures of poverty are essentially arbitrary and subject to conceptual error and measurement error. Reducing the economic status of the poor to a single measure, the poverty rate, is an extremely superficial way of looking at the problem of poverty.

The same may be said of income distribution in general, which is often reduced to a single measure, the Gini index. The higher the Gini index, the greater the inequality of income distribution. In 1992 the Gini index stood at .425.

Unfortunately, many of the same problems which plague the definition of poverty also distort the measurement of income distribution. In particular, the distribution of income is based solely on money income and, most importantly, excludes all taxes. The table shows the important effect that the inclusion of taxes and in-kind government benefits has on the distribution of income.

SHARES OF TOTAL INCOME BY QUINTILE, 1992

Quintile	Standard Measure	Adjusted Measure*	Difference
Lowest	3.8	4.9	+28.9%
Second	9.4	11.0	+17.0%
Third	15.9	16.7	+5.0%
Fourth	24.1	24.0	–0.4%
Highest	46.8	43.3	–7.5%

* Includes in-kind government benefits and taxes.

Source: U.S. Bureau of the Census, Report No. P60-186RD, table B.

The impact of the adjustments is to lower the Gini index from .425 to .380, a significant reduction in income inequality. The result of relying on one standard measure of inequality is to make income appear much more unequal than it actually is, increasing pressure on Congress for punitive taxation of the rich and more benefits for the poor, which, ironically, will have no effect on the income-distribution statistics because all taxes and most government benefits are excluded from the definition of income. Thus no matter how much we raise taxes on the rich it will not lead to greater income equality unless it discourages them from earning income; the taxes themselves have no effect at all on the standard measure of inequality.

The well-being of the American people cannot be summarized in a few statistics, however well computed. Unfortunately, some of those that we rely on most heavily—the poverty rate, the Gini index—are conceptually flawed because they exclude the vast bulk of the government's redistributive efforts. They make us feel worse off than we really are and encourage government policies that may make matters worse. At a minimum, policymakers should be aware of these problems and at least take into account broader, more conceptually sound measures of income and poverty, which are easily available. □

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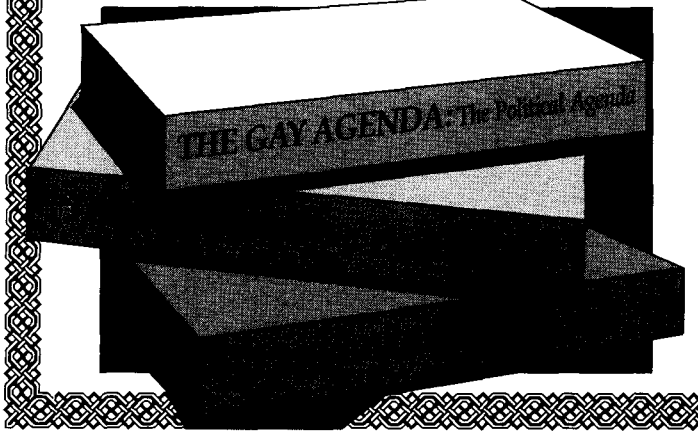

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Inside the Bush White House

GNOMISH GNOSTICS MEET SKULL & BONES

What happens when top White House advisors think they're smarter than everyone else? November 1992.

JOHN PODHORETZ

WASHINGTON is a city that produces nothing but information. And information is treated as though it were a rare and precious jewel because there is never enough of it to go around. The key to a culture based on information is that the act of hoarding it becomes second nature. Not only second nature: it has become the basis of a bureaucratic religion. And the acknowledged high priest of that religion in the Bush years was Richard Darman, director of the Office of Management and Budget.

Darman cut a fascinating figure. His greying hair was always dishevelled, as befit a man who was his own barber—a fact he never failed to mention to reporters who wrote profiles of him, since it made him seem without vanity. But on an afternoon one week before he and everybody else were to be sent packing from the White House for good, what was most interesting was his trousers, which were easily two inches too tight around the waist. He wore his pants without a belt, and they folded in on themselves at his midsection. The last four years had not done wonders for his figure.

He was complaining about the industry that was cropping up in the wake of the Bush defeat, an industry whose sole purpose was the assassination of his character. The two White House aides with whom he had feuded most publicly, Deputy Assistants to the President Charles Kolb and James Pinkerton, were both writing books, he had heard, and he knew they were going to make it sound as though he were personally responsible for the presidential defeat.

But what, he wondered aloud, could two relatively lowly members of the senior staff have to say about the Administration that could possibly be of any interest? "They didn't know anything. They weren't one of the five people in the meetings. They weren't even one of the twenty-five. They have no idea what went on." He paused. "Which, I guess, is part of their point, that they were kept out of the loop. But still, they just have no clue."

What Darman was saying was this: Only Administration insiders would ever really know the truth—the reasons things happened the way they happened. Which meant that anyone not "in the loop" was not competent to judge the decisions that emanated from inside "the loop."

Darman's dismissal of his critics was holy writ from the altar of his, and Bush-era Washington's, true religion: Gnomish Gnosticism.

The Covert Government

THE ORIGINAL Gnostics were early Christians who believed there was a hidden meaning to the words of Jesus only they could decipher by mystical knowledge with which only they had been endowed by God. That particular band of Gnostics was branded heretical and died out, but the intellectual perversity they represented has survived well into the twentieth century and flourishes in Washington today.

The Gnomish Gnostics are gnomish both physically (for some reason Gnomish Gnostics tend to be stout and often short) and intellectually (since they affect a worldly wit that is at once seductive and condescending). The gospel of the Gnomish Gnostics holds that the public statements, public decisions, and public actions of politicians are at best meaningless and at worst deliberately misleading. The truth is known only to those who know the secret codes and are in possession of the truth that is kept veiled by those with the power.

The ultimate triumph of the Gnomish Gnostics was the 1990 budget deal, reached with Congress after five months of secret negotiations at Andrews Air Force Base. The budget deal was set before a stunned political world by its designers with the simple presumption that the nation would have no choice but to accept the purification ritual of higher taxes and fewer services the Gnostics had, in all their wisdom, devised.

It was the budget deal that focused the wrath of Republican Washington on Richard Darman. Its details were a matter of public knowledge; its passage either had no positive effect on the nascent recession or in fact caused the economy to remain in the doldrums for two years; and everybody in America knew that Bush had broken his no-new-taxes pledge to sign it. And still, two years later, Darman was completely convinced that Kolb and Pinkerton could have nothing intelligent to say about it because *they weren't in the loop.*

Darman was right; his critics weren't in the loop. They were not privy to the private discussions of the White House brain trust—a group that never numbered more than ten people. That means ten people were doing and deciding and managing *everything* in the White House's purview. Especially in the two and a half years of John Sununu's stewardship as chief of staff, and Jim Baker's five months, White House staffers merely carried out policies made without their participation and often in contradiction to the publicly stated goals of the Administration as delineated in the campaign many of them had worked on. When aides like Pinkerton and Kolb made uncertain attempts to insert themselves into the policy-making process, they were told in no uncertain terms to get out.

This article is excerpted from Mr. Podhoretz's new book, Hell of a Ride. *©1993 by John Podhoretz. Reprinted by permission of Simon & Schuster, Inc.*

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Never before had the loop mattered quite so much.

Darman found a fellow Gnomish Gnostic in John Sununu. They were managers of the world as it was, not as they believed it should be—empiricists, not ideologues. Sununu constantly used the terminology of his engineering background to describe his view of politics. And Darman brought to the team an encyclopedic knowledge of the machinery of the executive branch.

Gnomish Gnostics make a politician a no-lose offer: They promise him he can cut lots of deals—a pol's favorite activity—and stand tough and firm all at the same time. This was how Darman and Sununu sold Bush on the 1990 budget pact, which traded tax increases for a restructuring of the way the government spends its money. They told Bush the deal would protect defense spending from liberals lasciviously eyeing Pentagon riches at the end of the Cold War and compel them to offset every dollar in new spending with a dollar in spending cuts.

It was a seductive pitch: The tax increase will sting for a little while but it's basically a gimme because we've gotten an amazing deal out of Congress. Total control over spending! A revolution in the way government spends money! It's beautiful! No more runaway spending, no more threats to the defense budget, no more raiding of the Treasury!

In other words: It may look like you lost, but actually you won! A remarkable piece of Gnomish Gnostic logic, and too clever by half. Because, actually, the Bush White House lost and lost big. Not only was the violation of the no-new-taxes pledge a political catastrophe, but the deal's benefits proved illusory. The deficit would not be cut in half in five years, as Darman promised; there was never the slightest chance that increased revenues from taxes would be met with significant cuts in spending. Congress doesn't work that way. Congressmen, unlike Gnomish Gnostics, have to face the voters rather frequently, and what they do is say, "Look how much I got for you!"

Reaganites often made the mistake of believing the ideologically illiterate mainstream press's portrayal of Sununu as a member of the party's hard Right. In fact, he was a technocratic policy wonk with a bias toward free enterprise. About one issue he was staunch: a devout Catholic, Sununu was theologically opposed to abortion. Even so, when he had his chance to lead the country against *Roe* v. *Wade* at the time the Administration was able to fill a seat on the Supreme Court, he and Senator Warren Rudman cooked up a scheme to appoint fellow Granite State nobody David Souter, whose chief virtue aside from loyalty to his mother was his complete lack of an opinion on the issue.

Souter was a gimmick, an engineer's clever shortcut solution to a political tangle. And like most gimmicks, it only worked for a little while. Souter turned out to be a supporter of the abortion status quo when push came to shove: he ruled in favor of *Roe* v. *Wade* in 1992 and consistently ruled against the Administration in pursuit of his standing as a member of the Court's "middle." White House Counsel Boyden Gray had wanted Edith Jones, a more controversial Texas judge who might not have made it onto the Court—an interesting question, in the light of the Anita Hill hearings—but whose selection would have demonstrated fealty to a set of principles and kept a sizable segment of the Administration's constituency happy. No matter. Sununu had found his brilliant gimmick. And he had long since eliminated Gray—who was in charge of Administration judicial selection—from the loop even on a matter as central to the legal issues facing the White House as the Supreme Court.

From its most junior levels to its most senior, the White House staff in the Sununu years served only as logistical support for the Sununu–Darman loop. Wags said that Sununu's preferred title would be governor of the United States, and Darman's, director of the United States.

Every Administration needs a Sununu or a Darman. But when you have *only* Sununu and Darman, when the bean counters and technocrats are allowed to run the White House by Gnomish Gnostic principles, the extraordinary limitations of their vision and their stunning ignorance of the basic rules of political life will inevitably take their toll.

'Danny Won't Like That'

THE domestic-policy loop was concerned with one thing and one thing only: how to deal with Congress. Indeed, probably no other White House has ever been quite as obsessed with Congress, not even Lyndon Johnson's.

The Bush White House, all four years of it, mistakenly believed that its primary job was to work with or work against Congress—not to lead Congress, but to enter into partnership with Congress. "I don't think about the word 'mandate,'" Bush said at his first press conference as President-elect. "I want to work with Congress to determine the will of the people."

Wrong. As one of the two nationally elected officials (the other is the Vice President) the President is the person

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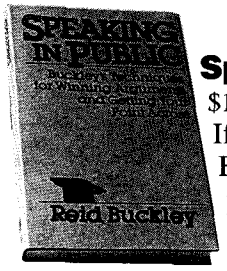

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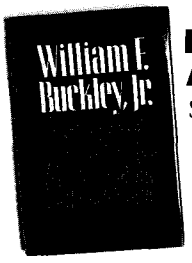

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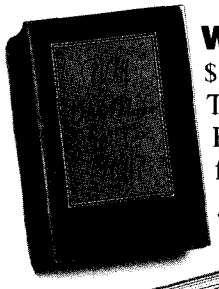

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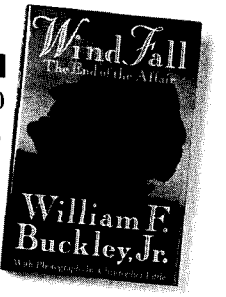

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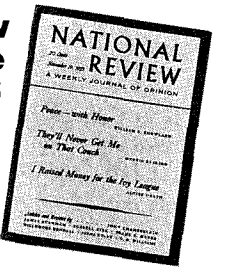

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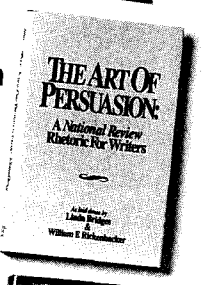

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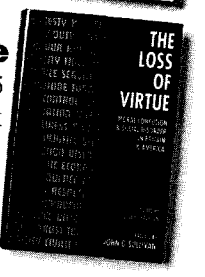

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in Washington best equipped to judge "the will of the people." He does that by using the office to conduct an ongoing conversation with the American people to which no other politician is invited—stirring speeches, symbolic public appearances, and leaks that reveal the supposedly "private" passions of the President. The Reaganites called this "going over the heads of the establishment directly to the American people."

Actually, the President is not the leader of the American people, but their employee. They are the stockholders, he is a CEO with a four-year contract, and he'd better let them in on the action and get them excited about it if he wants to get his contract renewed in the next leap year.

That is why a successful White House gives much more thought to its relations with the coalition that elected the President and to public opinion in general than to Congress. But everything was backward in the Bush White House. Bush was uncomfortable serving as the tribune of the people. He didn't understand them and felt very little connection to them. The only person in the loop who might have been able to convince the President to intensify that connection was press secretary Marlin Fitzwater, but Fitzwater's interest was purely parochial. His primary concern was how best to answer embarrassing questions from the Washington media, a form of damage control.

And while Bush had little to say to the American people, he believed he had a lot to say to the 535 members of Congress. Like them, he was a professional politician, and he had served on the Hill. Like them, he believed politics was the art of the deal.

Bush was always opposed to bashing Congress, even though Democrats controlled both houses of Congress and Congress-bashing never failed to wow the crowds. What is more, during his Administration Congress was rocked with the Barney Frank call-boy scandal, the House Post Office money-laundering scandal, the check-bouncing scandal, the Kennedy-in-Palm-Beach scandal, and the scandalous treatment of Anita Hill (if you were a liberal) or the scandalous treatment of Clarence Thomas (if you were a conservative). Congressional misbehavior was material for Jay Leno; why not the President of the United States?

But Bush always balked at it because as he read his speeches he saw the face of his friend Danny Rostenkowski, the ultimate House wheeler-dealer and chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. "Danny won't like that," he would say, striking caustic sound-bites about Congress time and again.

Bush's conciliatory attitude finally convinced Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell that his Presidency was hollow. Mitchell clearly decided he was going to play Herman Melville's Bartleby the Scrivener until November 1992 and say, "I prefer not to," whenever the White House wanted something. And bereft of his teammate in the effort to determine "the will of the people," George Bush began to fall apart.

In a White House motivated at least in part by ideas—as the Reagan Administration was, and as the Johnson Administration was—every staffer could feel he was a part of the policy process because he understood the theoretical outlines of Administration policy. In the Reagan White House, the outlines were quite simple: Reagan was philosophically opposed to the growth of government, the growth of taxation, and the spread of Communism. He was pro-life, anti-gun-control, opposed to judicial activism.

With this ideological outline in mind, White House staffers from Assistants to the President to secretaries in the New Executive Office Building could go about their business with little confusion. When somebody floated a proposal to ban assault rifles they would know without having to ask that it was dead in the water. There was no way the Old Man would go for that. No need even to bring it up.

But in the Bush White House, it was very difficult to feel a part of things in the same way, because staffers had no idea from one day to the next where the Administration stood on *anything*.

Demi-Gnostic

THE Gnostics did not do *everything* by themselves. On individual issues, they would bring in White House specialists to do some of the spadework on Capitol Hill.

The Gnostics deputized Dan Quayle's chief of staff, Bill Kristol, to work with conservatives, especially regarding the controversies that were raging at the National Endowment for the Arts. Kristol, the voice of the New Right in the White House, had many things in common with the Gnostics and was therefore accorded some respect by Sununu and Darman, who loathed everybody else with his views.

A brilliant manipulator of the press, an aggressive bureaucratic infighter possessed of a terrific deprecatory wit, Kristol was the only Reaganite success story of the Bush Administration. He was a late-comer to the Washington scene, having been an Ivy League academic until he was brought to Washington by then–Education Secretary William J. Bennett to be his chief of staff in 1986.

The Washington Kristol was a man of action, not introspection, and he took to his labors with the infectious glee of a kid who loves to jump in mud puddles in the clothes his mother has just washed. At the same time, he was immeasurably strengthened by his previous intellectual life because it had given him a respect for the hidden power of ideas and the subtle way they can affect the culture and the country.

At the height of the controversy between Dan Quayle and Hollywood over *Murphy Brown*, for which he had been responsible, Kristol was able to explain away the fact that neither he nor Quayle had ever actually seen the show with the knowing and ironic quip: "We're too busy watching reruns of *Ozzie and Harriet*."

But unlike the Gnostics, Kristol did not use his bureaucratic skills for the perpetuation of his own bureaucratic prerogatives within the Administration. Instead, he worked to perpetuate and strengthen his position as a leader of the conservative movement that existed both inside and outside the White House.

If some movement conservative—anyone, in any agency—had a problem, or if a conservative journalist needed a favor, the words that came to everybody's lips were: "Do you know anyone who knows Bill Kristol?" Even that was unnecessary; Kristol returned all his phone calls and listened to everybody's sob stories.

Darman got his way with the Cabinet; Kristol helped his movement allies. And at the close of the Bush Administration, Darman had become a pariah while "the buzz" had Kristol as the obvious candidate for the next Republican President's chief of staff. □

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THE VICE PRESIDENT

WASHINGTON

November 4, 1993

Dear Rusty,

I've only got a few minutes to bang out a letter, Rust. If you see any typos, it's because I'm flying on one of those Marine choppers we use at the White House. We're buzzing into New York City for a few hours, and we've hit some bad air.

Tipper's here, and I'm sure she'd say hi if I asked her, but I'm not going to ask her because I'm not speaking to her right now. She's in the doghouse with me, Rusty, and here's why: On Tuesday night, election night, Tip, Bill, HRC, and I all had dinner in the upstairs reception room in the White House. We had some take-out pizza and watched the election returns. Dan Rather was there, too. So was Johnny Apple of the New York Times. David Gergen set it up. It really gave the four of us a chance to let our hair down with two pretty important journalists.

Okay. So far, so good. But then Dinkins lost. And Florio lost. And that woman in Virginia lost. And Bill got very down and moody. HRC, for once, couldn't shake him out of it. "Come on, Bill," she said, "it's not like you campaigned hard for all of them. And even if you did, it's not the end of the world. We still have health care. And I'm still pretty popular."

Tipper shook her head gravely. "Actually, Hill, you campaigned pretty hard for the three of them too. Johnny," she said, turning to Johnny Apple, "this is what might be called a referendum, no?"

It was the wrong time to ask him a question. He was holding a slice of pizza in one hand while securing a napkin against his chest with the other. I guess he was worried about getting his shirt dirty. Actually, that made sense, as he was in black tie. (Mr. Gergen assured us he specifically said "casual.") He shook his head at Tipper, his mouth full of hot pizza.

"Mrs. Gore, if I may," Dan chimed in, "I'm not certain that that particular dog's gonna hunt."

"Excuse me?" asked Tipper.

"If Florio or Dinkins had been one-hundredth of one-thousandth of one-tenth as great and perfect and just doggone right as Mrs. Hillary Rodham Clinton and Bill have been so far, why, Johnny and I would eat our pizza like good ole boys and call ourselves winners."

We were interrupted by one of Ross Perot's anti-NAFTA ads. Now, Rusty, I know you have strong anti-NAFTA feelings. But for Pete's sake, don't tell me you're worried about saving jobs. You're an environmentalist like me. Jobs are way down the list. Anyway, Perot came on and Bill and HRC hit the ceiling. Boy, does he get under their skin.

"I wish there was some way we could get that guy," Bill muttered.

"You're an awful lot of talk, Dan, but not much action, you know?" HRC barked.

Just then, David Gergen popped in with some ice cream. Bill's mood brightened considerably. "Anyone want to watch the Packwood debate and have some Ben & Jerry's?" he asked.

"I'd love to," Johnny said, "but do you guys have some kind of tablecloth or rain poncho I could wear? This is a new dinner jacket." DG quickly draped a cloth over Johnny, and we switched the TV to C-SPAN. Senator Byrd had just called for Packwood's resignation, so we hadn't missed much.

"Boy," I said, "it's times like this when I miss being in the Senate."

"Times like what?" HRC asked bitterly. "Times like losing three for three?"

I told her that I meant the Packwood debate. The clash of wills. The battle of rhetoric. That's when I really come alive, I told her. Then Tipper opened her mouth and added her two cents.

"Why don't Al and Perot debate?" she asked.

Bill shook his head. "That won't work," he said. "In the first place, Perot wouldn't accept. In the second place, trade isn't Al's area. In the third place, we'll look desperate."

DG shrugged. "I think it's a good idea," he said.

"You didn't let me finish," Bill added. "I'm in love with the idea."

Dan looked up from his ice cream. "Well, if you're one-billionth of one-millionth as good as Mrs. Hillary Rodham Clinton was testifying before the House and Senate . . ."

"Wait a sec," HRC interrupted. "Won't we just be giving this lunatic credibility? A debate would just feed his ego. Al's the Vice President of the United States, for God's sake. We'll just be conferring status and political viability on this moron."

"Wait. Which moron?" Bill asked.

"Perot, of course," HRC replied. "But I see your point. And that's another reason I'm against it."

In the end, of course, DG and Tipper got their way. So now I have only a few days to brush up on this treaty before I face Perot on national television. Whoops! I've got to go, Rusty. We just landed in New York City, and I'm already 15 minutes late for my appointment with Roger Ailes.

Write soon, Al

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Why War?

GEORGE MACDONALD FRASER

WAR, said Clausewitz, is the continuation of politics with the admixture of other means. An Old Soldier, being no military theorist and none too sure what Clausewitz was talking about, might reply: "Oh, is it? Well, maybe . . . sometimes," and wonder privately what particular political course Genghis Khan was continuing when he carried fire and sword across half of Asia for no obvious reason except that it happened to be there. His was the most extensive conquest in history, but he made nothing of it; he had no apparent desire for imperial dominion or establishing permanent rule, and it has been suggested that his principal purpose was to take revenge on insulting neighbors. If so, he carried it rather far. It may seem facetious to imagine that the Mongols' motive for devastating everything from China to Baghdad may have been no more than a case of "Well, what else is there to do?", but whatever the driving impulse within Genghis, or within those other all-conquering horse soldiers, Hulagu and Attila and Timur, it is hard to see how Clausewitz's dictum can be applied to them, unless one stretches the definition of politics to odd lengths.

A History of Warfare, by John Keegan (Knopf, 432 pp., $27.50)

It is comforting for the Old Soldier to find that the leading military historian and thinker of the day is on his side. John Keegan contradicts Clausewitz flatly at the outset: War is not the continuation of policy by other means, but an expression of culture; and this he demonstrates (to the Old Soldier's satisfaction, at any rate) in a lucid and comprehensive survey of approaches to war-making and styles of fighting, from the Neanderthal skeleton in Palestine bearing the unmistakable trace of a spear wound (which may, admittedly, have been the result of a hunting accident) to Hiroshima and Nagasaki. It is a brilliant feat of scholarly compression in which the author, a former lecturer in military history at Sandhurst, defense editor, and war correspondent, deploys the fruits of forty years of research, teaching, and thought on the subject of war; I do not know a work in which such an encyclopedic range of military knowledge is so well arranged, for while the general outline is chronological, Mr. Keegan does not hesitate to leap the centuries and continents to illustrate a point or make a telling comparison.

For example, in his chapter on Logistics and Supply we learn within a few pages that the length of railroad controlled by the Union in the Civil War was greater than the rest of the world's combined, that a Roman legion took 67 days to march from Rome to Cologne, that British artillery fired a million shells in the week before the Somme (against Napoleon's 24,600 rounds at Waterloo), that margarine was invented in France in the 1860s as a substitute for the military butter ration, and that Charlemagne prohibited the export of his cavalry's precious mail shirts.

Stephen Moros

Such information is icing on the cake to the military enthusiast; John Keegan's main theme is the examination of war as part of human culture, and the endless variety of ways in which it has been developed, organized, and waged. This leads him initially to a comparison of four widely differing societies: the Easter Islanders, the Zulus, the Mamelukes, and the Japanese samurai. On Easter Island the inhabitants lived in apparent harmony for many centuries, raising the strange stone heads which have so puzzled archaeologists, until population growth changed their environment, whereupon they fell into incessant strife and anarchy, which reduced a population of several thousand to just over one hundred. The Zulus, peaceful herdsmen, were transformed in a few years by one dynamic chief, Chaka, into the most disciplined and ferocious fighting nation in Africa, who inflicted at Isandhlwana the most disastrous defeat ever suffered by British imperial arms, and were only finally broken at Ulundi by Western artillery; they remain a potent force to this day. The Mamelukes, slave soldiers recruited from Central Asia, won a unique place in the Muslim world by their mastery of cavalry fighting, but fell at last through their inability to adapt to the new forms of warfare that followed the invention of gunpowder. On the other hand, the samurai, Japan's knightly class, made use of firearms to consolidate their dominance, and then saw to it that gunpowder was banned from the country for two centuries, until contact with the West forced its reintroduction only 140 years ago.

From this Mr. Keegan passes to consideration of why men fight and the origins of warfare in prehistory, examining the speculations of anthropologists, neurologists, psychologists, and others (some of whose theories may lead the Old Soldier, who has no firm views of cultural determinism or structural functionalism, to wonder if the contending academics have ever

Mr. Fraser is the author of the Flashman series of novels, the most recent of which was Flashman and the Mountain of Light *(Knopf).*

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studied patterns of aggression on an infants' playground). Keegan, while he reviews their theories carefully and fairly, has his feet firmly on the ground, as befits one who has studied soldiers and soldiering quite as thoroughly as he has studied warfare, and never forgets the realities of combat. He gives vivid examples of primitive warfare—the chest-pounding duels of the Yanomamo of the modern Orinoco, the various grades of "fight" among the Marings of New Guinea, the brutal "revenge" warfare of the Maoris, the captive-taking battles of the Aztecs followed by executions—and passes on to what we can only call civilized warfare: the Sumerians, Egyptians, and Assyrians; the fortifications of ancient Jericho; and the emergence of the first war machine, the chariot, which with the composite bow was to revolutionize early warfare.

The Assyrians' was the first army capable of operating at long range, with supply depots and transport columns; it also appears to have been the first to recruit foreigners. The Assyrian empire fell with the arrival on the world scene in the seventh century B.C., of the horse warriors of the steppe, the Scythians, forerunners of the Huns, Mongols, and other "warriors for war's sake." A vital revolution was the technique introduced by the Greeks of the pitched battle, in which the hoplites stood literally shoulder to shoulder with the sole purpose of destroying the enemy phalanx. Alexander employed the phalanx plus cavalry in his great campaigns. The Roman army was based on the hoplite model, which proved unsuitable against the loose formations of the Gauls; so the Romans developed the maneuverable maniple (handful) of men armed with javelin and sword in place of the thrusting spear. Here at last is an army that the Old Soldier can recognize, thoroughly organized on the "regular" system (a legacy, apparently, from the Assyrians), with full-time enlistment, discipline, regular pay, barracks, and depots, and drawing its strength from "the first body of professional fighting officers known to history," those long-serving veterans up from the ranks whose title still seems to denote all the military virtues: centurion. Mr. Keegan is particularly good on Rome, its army, and its empire; this is military history at its very best.

After the legions there were no autonomous and disciplined fighting bodies in Europe until the founding of those knightly orders, the Templars and Hospitalers, in whom the author sees the origins of later regimented armies; they were the mainstay of the Crusades, in which Christendom contended with that other military phenomenon, Islam, which "transfused warfare with a new force altogether, the force of an idea." Technology was transforming warfare, too, with the stirrup, the longship, the crossbow, and the longbow, and the most revolutionary invention of all, gunpowder.

By the time of Clausewitz, who served in the Napoleonic wars, "the real work of war," says Mr. Keegan, "was butchery." It was the time of the great massed armies slaughtered by cannon-fire, and of a new kind of fighting force, the "citizen army," with which France dominated the Continent for more than twenty years, and which convinced Clausewitz that the "political" state army was the army of the future. It was an idea that was to dominate military thinking in the generations before the First World War.

A great virtue of this book is that in dealing with the large themes, Mr. Keegan never loses sight of the minutiae of war; indeed, his text is littered with them, and to the Old Soldier (who would not know a Military Participation Ratio if it fell on him, but delights in the small change of his long-ago temporary profession), it is fascinating to discover that the *preux chevalier* Bayard had a policy of executing crossbowmen because he considered their weapon cowardly and unsporting; that there was a convention whereby a besieged city might save itself from pillage and slaughter if it surrendered when the first breach was made in its walls; that the Boer War was the last in which the British Army suffered more fatalities from sickness than from enemy action; and (a lovely little nugget) that in 1545 an Italian engineer exclaimed: "I don't know much about painting and sculpture, but I have gained great experience of fortification"—his name was Michelangelo. But perhaps most interesting of all is Mr. Keegan's suggestion of a "combat frontier" between East and West, those to the east preferring to practice evasion and "stand-off" fighting, keeping their distance

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where possible (the Zulus and Japanese being notable exceptions), while the Western way of war, learned from the Greeks, has been face-to-face to the death.

Plainly, such a system cannot continue, and Mr. Keegan sees the hope of the future in the skillful and disciplined warrior as a protector of civilization whose way of war does not derive from the Western model only, but from the more restrained and even ritualistic styles of other cultures. The Old Soldier hopes he is right. □

Life of the Party

DAVID PRYCE-JONES

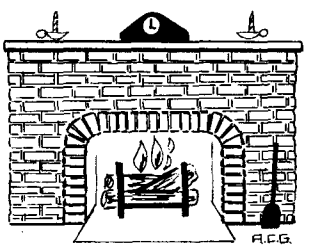
Beria: Stalin's First Lieutenant, by Amy Knight (Princeton, 294 pp., $24.95)

IN CHARGE of Soviet terror at or around its peak, Lavrenti Beria left a special mark on this century. "This is our Himmler," as Stalin introduced the man to Ribbentrop, in Moscow in 1939 to sign the Hitler–Stalin pact. A biographer of Beria has to decide whether he had room for maneuver in respect to Stalin, or, to put it more directly, whether he had a conscience.

Unlike some Sovietologists, Amy Knight at least knows that Stalin did great evil and that Communism was unmitigated criminality. And what was the origin of that evil? In a word, power. Stalin did whatever was required for absolute power, and so did Beria. The system demanded it. Stalin unleashed terror calmly and deliberately as the proper instrument for controlling a disparate and unhappy Soviet Union. Since no tradition of government by consent existed, he relied on proven methods of tyranny. If the ends justified the means, administration and crime were the same thing. This accounts for the blithe absence of conscience in the actions of Stalin, Beria, and the rest.

For many Sovietologists, this is too blunt. Unable or unwilling to take the measure of terror, they resort to the alternative explanation that in the pursuit of power Stalin was suffering from "paranoia" and "megalomania" to the point of madness. Professor Knight subscribes to this thesis too, creating contradiction in the portrait she draws of Beria.

Whoever aroused these pathological reactions in Stalin, it follows from this thesis, could be certain that he would be murdered without ado. In that case, Stalin's henchmen such as Beria are not really culpable, since their conduct, no matter how inhuman, was dictated to them by someone all-powerful but unreasonable. If Stalin had the character and the power to drive everyone else to conform to his madness, it would be possible to come to feel sorry for the likes of Beria, criminals because they had no choice. A number of Communist apologists in fact adopt that position, as did Nazi apologists before them.



Hitler in his day was similarly considered mad, and more recently Presidents Reagan and Bush respectively called Muammar Qaddafi and Saddam Hussein mad. Behavior inconsistent with democratic political culture is evidently a great puzzle for Westerners, so great that it has to be labeled irrational. But such irrational behavior may have a logic which is consistent on its terms and within its non-Western context.

The description of Stalin as murderously suspicious of everyone and everything collapses in the face of the fact that in 1941 he was provided with full and accurate intelligence reports of Hitler's intention to invade, but he nonetheless allowed himself to be deceived, risking his own and his country's survival. Here was an almost childish rejection of reality. Within the political culture in which he had grown up and operated, cruelty and servility were indispensable ingredients of success. Whom, if anybody, to trust was the key question. Anyone can make a mistake in this respect. Misplaced trust in Hitler ought to have cost Stalin his life.

Like Stalin, Beria was a native of Georgia. Here were two of a kind. Early in his career, Beria decided to attract Stalin's attention through a loyalty which was more than trustworthy—plain servile. Cruelty was the surest proof of it. Beria beat some of his victims and could observe scenes of horror the likes of which we know that Himmler could not stomach. He was responsible for killing a number of his colleagues and friends, including fellow Georgians who had done him favors. One such was Nestor Lakoba. Beria went out of his way to ensure that Lakoba's wife died after a beating, and that his three teenage sons were shot. The more cruel and servile the deed, the more likely the promotion and subsequent power.

Communists asked to be taken at face-value. No evidence has survived to permit judgment on the question whether Stalin had any self-awareness of his crimes and their moral dimensions. Similarly with Beria. His surviving writings are Party propaganda tracts. In all probability, Beria and Stalin fully understood what they were doing, and did not care what anyone thought, but we cannot be certain. Amy Knight drops into the text on two or three occasions the number of Beria's victims. She has excavated assiduously in the archives of the Georgian and Soviet Communist Parties. Resting on that material, she shrinks from judgments about motivations or division of responsibility between Stalin and Beria. What might have been a contribution to our understanding of Communism is instead another academic or Sovietological study, this time familiarly worthy, disappointingly narrow.

A page and a half is all that Professor Knight is able to provide about Beria's background and childhood. His father died when he was still a schoolboy in Sukhumi, the city at present fought over by Georgians and Abkhazians. Like Stalin's, and Himmler's, his mother was "a simple, deeply religious

Mr. Pryce-Jones is the author of The Closed Circle: An Interpretation of the Arabs, *and is writing a book about the last days of Soviet Communism, to be published by Morrow.*

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woman"—so much for her. Four years of study at a polytechnic in Baku seem to have fitted Beria for nothing except self-advancement at the expense of others.

All his life he was dogged by accusations of abusing his police privileges to pick up under-age girls. After his downfall, he appears to have admitted it. His long-suffering wife and his son abstained from the chorus of denunciation (which is practically all we learn about them). Were the accusations, then, part and parcel of the usual enforced "confession," designed to blacken his name, or were they metaphors for the fear he generated? Professor Knight tends to think the sexual accusations were valid.

In addition to his cruelty and servility, Beria seems to have been crude, energetic—for instance, as the man in charge of the crash development of the Soviet atomic weapon—self-assured to the point of endangering himself, with the peasant cunning to thrive in Stalin's entourage. He liked to play the Georgian card—sometimes in vain. We learn that he ate his food with his fingers even in the Kremlin. Also that he turned up for his final and fateful Politburo meeting in 1953 not wearing a tie, suggesting more than insouciance.

For Professor Knight, the career is everything, and she is engrossed in its details. Perhaps nine-tenths of this book is an account of Beria's rise, step by step, to be Stalin's chief of the secret police. Here is a sample of the story:

> Kruglov could not be considered a protégé and Beria's loyal deputy Merkulov was replaced by Viktor Abakumov as head of the MGB late in the summer of 1946. This change was not instigated by Beria, who was distressed to lose Merkulov, but by Stalin, apparently with the intention of limiting Beria's pervasive influence on the security organs. According to Merkulov, Abakumov had "wormed his way into Stalin's confidence," and had been intriguing against him (Merkulov) for some time. Instead of defending Merkulov, Beria backed off. . . . The following months witnessed numerous changes in both the MVD and MGB [security organs] as several new deputies arrived, apparently under the auspices of Abakumov and Kruglov. These changes may also have been influenced by the arrival of a new CC [Central Committee, the ruling body of the Party] secretary, A. A. Kuznetsov, who took over Party supervision of the police. With the exception of S. S. Mamulov, a longtime Beria crony who became a deputy minister in the MVD, none of the new men were part of Beria's "Georgian Mafia."

Qualifications such as "apparently" and the repeated use of the conditional tense are alas unavoidable, since there is nothing objective against which to test the archive material on which such passages are based. A handful of Professor Knight's academic peers will have their own estimates of the relative balance of forces among the various secret policemen named. But the general reader has no means of evaluating what is going on underneath these ostensible promotions and demotions.

The vocabulary of "instigated" and "influence" and "change" hides the reality of connivance, betrayal, lying, and opportunity, all mixed into an overall and terrifying fear. Yet here it sounds hardly more fraught than office politics on the executive floor. Such is the conventional mode of writing Soviet history, and the inadequacy of language and technique builds into the wider failure to perceive the criminality of Communism.

Just as Himmler turned against Hitler to save his skin, so did Beria plot against Stalin, once servility was no longer sufficient protection. Had Stalin lived longer, Beria would almost certainly have been liquidated. In the life-or-death fight to survive, Beria tried to mobilize support, and this involved him in taking up a political stance that may be called "liberal," for want of the right word. Not much should be made of expediency in such desperate struggles. He kept his distance from the so-called Doctors Plot of 1952, which Stalin constructed around anti-Semitism. As a member of a national minority, Beria also tried to curry favor with other nationalities. Scholars now working in the archives of the Baltic states, for example, report evidence that he recommended greater independence for the region. Unrest in the newly formed East Germany led Beria, after Stalin's death, to advocate appeasement there.

Attitudes which may have saved his life under Stalin later made him vulnerable. Sensing that he was doomed because of the many enemies he had made, including the well-placed Nikita Khrushchev, he decided to go for broke

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and try to obtain absolute power himself. In June 1953, tanks had to be used to repress East Germany, and Beria could be blamed for "liberalization" that had gone wrong. Khrushchev moved in for the kill.

Professor Knight has had access to the stenographic report, hitherto secret, of the Central Committee plenum of July 1953 which settled that Beria was to be shot out of hand. Khrushchev and his supporters knew that it had to be either him or them, and they played the sinister game of false charges, threats, and bribes, all interwoven to win over the Central Committee. Here at last is the real thing. In the long run, it made little difference whether Beria or Khrushchev won, since the system counted for more than the individuals who ran it, as Professor Knight concludes. In order to establish that basic fact, Sovietologists needed to be able to imagine the complete Communist context, and few had the capacity for something so far removed from the Western political experience. □

Party Girl

MAGGIE GALLAGHER

FEMINISM has come to a peculiar pass: Feminist ideas are everywhere; feminists, however, are hard to find. How did this happen?

That is the question Naomi Wolf—whose first book, *The Beauty Myth*, was a national best-seller—takes up in *Fire with Fire*, a feminist's critique of feminism. This is what she has come up with: Why did feminism fail? Because it isn't any fun. Holding her first large royalty check in hand, Miss Wolf has had an epiphany: Money is good! Power is good! Success is good! Why doesn't feminism, she asks, drop its "trouble talk" and concentrate on the good stuff?

Fire with Fire: The New Female Power and How It Will Change the Twenty-First Century, by Naomi Wolf (Random House, 321 pp., $21)

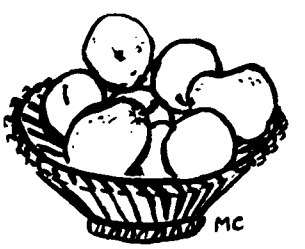
Miss Wolf offers one of the most cogent and penetrating descriptions of why movement feminism is so profoundly unattractive, including: "hangover habits of the revolutionary Left," "the common perception that feminism and lesbianism are synonymous," "a clubhouse mentality," and "rigid proscriptions."

A Yale grad herself, Miss Wolf has tumbled to the fact that ambitious young women who get into Ivy League universities want primarily to "make it," and not to engage in class warfare to overthrow running-dog capitalist institutions.

Miss Gallagher is a columnist for New York Newsday.

Everyone knows that feminism isn't much fun, but the inside dope shows that things are worse than any of us suspected. At one campus, a coterie of feminists confronted Miss Wolf: "One woman charged that I was too elitist—I had used compound sentences. . . . Isn't the act of writing a book, asked [another] young woman accusingly, in itself exclusionary to women who cannot read?"

Miss Wolf argues against such "victim feminism" in favor of what she calls "power feminism," which encourages women to go for it: to make love and money and political coalitions with equal abandon.



This is a book I wanted to like. If it encourages feminists to re-evaluate their reflexive (i.e., stupid) anti-capitalism, it will have performed a valuable service. Nonetheless, it is a silly book, and a profoundly unserious one. What do women really want? "Women like to dress up *and* hate being required to; women want the right to go to war *and* don't want to kill." There, you silly men, don't you understand?

What, then, should women do? "Make diaries, novels, plays, and paintings from our erotic lives: 'come out' unabashedly, every one of us, as sexual beings . . . it's up to us to saturate the airwaves with our millions of erotic truths." It seems to me the airwaves are pretty saturated already.

And what does Miss Wolf, personally, want? "I want to be a serious thinker and not have to hide the fact that I have breasts." With all due respect, Miss Wolf, I'm not convinced it's your bosom that's holding you back. If this is power feminism, it is power feminism of a most unthreatening kind: a feminism so inclusive it has no specific content, all psychofluff and no meat and bones—feminism lite.

Having the courage to say the obvious (millions of men don't rape; millions of women aren't lesbians) has so exhausted her that she has no energy left to address actual issues: How do we reconcile individual choice and social obligation, love and achievement, capitalism and the family? Will that feminist panacea, federally funded day care, really help the 50 per cent of working mothers who want more time with their family? Can American women and children ever be secure while marriage remains so unstable? How do we actually stop rape, not to mention murder, assault, and theft? Are the political interests of women who lecture and women who wash for a living really one and the same?

Miss Wolf wants to Think Big and ends up doing no more than tip-toe close to common sense. Yes, money is good; yes, power can be fun; yes, a woman (like all human beings) often wants everything all at once: a high-status job and the time and energy to make deep emotional connections; passionate adventures and emotional commitment; the right to leave her husband and the right not to be dumped for a younger woman; even, by Miss Wolf's own testimony, the right to be a soldier and the right not to kill. Life is full of hard choices, isn't it?

As an aspiring serious thinker, Naomi Wolf has been done in by her own Dragons of Niceness, which make her unable to admit that any woman anywhere at any time has been wrong, at least without prefacing her remarks with a great deal of smarmy flattery: Radical feminists such as Andrea Dworkin and Catharine MacKinnon are really great theorists. The only problem comes when other feminists start acting as if their theories were *true*, and repeating them in *public*, a kind of backhanded defense these

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more valiant (or foolhardy) writers must reject with scorn.

We are all feminists now, Naomi Wolf reassures us: Republicans and Democrats, socialists and capitalists. Feminism is the nice warm bath of feminine approval for whatever choices women make, a feminism that prides itself on its ability to distinguish (incomprehensibly) "between the right to have an opinion about a woman's choices and the right to judge her." It is a feminism so warm and fuzzy, it practically disappears. □

Conservator Magnus

JOHN WAUCK

FOR FOUR decades, ever since the publication of *The Conservative Mind*, Russell Kirk has been a fixture in the conservative pantheon: the Victorian figure with the formidable brow, the watch fob, the walking-stick and cape, who lives somewhere off in the wilds of Michigan entertaining a deep appreciation for musty books, his family, a variety of disciples, and "the Permanent Things."

The Politics of Prudence, by Russell Kirk (Intercollegiate Studies Institute, 304 pp., $19.95)

America's British Culture, by Russell Kirk (Transaction, 122 pp., $24.95)

His latest productions are disquisitions on the nature of conservatism and the sources of American culture. *The Politics of Prudence* is a collection of casual essays that began as a series of talks to budding conservatives at the Heritage Foundation. Unfailingly interesting and amusing, the essays are introductions to conservative thought and culture, past and present, with chapters including "Ten Conservative Events," "Ten Conservative Principles," "Ten Conservative Books," "Exemplary Conservatives."

There is something fitting about Russell Kirk addressing the younger generation. Not just because he is one of the fathers of modern conservatism, the real thing—the *res ipsa*—and they need the instruction, but also because there is a remarkable youthfulness about Russell Kirk himself. Strange to say—for he is no longer young—Kirk belongs with the young. His impishness, his capacity for wonder and delight, his intellectual enthusiasm, his freedom from academic cant—all make him the ideal pedagogue for the next generation of conservatives. Because of his carefully cultivated tone and appearance, Mr. Kirk has the reputation among some as an arch fuddy-dud. But this is to miss the element of self-parody; besides, if you strip away the mannered style, the archaisms, the lofty tone—why, you miss out on half the fun.

Indeed, if young conservatives were to be unappreciative of Russell Kirk, it would be a sign not of his failure but of his enormous success. For, almost single-handedly, he created a climate where conservative ideas could be taken for granted.

Surveying the long march of Anglo-American intellectual history in *The Conservative Mind*, he pointed out a distinctive set of footprints that could only be called the "conservative tradition." Where there had been isolated insights, he created a living tradition that was an intellectual force to be reckoned with.

Early in *The Politics of Prudence*, Mr. Kirk spends a great deal of time contrasting the politics of prudence with the politics of ideology. For him, ideology is the death of thought, reason, and truth—the mortal enemy of conservative wisdom. It is the modern mind's impatience with reality which leads to an attempt to re-invent reality rather than be governed by it. Ideology pretends to offer a blinding insight into the nature of things that is in fact a call to arms—which is why Burke called it "the armed doctrine." In this lies ideology's main attraction. It answers the perennial question of those impatient with books: What is to be done?

The picture of the true conservative that emerges from these essays is of someone who is humble about the prospects for positive change in society, humble about the value of new insights, especially his own, and realistic about the hidden hazards of change and the inevitability of further crises.

Mr. Kirk's "Exhortatory Epilogue" is the highlight of the volume and worth the price of admission all by itself. To the rising generation, he recommends rebellion against the forces of despair and materialism. He recommends the diligent tending of that portion of the garden of creation entrusted to each person. And, as true conservatism begins in the family, he recommends parenthood as the conservative's most subversive weapon: "The best way to rear up a new generation of friends of the Permanent Things is to beget children, and read to them o' evenings, and teach them what is worthy of praise: the wise parent is the conservator of ancient truths."

The best parts of *America's British Culture* are Mr. Kirk's discussions of common law and the growth of representative government. Here, he stresses the powerful influence in the American colonies of Blackstone's *Commentaries on the Laws of England*, which was published in the 1760s. The enduring force of common law in America meant that the Constitution was not the source but the outgrowth of a living legal tradition. While focusing on the architecture of government, the framers of the Constitution were fortunately able to take for granted most of the fundamental principles of law.

Turning to representative government in America, Mr. Kirk notes that instead of replicating the local county governments of England, as might have been expected, the American colonies imitated Britain's national parliamentary system. Thus, each colony enjoyed three distinct political features: a colonial governor, a strong executive and the forerunner of state governors; a governor's council, which would later evolve into a state senate; and a colonial assembly, which would eventually become a state house of representatives.

This arrangement was to have enormous implications for American aspirations to independence, for, from the very beginning, it generated a structural rivalry between the colonial governments and the British Parliament. It is for this reason that Kirk views the rebels' cry of "No taxation

Mr. Wauck is a speechwriter for Governor Casey of Pennsylvania.

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without representation" as somewhat disingenuous. The rebellious colonials were never really interested in being represented in Parliament, where, in any event, they would have been hopelessly outnumbered. Rather, they wanted to represent and tax themselves through their own assemblies.

Mr. Kirk agrees with Tocqueville's conclusion that "It is their mores . . . that make the Americans of the United States, alone among Americans, capable of maintaining the rule of democracy." It is not our political theory but our way of life and customs that have kept America strong. In fact, our aversion to theoretical projects, our pragmatic bent, has inoculated us against the more violent excesses of our European friends. As Kirk points out, our mores and customs are essentially the fruit of English Christianity. These mores may persist without religion, but once lost, they cannot be resurrected without it. He writes, "Cultures cannot be deliberately created; they arise, rather, from the theophanic events that bring cults into existence." He notes it is no coincidence that "cult"—the word used to describe the prescribed practices of religion—has the same origin as the word "culture."

One of the delights of reading anything by Russell Kirk is that he has done a staggering amount of reading for you and he cannot resist serving up stray bits of erudition. A typical example might be something like the thoughts of Founding Father Gouverneur Morris, from the Constitutional Convention, on qualifications for voting: "Give the votes to people who have no property, and they will sell them to the rich who will be able to buy them"—a thought that sheds a disturbing light on certain aspects of twentieth-century politics. In the end, all of Mr. Kirk's books end up resembling digests or compendia of conservative wisdom from Socrates up to . . . well, Russell Kirk.

Naturally, Mr. Kirk is a master of quotation, and one of his favorite quotations—repeated throughout his work—is T. S. Eliot's line from "Little Gidding" in *The Four Quartets*: "the communication / Of the dead is tongued with fire beyond the language of the living."

Clearly, Russell Kirk believes this, and, with admirable consistency, he lives it. He is forever quoting the dead. A fully annotated Kirk volume would be awash in footnotes. Every other sentence contains a quotation, paraphrase, allusion, or take-off on some famous bit of literature. Without question, the voices of the dead masters still speak loudly in the mind and echo in the writings of Russell Kirk.

As a true conservative, Mr. Kirk realizes that most of what is true has been said before—and often very well. As he himself insists, he does not write as a prophet or purveyor of fashionable pieties. Rather he is an archaeologist of sorts, uncovering neglected insights and arguments in ancient nooks and out-of-the-way places. For his indispensable labors, he richly deserves the title of the twentieth century's truest conservative—or perhaps, as he might prefer, Conservator Magnus—a champion not of clever novelties but of the solid and true things we must not forget. □

Speak No Evil

MATTHEW BERKE

Blasphemy: Verbal Offense against the Sacred from Moses to Salman Rushdie, by Leonard W. Levy (Knopf, 688 pp., $35)

THE bulk of this bulky volume is devoted to cataloguing and condemning religious intolerance and persecution throughout history—with overwhelming emphasis on the history of Western Christendom, and especially the Anglo-American world. Leonard Levy, a distinguished scholar of the American Constitution and a First Amendment specialist, also celebrates civilization's "inchmeal" progress toward complete freedom of expression "in the field of religious belief and experience," an achievement that is essential to "intellectual liberty in general." On the whole, *Blasphemy* exhibits a fairness and a breadth of sympathies that transcend the parochialism of modern liberalism; in key respects, however, it reveals liberalism's intellectual limits in dealing with religion.

Blasphemy, as it was understood in ancient Israel, was a relatively narrow and technical term: it referred to the reviling of God or the divine name or the sacred Scripture. But with the rise of Christianity, Levy explains, this definition was enlarged, so that during the Middle Ages the Roman Catholic Church sometimes equated blasphemy with the more serious crime of heresy, i.e., the propagation of false doctrine and the denial of orthodox truth; more often, it simply tossed in blasphemy charges when prosecuting various heretics: Donatists, Cathars, Arians, Docetists, etc. After the Reformation, Protestant authorities tended to punish dissenters and rival sects for blasphemy in its original, narrow sense, though here too blasphemy often got mixed up with the related offenses of heresy, obscenity, sedition, and disturbing the peace.

Many of these stories of religious persecution will be familiar to students of history, but they are for the most part retold interestingly, with due attention to such seminal dissenters as Michael Servetus, Giordano Bruno, John Wycliffe, George Fox, Roger Williams, Thomas Paine, and Richard Carlile, to name just a few. The narrative proceeds through the centuries right up to the most recent attempts in the U.S. and Britain to punish or suppress blasphemous speech, books, films, and advertisements. A variety of colorful sectarian movements also make appearances. (There is a long chapter, for instance, on the Ranters, an anarchistic, antinomian, anti-Trinitarian movement of seventeenth-century England; deliberately lewd, vulgar, lazy, gluttonous, and—by almost any standard—outrageously blasphemous in public, they were suppressed in 1650.) Intriguing themes emerge almost inadvertently: one is struck, for instance, by the frequency with which unitarianism rather than atheism has been at the heart of religious dissent in Christendom. Rebellion against the Incarnation and the Trinity as a permanent tendency is so large a theme in these pages that it could, with some additional research, be spun off into a separate book.

Predictably, orthodox Christianity comes in for harsh judgment. Readers

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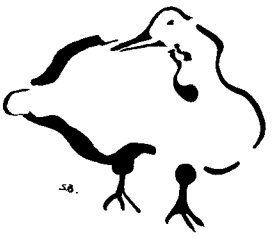
unfamiliar with the history of religious thought might come away with the impression that men like Augustine and Aquinas and Calvin really didn't say much of importance, being too busy inventing rationales for the persecution of heretics. The impulse of religious authorities to *protect* (from eternal damnation), rather than simply to persecute, is never treated sympathetically, nor are legitimate concerns about political unity and public morality. Yet this is not a simplistic anti-religious tract. Mr. Levy clearly appreciates the moral and spiritual issues that religion addresses, and he does not try to explain all of the trials, whippings, incarcerations, burnings at the stake, hangings, and mutilations as the inevitable product of supernatural belief and hope; nor does he depict all dissenters as noble or likable (some were kooky, others fanatical, and many were more bigoted than their inquisitors).



More significant than partisan bias is the disjointed and episodic character of the narrative as it lumbers from one instance of repression to the next, often without a clear dramatic thread. Perhaps if Mr. Levy had chosen to accentuate the positive—that is, to make the progress of religious liberty the main story line—it might have given the narrative greater continuity and purpose. Adam Smith famously observed that poverty needs no explanation because it is the normal condition of life; it is the *generation of wealth* that needs to be explained. Analogously, it could be argued that one should study history *expecting* repression for the sake of religious or political unity; the historical innovation in need of fuller explanation is the process by which a repressive social harmony is superseded by one that incorporates diversity within unity. At times Mr. Levy seems to recognize that Christianity has certain resources for toleration. But there is no serious historical analysis of how religion and secular developments, taken together, helped make toleration both possible and, in the end, almost universally desired in the West (even among religious conservatives).

The concluding chapter, unfortunately, relapses into that old-time anti-religion, vaguely hinting at present dangers to free expression by recalling "the hellhounds of persecution and . . . prosecution" from ages past. A plea is made for explicit constitutional repeal of the few blasphemy laws still on the statute books of some states, even though Mr. Levy acknowledges that prosecution under such laws is "unlikely in the extreme," given the Supreme Court's interpretation of the First Amendment. In Britain, he notes, "the law still penalizes blasphemy, though it is hardly enforced."

Mr. Levy does lament the coarsening effects on our culture ushered in by modern tolerance: most contemporary blasphemy is not so much religious dissent as malicious provocation. But strangely he never acknowledges, let alone approves, the use of *social* pressures to protect religious believers—as they now protect racial and ethnic minorities, for instance—from egregious public insults: New York City buses carrying lewd ad posters with the singer Madonna and the Virgin Mary, or a major art gallery proudly displaying Andrés Serrano's infamous photograph. Since a reproduction of that photo appears on the dustjacket of *Blasphemy*, one cannot help wondering if this image, so offensive to Christians, is what Mr. Levy has in mind when he says, "Religion is not entitled to a special protection against offensiveness that is not enjoyed by other matters of public concern." Nowadays it seems to get less. If the Whitney Museum, which exhibits the work of Mr. Serrano and other masterpieces of haute vandalism, were to display racist or anti-Semitic "art" of comparable offensiveness, it would certainly—and rightly—be boycotted until the works were removed. And no one would fear that the First Amendment had been violated. Apparently, some people's pieties are open to blasphemy while others' are not.

A thoughtful analysis of such contradictions would have made *Blasphemy* more relevant to the current scene. So would a discussion of the present-day equivalent of blasphemy against established sensibilities: the stifling and increasingly pervasive inhibitions against free expression encapsulated under the heading of Political Correctness. At many elite universities, PC strictures have been hardened into codes that punish conservative speech as a form of aggressive action while tolerating radical actions as a form of free speech. Reading the conclusion of *Blasphemy* one might suppose that the heirs of Saint Augustine are a greater threat to intellectual freedom than, say, Catharine MacKinnon. In that respect at least, this very thick book has a rather narrow point of view. □

Mr. Berke is managing editor of First Things, *a monthly journal published by the Institute on Religion and Public Life.*

FILM

Believe It Who Will

JOHN SIMON

CONFRONTED with daily clinkers, a critic finds it hard to work up the passion to call a movie mendacious, detestable, and revolting, but ***Fearless*** provokes just such enthusiasm. One senses, of course, that its protagonist, meant to be both offputting and sympathetic, must eventually die. But a two hours' wait—not such a long time as movies go nowadays—seemed virtually interminable. And then to be cheated out of the well-earned death of the fatuous hero—horrible!

Fearless has a screenplay by Rafael Yglesias "based upon his novel." Whenever the dreaded *upon* appears instead of the unpretentious *on*, I know I am in for trouble; the only even surer sign is any sort of accolade at the Sundance Film Festival. Peter Weir, the Australian director, has already given us two of the world's most obnoxious films, *The Last Wave* and *Dead Poets Society*, and a couple of others not far behind. He is the sort of fellow for whom the German saying *"dem soll man das Handwerk legen"* was coined: this guy should be stripped of his trade. Moreover, the

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picture was produced by the husband-and-wife team Mark Rosenberg (deceased) and Paula Weinstein, about whom more below.

The architect Max Klein and his partner are flying on business from San Francisco to Houston, when the airliner develops serious hydraulic problems and catastrophe beckons. Max has been, as always, prey to fear of flying, but fear of dying somehow liberates him into an instant hero, the first of the whopping lies being peddled here. While the stewardesses try frantically and ineffectually to dispense help, Max rises from his partner's side and moves with a stately, almost floating walk toward an empty seat next to a scared little boy, some rows ahead of him, whom he spotted from way behind(!). Bestowing smiles on all and sundry, Max hunkers down next to the boy, Byron, goofily grins at him as they double up in crash position, and all is well. The movie actually begins right after the catastrophe, with Max carrying a baby and leading several kids through the tall corn back to the plane (how far were they ejected?) with poise the Pied Piper of Hamelin might envy.

The corn becomes ever taller. Max saw a blinding light, you see, that placed him beyond the concerns and worries of mere mortals. He takes his time to get back to his wife and children, who have been left in the dark about his fate, then proceeds to ignore them with sublime detachment. He treats both the airline's sympathetic psychiatrist and the eager-beaver lawyer of his wife and his partner's widow, trying to collect the utmost in damages, with amused contempt. He claims to be a ghost, and turns into a ruthless truth-teller, which might be all right from a saint or sage, but, from this consistently disagreeable fellow, seems merely offensive.

The novel, I gather, views Max with a modicum of irony; the movie—thanks to Mr. Weir, I imagine—is wholly on his side. He walks through the onrushing cars on a freeway with unruffled nonchalance, balances on the narrow ledge of a high rooftop with ease and exhilaration, can even eat strawberries, to which he is mortally allergic; death has no dominion over him. The more smugly unreachable he gets, the more the movie gloatingly coasts along with him.

Out of desperation, Dr. Perlman, the psychiatrist, brings him together with Carla Rodrigo, the one other survivor beyond his ministrations. Carla was clutching her two-year-old son Bubble in her arms, but, from the impact of the crash, let go and lost him. She is now in a state of near-catatonia from guilt as well as grief, but Max, while alienating everyone else around him (he favors little Byron over his own son), proceeds to guide her out of it. Carla, neglecting husband and family, responds fully, and soon the unlikely pair live only for each other. On foot and in Max's Volvo, they rove through San Francisco, making idle talk.

The climax of their chaste *folie à deux* comes when they go on a Christmas-shopping spree for their dear departed: he for his long-dead father whom he was never close to, she for her adored Bubble. In this bubble-headed orgy for socially and ethnically remote yet platonically loving partners, Mr. Weir surpasses himself; but there is worse to come. When he cannot quite exorcise Carla's guilt otherwise, Max straps her into the back of his car with a big box in her arms, and himself into the driver's seat, then crashes the Volvo full blast into a wall, just where a giant eye is painted on it—God's, no doubt. Both survive (Volvo must have made a handsome contribution to the production budget), but the box flies out of Carla's grasp, proving to her that she was innocent of Bubble's death, and to us that Max is a madman. (No, another Australian directed the Mad Max movies.)

In the end, redeemed, Carla resumes her humble Hispanic life, and bids Max a bittersweet farewell as she refuses to "disappear" with him. Rejecting his devoted, long-suffering Laura and their kids, Max once again bites the strawberry and, no longer sustained by his former sense of invulnerability, promptly falls down in lethal convulsions, as Laura fights desperately to keep him alive. The beyond, once again represented by blinding light, beckons to him at the end of the crashed plane's fuselage, which now turns into a blue-lit tunnel of supraterrestrial love that draws him to his mystic destination. But, shucks, he coughs up the berry.

Throughout the film, the crash becomes, in Mr. Weir's hands, a supreme cheat. Although the initial failure of the hydraulic system is scary enough, other things are variously softened and muted. In the aftermath scene, we see dazed survivors, but no uncovered corpses. Whenever the story runs out of steam, we get further partial flashbacks on, as it were, the installment plan, teasing us along with promises (and dread) of the climactic crash. When this finally comes, the horror is toned down (or, for me, intensified) with the minimalist music of the abominable Henryk Górecki's repellent Third Symphony, whose *lento sostenuto tranquillo ma cantabile*

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*

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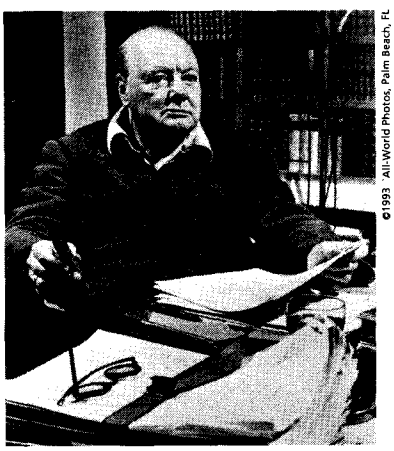

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(get that?) movement descends on—*upon!*—the disaster like so much benignly all-enveloping soup.

But Weir will stop at nothing, and brings in another Pole, the maximalist no-talent Krzysztof Penderecki, and still other trendies to gussy up Maurice Jarre's already unsavory background score. A similar visual fakery has the gifted but often excessive cinematographer Allen Daviau bedizen the movie with every sort of unearned visual opulence as further aid in audience-besotting. Finally, there is the highly talented Jeff Bridges playing Max, though not even he can make the character sympathetic. Still, if you compare Mr. Bridges's work with that of Richard Gere, in a faintly similar yet even worse film, *Mr. Jones*, you can at least appreciate Mr. Bridges's honesty. In both films the hero stands or cavorts on a high ledge with magic impunity, but Mr. Bridges never stoops to Mr. Gere's intolerable cutesiness. On the other hand, by this very restraint, Mr. Bridges alienates anyone less weird than Mr. Weir.

Isabella Rossellini, an actress whose alleged charms were always lost on me, does some intense acting here as Laura, though her being Italian is never explained, any more than is anything else about anyone's past. Rosie Perez, albeit ethnically authentic, remains questionable otherwise. With her tiny stature and squeaky voice, she makes Carla cute rather than near-tragic, and when she shouts, as she is often called upon to do, her timbre and accent make her all but incomprehensible, which is annoying even when the lost dialogue is unlikely to contain many gems. Dubious, too, is the casting of John Turturro as Dr. Perlman. An excellent actor in rough-hewn proletarian or villainous roles, Turturro makes an unlikely psychiatrist. Others, however, notably Tom Hulce as the lawyer, hold their own staunchly. The film has received its share of raves, but what, these days, doesn't?

■ I doubt whether Mr. Yglesias could have sold his novel to the movies if it hadn't been for his long-standing friendship with the producers, the aforesaid Paula Weinstein and her late husband, Mark Rosenberg. It's the same team that produced an aberration called ***Flesh and Bone***, written and directed by Steve Kloves, who was also responsible for the overrated *The Fabulous Baker Boys* and the unbearable *Racing with the Moon*. This is a picture in which, once past a taut and compelling opening murder scene, nothing is either interesting or credible.

We are saddled with characters who either behave with gratuitous oddity or are the playthings of staggering coincidence, all leading up to an ending of spectacular unbelievability, with two major issues and one minor one left cavalierly unresolved. The film tosses out a few ancillary virtues, however, such as the feel of rural Texas, which, to these inexpert eyes, seems accurate enough in its mundane and sometimes bizarre details, even though nothing larger and worth remembering emerges.

A noteworthy feature is the photography of Philippe Rousselot, who has repeatedly demonstrated his ability to make nature seductive or overpowering. Here he restrains his colorfulness and glitter, replacing them with moody washes of somewhat anemic color, giving the landscape a kind of shabby pathos. We have seen this before—say, in Russell Boyd's work in *Tender Mercies*—but then usually in remote, underpopulated areas.

Dennis Quaid plays the emotionally stunted hero convincingly enough; as his evil father, James Caan seems merely shriveled and undistinguished. Not much can be said for Gwyneth Paltrow either, playing his too-young girlfriend, except that she is Blythe Danner's real-life daughter. It is the real-life Mrs. Quaid, Meg Ryan, in the stock role of the good-bad heroine, who supplies *Flesh and Bone* with heart and sinew, as she warmly irradiates every scene she is in. □

THEATER

Writers on Writers on . . .

HERB GREER

A CERTAIN strain of English theater suffers from a nineteenth-century Shelleyan arrogance about poets being unacknowledged legislators or something, not to mention fallout from the bombast of people, such as Carlyle, who tried to puff up writers into a tribe of heroes. This enthusiasm has infected a number of modern English playwrights, who share the queer belief that writers are good dramatic material just because they write.

One leading British playwright has dedicated his latest effort to this self-regarding proposition. ***Arcadia***, by Tom Stoppard, is one of those verbally dazzling works by a very talented man who constantly reveals unexpected shallows. But it does work very well as light entertainment.

Whereas most playwrights working in this genre tend to take as their characters poets or serious novelists—or playwrights—Mr. Stoppard instead dances up and down the stage with writers of history and, believe it or not, mathematicians. His playful manner is displayed to perfection in the National Theatre production.

Mr. Greer writes often about theater for NR.

Arcadia begins with an exchange between a young woman and her tutor in a stately home:

> THOMASINA: Septimus, what is carnal embrace?
> SEPTIMUS: Carnal embrace is the practice of throwing one's arms around a side of beef.

This graceful gag is taken up and elaborated with great skill to lead into a pleasant trifle about the mistakes of scholars researching history. It has occurred to Stoppard that the mathematics of chaos might apply to such

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mistakes, and he spends a fair chunk of time during the first act expounding the theorem behind fractals. As a metaphor of historical research it is fine, though the lesson interrupts the play badly. London's critics and some playgoers were dazzled by the diversion, but there is no need to dwell on it here.

Essentially *Arcadia* is a Broadway-style bagatelle with a simple scheme: on the one hand it shows a series of early-nineteenth-century events in a stately home called Sidley Park; these alternate with twentieth-century scenes in the same setting (a bright study with high arched windows, and furnished with a long table covered with books), where two present-day scholar-writers fumble over scraps of evidence about what really happened in the last century. This involves the tutor and his pupil; a poetaster called Chater; Lord Byron; Lady Coverly, who owns the house; and one Richard Noakes, who redesigns her grounds in the new "irregular" style.

Thomasina (the Coverly daughter) discovers post-Newtonian maths and falls in love with her tutor, Septimus, who is tupping Lady Coverly and the round-heeled wife of Chater, who for his part writes angry notes to Septimus. These are later misconstrued by one of the scholars, Bernard, a media-hound who is trying to "prove" that Byron shot Chater in a duel. Another scholar, Hannah (Felicity Kendal, very charming), confutes her rascally colleague with the discovery that Chater died, not at Sidley Park during Byron's visit, but later in South America. As Thomasina did with Septimus, a young twentieth-century son of the Coverly family falls in love with Hannah.

Toward the end of the evening there is reference to the Second Law of Thermodynamics, i.e., our destiny to end in a tepid and motionless universe (Stoppard forgets to say that this holds only for a closed system, but let that pass); the play ends vaguely with the nineteenth- and twentieth-century couples in each other's arms, gently waltzing round the table, waiting, one supposes, to be captured by entropy.

What makes this inconsequential fluff into a delightful evening is Stoppard's extraordinary skill at word-play and semantic ambiguity. He manages to be funny about almost anything he touches, from Fermat's Last Theorem to the vagaries of scholarship to sex. The two scholars argue:

> HANNAH: . . . your conversation doesn't have many places to go. Like two marbles rolling around in a pudding basin. One of them is always sex.
> BERNARD: Ah, well, yes. Men all over.
> HANNAH: No doubt. Einstein—relativity and sex. Chippendale—sex and furniture. Galileo—"Did the earth move?"

This is the cultured wit of a civilized man; the species—humor and man alike—is rare in today's theater, English or American. One day the wit may help Stoppard to write a great play. For now it is more than enough to be going on with. □

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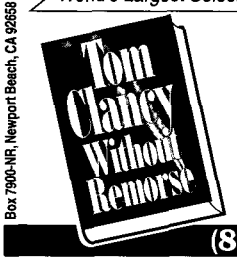

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Real World Order: Zones of Peace, Zones of Turmoil, by Max Singer and Aaron Wildavsky (Chatham House, 212 pp., $25)

MANY a pundit has offered a blueprint for the post–Cold War order. But wrapping our minds around the formlessness and contradictoriness of today's world isn't easy, and most of the would-be George Kennans have fallen flat. Mr. Singer and Mr. Wildavsky are an exception. Presented in a little book that is a flash of clarity and illumination, their basic insight is to distinguish between parts of the world in which different modes of analysis apply. These are the "zones of peace," consisting mainly of the industrial democracies, whose prospects for prosperity and security are brighter than ever, and the "zones of turmoil" in the developing world, where misery, anarchy, and bloodshed still quite obviously reign. Mr. Singer and Mr. Wildavsky view the latter with compassion, offer some intelligent analysis, but see no realistic policy by which the West can bring stability to these regions. Ghettoization and fatalism are not their message, however. On the contrary, they take a longer-term historical perspective and see prospects for an evolution toward a more decent global order. The book is a tribute to both authors' intellectual boldness and a fitting remembrance of Aaron Wildavsky, whose recent untimely death deprives us of a great political mind.

—PETER RODMAN

New York Days, by Willie Morris (Little, Brown, 396 pp., $24.95)

NO WRITER should submit to the influence of Thomas Wolfe—an influence perhaps even more lethal than that of H. L. Mencken. In the shadow of the North Carolina windbag, Mr. Morris serves up a prose stuffed to the bursting point with multiple adjectives, an inflated prose full of paste gems and exaggerated nostalgia. Mr. Morris sees his editorship of *Harper's* magazine from 1967 to 1971 as a literary golden age when he pumped new life into the journal by recruiting contributors

(Continues on page 76)

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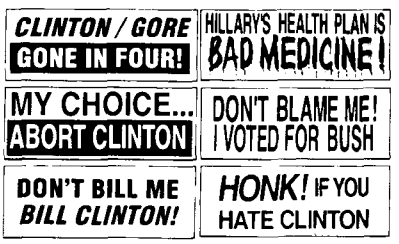
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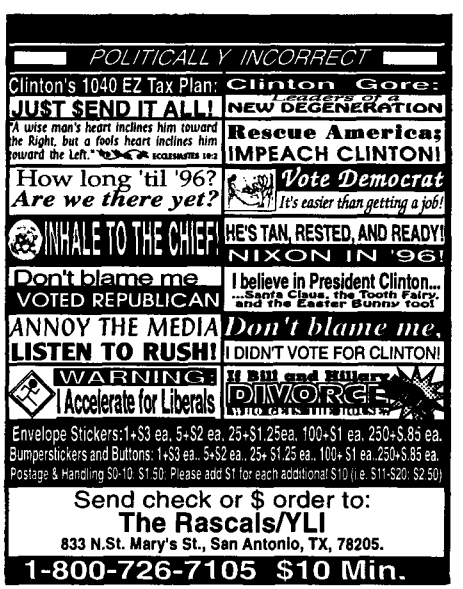
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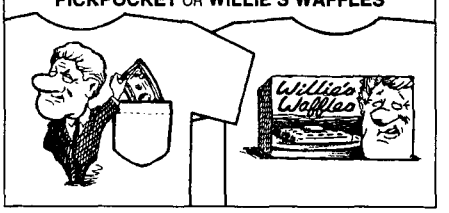

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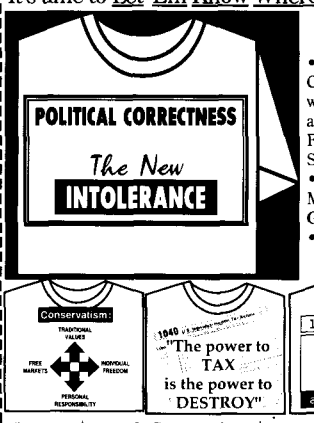

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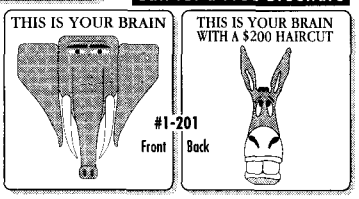

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LETTERS
(Continued from page 2)

that Demjanjuk's ID card from the extermination guard training facility at Trawniki was a "patent forgery." After examination by American and Israeli forensic specialists, it turned out to be authentic. Buchanan wrote that "Demjanjuk's name [is] nowhere to be found on . . . the Trawniki camp roster," but there is no single omnibus Trawniki roster, and Demjanjuk's name does appear on several Trawniki documents. Buchanan wrote of a Spanish Treblinka survivor who said Ivan the Terrible died at Treblinka, but after interviewing him Demjanjuk's lawyer declined to call him as a witness.

Rather than search for the truth, Buchanan waged journalistic guerrilla warfare. His strongest point was always that evidence from KGB files was inherently suspect. But the documents that resulted in Demjanjuk's acquittal came unexplained from KGB files; if authentic, they are Stalin-era confessions exacted who knows how. Yet Buchanan hastens to embrace them.

Worst of all, Buchanan did not shrink from affirming in his own voice the vicious and lunatic theories of Holocaust deniers. For example, Buchanan wrote that "the Israeli court . . . concluded the murder weapon . . . was [a] diesel engine . . . which drove its exhaust into the death chamber. . . . The problem is: diesel engines do not emit enough carbon monoxide to kill anybody." This is sheer nonsense. Roughly a third of the six million Jews exterminated were done in by diesel exhaust, and if it is non-lethal then the Holocaust is what the people who taught this stuff to Buchanan say it is—a hoax. The same holds for Buchanan's bizarre assertion that 1,600 medical papers have been written about "Holocaust survivor syndrome," which involves "group fantasies of martyrdom and heroics."

In short Buchanan made himself the mouthpiece for Holocaust revisionists and the tribune of accused Nazis, and thereby marked himself with a shame that no verdict can erase.

Joshua Muravchik
Washington, D.C.

Please see "The Demjanjuk Fallout" ["The Week"] for NR's reply.

BRIEFS
(Continued from page 72)

from among the best writers of the 1960s. He bathes his editorship in the golden glow of youth, chronicling the awe-inspiring achievements of the fabled Young Man from the Provinces who makes it big in Babylon. The problem here is that Mr. Morris is not only a mediocre writer himself but a poor judge of writing generally and much in danger of confusing Elaine's restaurant with the Mermaid Tavern. Most of his admired writers are less writers than celebrities. Mr. Morris thinks the Cowles corporation fired him because *Harper's* became too adventurous. The truth seems to be that circulation was his problem. One cannot begrudge Mr. Morris the fact that he had a ball as editor, but his book is an embarrassment. —JEFFREY HART

Wouldn't Take Nothing for My Journey Now, by Maya Angelou (Random House, 141 pp., $17)

THIS WORK'S intellectual level can be divined from its dedication: "To Oprah Winfrey, with immeasurable love." But its most avid reader will doubtless be President Bill Clinton, who raised Miss Angelou from the ranks of an ordinary affirmative-action black female writer to the pinnacle of glory as Inaugural Poet. At her present dizzying height of achievement, any collection of odd scribblings from Miss Angelou is apparently considered a "book," and the present volume is a collection—set off by numerous ornamental blank pages—of 24 journalistic homilies ranging from a lengthy few hundred words to a modest 63—this last on "Jealousy," of which the reader learns: "A little can enhance the savor, but too much can spoil the pleasure." We have her wisdom on women, who should be "tough, tender, laugh as much as possible, and live long lives." She encourages travel "to as many destinations as possible for the sake of education as well as pleasure." She devotes five paragraphs to her resentment at being told she's "too much." On human brotherhood she declares, "It is time for the preachers, the rabbis, the priests and pundits, and the professors to believe in the awesome wonder of diversity." The book, indeed, is of a remarkably coherent tone, being from first page to last of a truly awesome emptiness.

—RICHARD GRENIER

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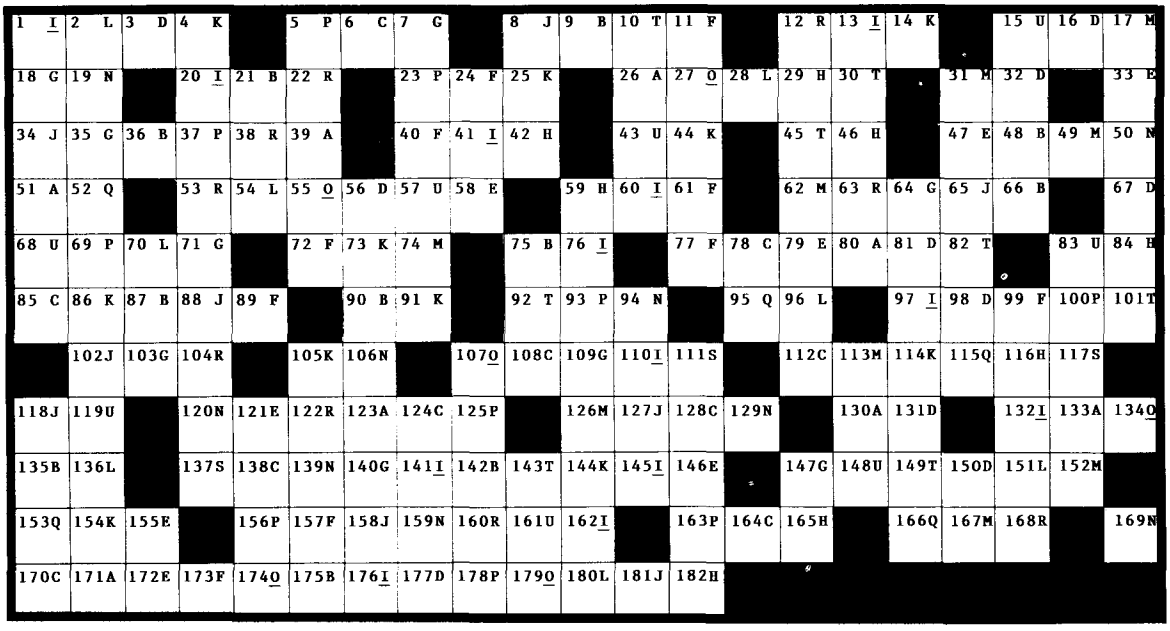
TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney



DEFINITIONS

A. Goes with the evening bell — 171 26 130 51 123 39 133 80

B. NFL clockstopper (3 words) — 87 90 135 175 21 75 9 48 36 66 / 142

C. Alpine peak, Germanically — 138 108 112 85 78 124 6 128 164 170

D. Sears' Chicago location (2 words) — 131 67 56 177 3 98 150 81 16 32

E. Cut them, and you gain wisdom — 172 58 121 33 146 155 79 47

F. Stuck on this planet — 61 157 173 89 24 77 40 99 72 11

G. Do a copy-editor's job — 18 64 140 103 109 35 7 147 71

H. Having earned the benefits (in Fedspeak) — 165 116 42 84 59 29 46 182

I. Australian state (3 words) — 176 110 97 162 20 41 132 60 1 13 / 145 76 141

J. Pugnacious — 158 127 88 8 34 65 181 102 118

K. Tyke's (or bore's) steed — 86 44 105 144 114 154 73 14 91 25

L. Seers read them — 96 54 180 28 151 2 70 136

M. Often yielded on the road (3 words) — 113 31 49 4 74 167 126 62 17 152

N. Outer skin layer — 106 139 159 94 50 120 129 169 19

O. Confront physically — 134 174 179 27 107 55

P. Aide, militarily speaking — 100 37 125 69 23 178 156 163 93 5

Q. Partner for "pretty and bright" — 95 115 166 153 52

R. On vacation (3 words) — 168 53 104 160 22 122 63 12 38

S. Outfit — 111 137 117

T. LBJ's better half (2 words) — 10 92 101 149 45 143 82 30

U. Petula Clark hit — 57 119 83 148 43 68 15 161

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram. OTIS BOWEN: *AIDS, Health*: "Unnecessary death or injury is a tragedy. Would any reader of that statement disagree? Then why is it that so many people die, or became ill or injured, from self-inflicted diseases or violence?"

For Vol. II of the puzzle collection, send $5.95 (plus $1 S&H) to: T-Gram Plus, 309 S. Boundary St., Williamsburg, Virginia 23185.

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Danger Ahead

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 5

It was a mistake for the Clinton people to decide to debate with Ross Perot. Perot is a crank, who on some issues says the right thing. The principal reason for his popularity is that many Americans are in a cranky mood, and they have a lot to be cranky about. When Perot tells them that special interests tend to dominate public policy he is telling them the exact truth. When he says that the government is overgrown with fat and inefficiency he is also telling them the truth. When he tells us that the Republican Party conspired to get in the way of his daughter's wedding, he reveals that there is a little of the loony in him. But Americans are indulgent toward eccentrics, and though Perot lost a great deal by his melodramatic departure from the presidential race, followed by his reentry, still he persuaded 19 per cent of the voters of one of the following two propositions, take your pick: 1) Ross Perot should be President; 2) George Bush and Bill Clinton are a Hobson's choice for President.

But there is one strength that Perot has above all others, and it can play havoc with any reasoned arguments from Al Gore. It is the capacity to be quaint and avuncular and endearing. Americans over, oh, 45 or so will remember the Hollywood character Gabby Hayes. He would sit there heavily unshaven alongside Hopalong Cassidy at the campfire and say, in accents so heavily twangy one had to strain to understand him, that the Cherokees hidden around them were pretty mean fellers, or that little Johnnie needed to get to a doc real fast. Ross Perot is the Gabby Hayes of today's politics. But no Hollywood casting director would have put him up to argue for slavery against Raymond Massey depicting Lincoln, for the simple reason that, inevitably, some members of the audience would be attracted to slavery.

Those who have a pipeline into the White House, which excludes this critic, may have been witness to a situation in which the managers of the NAFTA campaign say to themselves: We need to take a chance. We have to have sixty more Democratic congressmen than we can now count on. The principal spokesman for the opposition to NAFTA is Ross Perot. Sure, there is a risk in trying to match his brand of demagogic bumptiousness, but it's a risk we simply have to take. And there is always the possibility that he will trip up against his own general ignorance. Not long ago he appeared on a national program and, when asked how he would reduce spending, indulged in a fit of indignation because, he said, if he had known he was going to be asked how to reduce spending, he'd have brought along his charts. For someone with Ross Perot's professional position about government spending to need charts on how to reduce spending is the equivalent of a lawyer needing notes on what's in the Bill of Rights.

But the decision to go with Perot is a huge risk. The very first danger is a live audience, for the simple reason that Al Gore is not funny, and he is not a polemical swordsman whose slashes and whirls can bring down the house. But every other remark made by Gabby Perot is exactly of that character, wisely and impudently iconoclastic, and playing to the anti-government instincts of the American people.

So: *no live audience* should be a specification of the White House. This isn't an issue we want put up to the spontaneous vote of the people jampacked in a stadium. But hark! When Ross Perot accepted the White House challenge he immediately announced that he had in mind exactly where in Tampa, in Detroit, and in Seattle the three debates—his election, three debates—would be held, and he drew out his arms to suggest crowds of the kind that come, say, to listen to the Rolling Stones. The proper arena for a discussion of this nature is the David Brinkley show, or the MacNeil/Lehrer show, where as little scope as possible is given to polemical ostentation and the wisecrackery H. Ross Perot specializes in.

It would be good to have the confidence that the American people will not be guided, in their missives to their legislators, by the hot-flush enthusiasm of a wild ride with Ross Perot lassoing a city slicker on television. But the risk is inordinate. □

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Democracy in Peru

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 1

A Peruvian opposition leader, Francisco Sagasti, put it nicely on Sunday, after the week-long vote tally on the new constitution was in. "The Fujimori government suffers from the problem of original sin, but this referendum closes a cycle. After Monday, we can't say any more that Fujimori is illegitimate."

When in April 1992, Alberto Fujimori closed down Congress and the courts, every democratic pipe organ in the Western world went into a high screech of protest, consigning the president of Peru to that wicked gallery of Latin American despots who wiggle into power democratically and then use emergency decrees or whatever to become dictators.

Fujimori insisted that he was acting not out of any contempt for self-governing protocols, but in recognition that the civil war going on in Peru made the maintenance of traditional democratic practices impractical. The Shining Path guerrillas seemed, at their high point, to have all of Peru hostage. Following the practices of the Khmer Rouge 18 years earlier, they concentrated on eliminating anyone in authority in the countryside. Mayors, sheriffs, schoolteachers. The number of Peruvians tortured and killed exceeded 25,000. In U.S. terms, this would be the equivalent of a guerrilla force that had killed 260,000. Fujimori concluded that one can't simultaneously observe democratic protocols, and fight against bloodthirsty Maoists.

So he took power and placed his own deputies in Congress and in the courts. One gathers that he then pursued a vision of government in the character of what he had seen prosper in Singapore and in South Korea. Because when he

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got around to drafting a constitution to submit to the Peruvian people, it had in it provisions quite unlike any that characterize constitutions of other Latin American countries or, for that matter, our own. It is a constitution that is explicitly hospitable to the free market. Foreigners may not be treated differently from Peruvians. They may not be taxed at a higher rate. Peruvians who join the civil service will not get, in effect, lifelong tenure. They can be dismissed if they do not perform their work satisfactorily.

The question arose regarding Mr. Fujimori's own tenure as chief of state. The constitution allows for two terms for its president, but is being interpreted as counting terms only beginning with the constitution's promulgation. If that ruling stands, then Fujimori could run in 1995 not for a second, but for a first term. This means that he could run again in the year 2000, leaving office in the year 2005. Those who are shocked by such indulgent provisions for the incumbent should remind themselves that we did exactly as much for Harry Truman: we ordained, in passing the Twenty-Second Amendment, that its provisions would not count the term being served when the Amendment was passed. I.e., Harry Truman, although he took office after FDR had served a mere three months of his fourth term, was constitutionally free to run again in 1952.

In our obsession with democratic niceties we tend to forget our own experiences with historical events. Abraham Lincoln suspended habeas corpus. He gave as his reason for doing so pretty much the same arguments as were being given by John Stuart Mill when that great bard of self-government wrote to justify despotisms, but only on the assumption that the motive for turning to despotism was to enlarge freedom down the line. Lincoln argued that unless he took liberties to defend freedom, freedom would itself be in default.

Winston Churchill argued similarly when, during the war, he simply suspended national elections. It is both ironic and sad that although, when Lincoln did submit to ratification by the people in 1864, he was voted back into office, Churchill, in 1945, was ousted.

But in Peru it was expected that the Constitution would be approved by 53 per cent of the people. In fact, Fujimori has an approval rating of 70 per cent. Peruvians seem to see in their president someone who can act firmly and is not paralyzed by conventions which, on the whole, haven't served the Hispanic population all that well. He looks, therefore, to other models, and appears to have found them in Asia. It would be good to find functioning counterparts that would work in African cultures. □

Forget Democracy In Haiti

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 10

It is hard to think back on another international episode in which the United States Government has got itself so tongue-tied as we now are in the matter of Haiti, and this for one reason. We can't get out of the verbal cell we've installed ourselves in, seeking to serve the shrine of democracy. President Clinton has publicly mentioned the Haiti matter almost every day since the embarrassing afternoon when the American parade tried to dock at Port-au-Prince and was told Yankee-go-home by a mob controlled by the current fascist who is running things in that wretched little country. Every time Mr. Clinton speaks, he speaks of bringing, or restoring, democracy to Haiti. And when the army refuses to abide by the democratic vote that installed Fr. Aristide, President Clinton imposes an economic ban intending we know not exactly what. That the Haitian people will rise up against General Cédras, and festoon the streets with flowers as Fr. Aristide mounts the democratic throne?

Twenty years ago Harold Macmillan was asked to justify his famous statement about how Africa had to submit to the "winds of change." Without intending any explicit condescension toward the African people, he recited some of the ignominies of British history, spoke of princes buried in the walls of Windsor Castle, of executions and torture and the rest of it. His point was that just as Europe went through what it went through on its ragged way to democracy, so must we expect that something like this should happen in a continent that hadn't undergone the rites of passage.

And of course Mr. Macmillan was prophetic, though one finds nowhere in the massive biography by Alistair Horne any suggestion that he anticipated the scale of the horrors of post-colonial Africa. Idi Amin and Jean-Bédel Bokassa had their counterparts in medieval Europe, but the point surely is that perspectives change, so that what was routine in the Middle Ages and later isn't thought of as routine today. The reason is the universalization of standards. It cannot surprise a Haitian that torture is thought despicable and indeed inexcusable in the contemporary world. Accordingly to engage in such activity as is so widely engaged in in so many parts of the world is an act of defiance of an entirely different order from the routine torture back when children were flogged and hanged for stealing sixpence.

What happened, however, is that in our anxiety to purge our colonialist perceptions, we egged on the winds of change. In the case of Africa, mostly by simply ignoring them: we do not bother to record routine violence in Nigeria or Rwanda or Zimbabwe. But closer to home, we set our priorities and superordinate political democracy above all other considerations. The trouble with this is that democracy is extremely slow to come, and before you get reliable democracy, you get quite awful oppression of human beings. As recently as twenty years ago there were only two or three democracies in Latin America. And one of these had to be interrupted by a coup, to save Chile from a Castro-style dictatorship, aligned with the Soviet Union. In this generation we have ushered into power Somoza in Nicaragua, Papa Doc in Haiti, and Trujillo in the Dominican Republic. Democracy was the briefest experience in those three tormented "republics." Somoza was ousted, Papa Doc died, and Trujillo was assassinated: but their heirs brought much suffering; and we clung to the shibboleth: If it's democratic, then it's okay.

Who really doubts that Haiti would enormously profit if we were to turn it over to General Schwarzkopf? This isn't said for rhetorical effect; rather, to stress that what the Haitians need is political order, economic opportunity, and a militant regard for their extra-political rights. Let their political rights gestate for twenty or thirty years, until they are ready to be exercised. But struggle, now, to install something other than the kind of democracy that gave Argentina Perón and Nicaragua, however briefly, the Sandinistas.

"Democratic" elections brought in 99 per cent of the vote generation after generation for Communists and their satraps. Forget democracy, pull out of Haiti: and concert world opinion toward the encouragement of elementary human rights. And if it takes another thirty years to plant the seeds of human rights, well, there are those who call this a wind of change. The alternative is to send over there a civil governor and let him rule by martial law. But none dare call colonialism a blessing, which however it very often is. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Barney Backlash

LAST YEAR I got a call from a reporter for a large liberal newspaper (large . . . liberal . . . newspaper—am I being redundant?). I'd written about public television, and he wanted help with sources.

"I'm doing a story about Barney," he said. "You know about Barney?"

I did, since I have a television and a three-year-old son, and in America today a marriage of the two leads, inevitably, to Barney, who is (for those of you with neither TV nor kid) a large reddish-purple dinosaur and host of a public-television kids' show called *Barney and Friends*.

"My daughter's addicted to him," the reporter said. I knew what he meant. I said that maybe the show transmits secret messages at a frequency only children can hear, like dog whistles, which is why it rivets kids and perplexes everyone else.

"Exactly!" he said, with some heat. I assume he understood that I wasn't serious. But I had tripped a wire, and he went on darkly to outline the exposé he planned to write. He had heard that *Barney and Friends* was produced in . . . *Texas* . . . by *Christians* . . . and here it was on *public television* desecrating the airwaves hallowed by *Sesame Street*.

When I didn't gag he seemed disappointed, and the conversation ended. I don't know what became of his story, and I still don't know whether Barney is produced by Christians. But I do know what it was I heard in that phone call a year ago: the opening rumbles of the Barney backlash.

Rare is the op-ed page or Sunday supplement that hasn't run a jokey anti-Barney piece—a wry lament, according to the requirements of the genre, by a baby-boom parent appalled at Barney's uplift, and at his child's mesmerized response. The articles are always meant to be funny and usually aren't—being, instead, strained exercises in the irony that is my generation's gift to popular culture. "So saccharine it can send adults into hypoglycemic shock"—the *Washington Post*. "Ugly and sappy"—the *New York Times*. So go the blurbs. Even the creators of *Sesame Street* criticize their PBS colleague, for Barney's high sugar content.

And the show is indeed wholesome—wholesome without relief. Unlike *Sesame Street*, set in a scene of urban decay, Barney entertains from a suburban schoolyard, swept clean of graffiti and trash. None of Barney's friends lives in a garbage can, and none grunts hip-hop. The pace is slow and lingering, a technique at odds with *Sesame Street*'s barrage of spastic, quick-cut graphics that prep the kids for the countless hours of MTV awaiting them in adolescence. And instead of *Sesame Street*'s multicultural insinuations, Barney's message revolves around the importance of brushing teeth, exercising, and even—this is how deep it goes—chewing with one's mouth closed.

Please understand: I can't stand Barney either. But then the show's not produced for me—one point among many that seem lost on my fellow baby-boom parents. What's interesting in the general reaction is that wholesomeness should be so offensive, so ripe for ridicule. Happy kids, singing happy songs, learning simple lessons: where's the irony, the wordplay, the veiled social commentary? At each show's close Barney gathers his friends to warble his signature tune. "We're a happy family," they sing, and America's parents—at least those enlightened parents with access to the op-ed pages—blow lunch.

"The flow of Haitian refugees will stop once they hear about the tax hike."

The Barney backlash is getting serious. Recently the *Washington Post* ran a (front-page!) exposé on the beast, documenting that Barney's creators are getting rich off public television. Barney is big business: dolls, books, videos, lunchpails, and the rest, grossing as much as $500 million last year. Not a dollar of which, needless to say, greases the palms of the videocrats at public TV. The scandal was quickly dubbed "Barneygate," and Senator Daniel Inouye promised to hold hearings on the shameful profiteering.

HERE, amazingly, the Barney-bashers have stumbled over a legitimate point. But you have to wonder: Why Barney, and why now? For years, wised-up hucksters have used public television to hawk their dubious wares. Even now, Barney grosses less than *Sesame Street*. Leo Buscaglia, John Bradshaw, and other New Age barkers fatten weekly off their PBS shows. Bill Moyers is a kind of public-TV welfare queen, manipulating the government airwaves with minimum effort and maximum gall. His method is elegantly efficient. A grant—easily cadged from a left-wing foundation or clueless corporation—covers production costs. The script becomes a book, padded with free pictures from the public domain. The book is sold relentlessly following every episode. Ditto the home-video version, with a prodigious mark-up. The only overhead goes to the accountants, who work overtime when the money rolls in.

It is an ingenious scam, but please, as they say on TV, don't try this at home—unless, like Moyers, you have an unerring sense of what PBS videophiles will swallow. Pagan religion, New Age medicine, endless palavers with Maya Angelou: milk these for millions and the *Washington Post* will let out long, mellow moos of pleasure. But start this crap about happy families, and you'll have to answer to Senator Inouye. —ANDREW FERGUSON

Mr. Ferguson is a senior writer for The Washingtonian.

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